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[Reprint—1888.]

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HARRISBURG PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1888.

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A

SELECTION,

OF SOME

OF THE MOST INTERESTING

NARRATIVES,

OF

OUTRAGES, COMMITTED

BY THE

INDIANS,

IN

Their Wars,

WITH THE WHITE PEOPLE.

ALSO,

An Account of their Manners, Customs, Traditions, Religious Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, &c. which are better Explained, and more Minutely Related, than has been heretofore done, by any other Author on that subject. Many of the Articles have never before appeared in print. The whole Compiled from the best Authorities,

By ARCHIBALD LOUDON.

VOLUME I.

.....

CARLISLE:

From the Press of A. Loudon,

(*Whitehall.*)

.....

1808.

District of Pennsylvania, TO WIT:

SEAL. BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of August, in the Thirty Third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1808. Archibald Loudon, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the Words following, to wit:

"A Selection of some of the most Interesting Narratives, of Outrages "Committed by the Indians, in their Wars, with the White People. "Also, an account of their Manners, Customs, Traditions, Religious "Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and En- "campments, Treatment of Prisoners, &c. which are better Explained, "and more Minutely Related, than has been heretofore done, by any "other Author on that Subject. Many of the Articles have never "before appeared in print. The whole compiled from the best Authori- "ties,—By Archibald Loudon."

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned." And also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to Act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL, Clerk of the
District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

IT is with pleasure we at length present to the public, our Collection of *Indian Narratives;* it is with no less satisfaction we are enabled to state that a collection has been procured much more ample and interesting than at first expected. This volume is perhaps four times as large as at first contemplated: and we have yet in our hands a sufficiency of materials to compose another volume of the same dimensions, should we be encouraged to it, by the degree of approbation, with which the present may be received.

THE facts and Narratives, here collected, have been obtained from persons on whom the fullest reliance can be placed. A few of them, have been published before, but the greater part now appear in print for the first time. In obtaining them, from different parts of this State and of the Union, the publisher has been at very considerable pains and trouble. He should, however, think himself ungrateful, if he did not take this opportunity of expressing his sincere thanks, to those gentlemen who have so politely favored him, with communications on the subject.

SOME of those gentlemen who have been so polite, as to favor us with their assistance, will be disap-

pointed in not finding their communications inserted in this volume; we are sorry to inform them that they were unavoidably postponed on account of matter previously obtained: in the second volume, however, we hope to be able, to give them to the public.

This little book, cannot fail of being interesting to the people of this country; many of whom, yet remember the transactions, and few there are, whose fathers, or brothers, or friends, have not participated in them. The historian, will here find materials to assist him in conveying to after ages, an idea of the savages who were the primitive inhabitants of this country; and to future generations of Americans, the many difficulties, toils, and dangers, encountered by their fathers, in forming the first settlement of a land, even at this day so fair, so rich, in every kind of cultivation and improvement. The philosopher who speaks with delight, of the original simplicity, and primitive innocence of mankind, may here learn, that man, uncivilized and barbarous, is even worse than the most ferocious wolf or panther of the forest. That men of philosophic minds, feeling in themselves the impulse of humanity entertain such mistaken notions of the Indians, is evident from the writings of many; who were they to trust themselves to these people, would find themselves as much mistaken as the philosopher Sograin and Pike, to whom Mr. Brackenridge alludes, in his observations published in the course of the Indian war, and lately extracted in his Gazette Publications, of which we give a paragraph.

"I consider men who are unacquainted with the savages, like young women who have read romances, and have as improper an idea of the Indian character in the one case, as the female mind has of real life in the other. The philosopher, weary of the vices of refined life, thinks to find perfect virtue in the simplicity of the unimproved state. He sees green fields and meadows in the customs and virtues of the savages. It is experience only can relieve from this calenture of the intellect. All that is good and great in man, results from education; an uncivilized Indian is but a little way removed from a beast who, when incensed, can only tear and devour, but the savage applies the ingenuity of man to torture and inflict anguish.

"Some years ago, two French gentlemen, a botanist and a mineralist, the botanist a very learned man, and truly a philosopher—but his brain turned with Jean Jacques Rousseau's, and other rhapsodies—the man of nature was his darling favourite. He had the Indians with him at his chamber every day.—Fitting out a small boat on the Ohio, with only two other persons, and without arms, he descended. It was in vain to explain the danger, and dissuade him. He was conscious to himself of loving Indians, and doubtless they could wish him no harm. But approaching the Scioto river, a party came out in a canoe, as he thought, to pay their respects, to him; but the first circumstance of ceremony when they came on board, was to impress the tomahawk and take off the scalp of the philosopher."

Mr. ARCHIBALD LOUDON.

Sir,

Agreeably to your request, I have collected and send you the relations of Slover and Knight, which, appeared in the papers subsequent to Crawfords expedition, to which they relate. They were originally sent by me, to the Printer of the Freeman's Journal Philadelphia. That of Slover I took down from his own mouth; that of Knight I think he wrote himself and gave it to me. I saw Knight on his being brought into the garrison at Pittsburg; he was weak and scarcely able to articulate. When he began to be able to speak a little, his Scottish dialect was much broader than it had been when I knew him before. This I remarked as usual with persons in a fever, or sick, they return to the vernacular tongue of their early years. It was three weeks before he was able to give anything like a continued account of his sufferings.

After a treaty or temporary peace had taken place, I saw traders who had been with the Indians at Sandusky, and had the same account from the Indians themselves which Knight gave of his escape, but the Indian who had him in charge had magnified the stature and bulk of the body of Knight to save his

credit; but was laughed at by the Indians who knew him to be a weak feeble man, which was the reason that a guard of one Indian had been thought sufficient. The reason of the gun not going off, was that the Indian had plugged it, as usually done, to keep the wet from entering the touch hole. The Indians confirmed the account of Slover in all particulars, save as to the circumstance of his escape which they said was with the assistance of the Squaws. The story of the lame Indian, and of the trial of Mamachtaga is extracted from a memorandum made at the time.

I had often thought of minuting down many things that occurred in the Indian war, but I neglected it. A short time after I went to the western country in the spring of '81 many particulars occurred of Indian barbarity on the frontier, and of activity on the part of the inhabitants in the pursuit of the Indians in their retreat from the settlement. The personal prowess of two brothers of the name of Poe, I think Adam and Andrew in an encounter of five Indians would deserve a particular relation, but I cannot give it. Some of your correspondents in Washington County, of the Cross Creek settlement could give it. Within three miles of Pittsburg on the Ohio bank, on this side three fine boys of the name of Chambers, were murdered in a corn-field, and to the south of the garrison on a branch of Shertiers Creek, part of a family of the name of Walker were murdered, and several other butcheries that I could depict; but at

the time I declined going to visit the scene, as it was not absolutely necessary, and even now to relate is not pleasant. Perhaps in the course of your publication, and before you finish it I may communicate to you some other particulars.

In the mean time, I am,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

H. H. Brackenridge.

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THE

NARRATIVE OF DR. KNIGHT.

ABOUT the latter end of the month of March or the beginning of April, of the present year 1782, the western Indians began to make incursions upon the frontiers of Ohio, Washington, Youghagany and Westmoreland counties, which has been their constant practice ever since the commencement of the present war, between the United States and Great Britain.

In consequence of these predatory invasions, the principal officers of the above mentioned counties, namely: Colonels Williamson and Marshall, tried every method in their power to set on foot an expedition against the Wyandot towns, which they could effect no other way than by giving all possible encouragement to volunteers. The plan proposed was as follows: Every man furnishing himself with a horse, a gun, and one month's provision, should be exempt from two tours of militia duty. Likewise, that every one who had been plundered by the Indians, should, if the plunder could be found at their towns, have it again, proving it to be his property, and all horses lost on the expedition by unavoidable accident were to be replaced by horses taken in the enemy's country.

The time appointed for the rendezvous, or the general meeting of the volunteers, was fixed to be on the 20th of

May, and the place, the old Mingo town, on the west side of the river Ohio, about 40 miles below Fort Pitt, by land; and I think about 75 by water.

Col. Crawford was solicited by the general voice of these western counties and districts to command the expedition. He accordingly set out as volunteer, and came to Fort Pitt, two days before the time appointed for the assembling of the men. As there was no surgeon yet appointed to go with the expedition, colonel Crawford begged the favor of gen. Irvine to permit me to accompany him, (my consent having been previously asked,) to which the general agreed, provided colonel Gibson did not object.

Having obtained permission of the colonel, I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, May 1st, and the next day about one in the afternoon, arrived at the Mingo bottom. The volunteers had not all crossed the river until Friday morning, the 24th, they then distributed themselves into eighteen companies, choosing their captains by vote. There were chosen also, one colonel commandant, four field and one brigade major. There were four hundred and sixty-five who voted.

We began our march on Saturday, May 25th, making almost a due west course, and on the fourth day reached the old Moravian town, upon the river Muskingum, about 60 miles from the river Ohio. Some of the men having lost their horses on the night preceding, returned home.

Tuesday, the 28th, in the evening, major Brenton and captain Bean went some distance from camp to reconnoitre; having gone about one-quarter of a mile they saw two Indians, upon whom they fired, and then returned to camp. This was the first place in which we were discovered, as we understood afterwards.

On Thursday, the fourth of June, which was the eleventh day of our march, about 1 o'clock we came to the spot where the town of Sandusky formerly stood; the inhabitants had moved 18 miles lower down the creek nearer the lower Sandusky; but as neither our guides or any who were with us had known any thing of their removal, we began to conjecture there were no Indian towns nearer than the lower Sandusky, which was at least forty miles distant.

However, after refreshing our horses we advanced in search of some of their settlements, but had scarcely got the distance of three or four miles from the old town when a number of our men expressed their desire to return, some of them alleging that they had only five days' provision; upon which the field officers and captains, determined in council, to proceed that afternoon, and no longer. Previous to the calling of this council, a small party of light horse had been sent forward to reconnoitre.

I shall here remark, by the way, that there are a great many extensive plains in that country. The woods in general grew very thin, free from brush and underwood; so that light horsemen may advance a considerable distance before an army without being much exposed to the enemy.

Just as the council ended, an express returned from the above mentioned party of light horse with intelligence "that they had been about three miles in front, and had seen a large body of Indians running towards them." In a short time we saw the rest of the light horse, who joined us, and having gone one mile further, met a number of Indians who had partly got possession of a piece of woods before us, whilst we were in the

plains; but our men alighting from their horses and rushing into the woods, soon obliged them to abandon that place.

The enemy being by this time reinforced, flanked to the right, and part of them coming in nearer, quickly made the action more serious. The firing continued very warm on both sides from four o'clock until the dusk of the evening, each party maintaining their ground. Next morning, about six o'clock, their guns were discharged, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, which continued till day, doing little or no execution on either side.

The field officers then assembled and agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing, and we had already a number of wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form into three lines, keeping the wounded in the centre. We had four killed and twenty-three wounded, of the latter, seven very dangerously, on which account as many biers were got ready to carry them; most of the rest were slightly wounded and none so bad but they could ride on horseback. After dark the officers went on the out-posts and brought in all the men as expeditiously as they could. Just as the troops were about to form, several guns were fired by the enemy, upon which some of our men spoke out and said our intention was discovered by the Indians who were firing alarm guns. Upon which some in front hurried off and the rest immediately followed, leaving the seven men that were dangerously wounded, some of whom however got off on horseback, by means of some good friends, who waited for, and assisted them.

We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action when I heard col. Crawford calling for his son,

John Crawford, his son-in-law, major Harrison, major Rose and William Crawford, his nephews, upon which I came up and told him I believed they were on before us.—He asked is that the doctor?—I told him it was—he then replied they were not in front, and begged of me not to leave him.—I promised him I would not.

We then waited and continued calling for these men till the troops had passed us. The colonel told me his horse had almost given out, that he could not keep up with the troops, and wished some of his best friends to remain with him: he then exclaimed against the militia for riding off in such an irregular manner, and leaving some of the wounded behind, contrary to his orders. Presently there came two men riding after us, one of them an old man, the other a lad, we enquired if they had seen any of the above persons? and they answered they had not.

By this time there was a very hot firing before us, and as we judged, near where our main body must have been. Our course was then nearly southwest, but changing it, we went north about two miles, the two men remaining in company with us. Judging ourselves to be now out of the enemy's lines, we took a due east course, taking care to keep at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards apart, and directing ourselves by the north star.

The old man often lagged behind, and when this was the case, never failed to call for us to halt for him. When we were near the Sandusky Creek he fell one hundred yards behind, and bawled out, as usual, for us to halt. While we were preparing to reprimand him for making a noise, I heard an Indian halloo, as I thought, one hundred and fifty yards from the man,

and partly behind him; after this we did not hear the man call again, neither did he ever come up to us any more. It was now past midnight, and about day-break col. Crawford's and the young man's horses gave out, and they left them. We pursued our journey eastward, and about two o'clock fell in with capt. Biggs, who had carried lieut. Ashly from the field of action, who had been dangerously wounded. We then went on about the space of an hour, when a heavy rain coming on, we concluded it was best to encamp, as we were encumbered with the wounded officer. We then barked four or five trees, made an encampment and a fire, and remained there all that night. Next morning we again prosecuted our journey, and having gone about three miles found a deer which had been recently killed. The meat was sliced from the bones and bundled up in the skin, with a tomahawk lying by it. We carried all with us, and in advancing about one mile further, espyed the smoke of a fire. We then gave the wounded officer into the charge of the young man, directing him to stay behind whilst the colonel, the captain and myself walked up as cautiously as we could toward the fire. When we came to it, we concluded, from several circumstances, some of our people had encamped there the preceding night. We then went about roasting the venison, and when just about to march, observed one of our men coming upon our tracks. He seemed at first very shy, but having called to him, he came up and told us he was the person who had killed the deer, but upon hearing us come up, was afraid of Indians, hid in a thicket and made off. Upon this we gave him some bread and roasted venison, proceeded all together on our journey, and about two o'clock came upon the paths

by which we had gone out. Capt. Biggs and myself did not think it safe to keep the road, but the colonel said the Indians would not follow the troops farther than the plains, which we were then considerably past. As the wounded officer rode capt. Biggs' horse, I lent the captain mine. The colonel and myself went about one hundred yards in front, the captain and the wounded officer in the centre, and the two young men behind. After we had traveled about one mile and a half, several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the colonel and me. As we at first discovered only three, I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight, when the colonel called to me twice not to fire; upon that one of the Indians ran up to the colonel and took him by the hand. The colonel then told me to put down my gun which I did. At that instant one of them came up to me whom I had formerly seen very often, calling me doctor and took me by the hand. They were Delaware Indians of the Wingenim tribe. Captain Biggs fired amongst them but did no execution. They then told us to call these people and make them come there, else they would go and kill them, which the colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for that time. The colonel and I were then taken to the Indian camp, which was about half a mile from the place where we were captivated. On Sunday evening five Delawares who had posted themselves at some distance further on the road brought back to the camp, where we lay, captain Biggs' and lieutenant Ashley's scalps, with an Indian scalp which captain Biggs had taken in the field of action; they also brought in Biggs'

horse and mine, they told us the other two got away from them.

Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to Sandusky, about 33 miles distant; they had eleven prisoners of us and four scalps the Indians being seventeen in number.

Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simeon Girty, who lived among the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the colonel had turned out his horse, that they might if possible, find him. The rest of us were taken as far as the old town which was within eight miles of the new.

Tuesday morning, the 11th, colonel Crawford was brought out to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty?—He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do every thing in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners; particularly captain Pipe one of the chiefs; he likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, colonel Harrison, and his nephew William Crawford, were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned. This captain Pipe had come from the towns about an hour before colonel Crawford, and had painted all the prisoners' faces black.

As he was painting me he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my friends. When the colonel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched, the colonel and I were kept back between

Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs, the other nine prisoners were sent forward with another party of Indians. As went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path tomahawked and scalped, some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive; the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did also the colonel and me at some distance from them. I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow to be taken to the Shawanese towns.

In the place where we were now made to sit down there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John M'Kinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the colonel was afterwards executed; when we came within about half a mile of it, Simeon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback; he spoke to the colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind could not hear what passed between them.

Almost every Indian we met struck us either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up and asked, was that the doctor?—I told him yes, and went toward him reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone, and called me a damn'd rascal; upon which the fellows who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me and told me I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

When we were come to the fire the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough either for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice and return the same way. The colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him?—Girty answered, yes. The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz: about thirty or forty men, sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. Then they crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood and apply it to his naked body, already burned black with powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him, so that whichever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws

took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures, he called to Simeon Girty and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel that he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

He then observed, that some prisoners had given him to understand, that if our people had him they would not hurt him; for his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill will for colonel Gibson, and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all which I paid very little attention.

Colonel Crawford at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters, or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted,

he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me "that was my great captain."—An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones laying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire.

The Indian told me that was my Big Captain, and give the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him.

I pretended to this Indian I was ignorant of the death I was to die at the Shawanese town, assumed as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked him if we were not to live together as brothers in one house, when we should get to town? He seemed well pleased, and said yes. He then asked me if I could make a wigwam?—I told him I could—he then seemed more friendly—we

went that day as near as I can judge about 25 miles, the course partly southwest—The Indian told me we should next day come to the town, the sun being in such a direction, pointing nearly south. At night, when we went to rest, I attempted very often to unty myself, but the Indian was extremely vigilant and scarce ever shut his eyes that night. About daybreak he got up and untied me; he next began to mend up the fire, and as the gnats were troublesome I asked him if I should make a smoke behind him—he said, yes. I then took the end of a dogwood fork which had been burnt down to about 18 inches long; it was the longest stick I could find, yet too small for the purpose I had in view; then I picked up another smaller stick and taking a coal of fire between them went behind him; then turning suddenly about, I struck him on the head with all the force I was master of; which so stunned him that he fell forward with both his hands into the fire, but seeing him recover and get up, I seized his gun while he ran off howling in a most fearful manner.—I followed him with a determination to shoot him down, but pulling back the cock of the gun with too great violence, I believe I broke the main spring. I pursued him, however, about thirty yards, still endeavouring to fire the gun, but could not; then going back to the fire I took his blanket, a pair of new mokkisons, his hoppes, powder horn, bullet bag, (together with the gun) and marched off, directing my course toward the five o'clock mark: about half an hour before sunset I came to the plains which I think are about sixteen miles wide. I laid me down in a thicket till dark, and then by the assistance of the north star made my way through them and got into the woods before morning. I proceeded on the next day, and about noon

crossed the paths by which our troops had gone out; these paths are nearly east and west, but I went due north all that afternoon with a view to avoid the enemy.

In the evening I began to be very faint, and no wonder; I had been six days prisoner; the last two days of which I had eat nothing, and but very little the first three or four; there were wild gooseberries in abundance in the woods, but being unripe, required mastication, which at that time I was not able to perform on account of a blow received from an Indian on the jaw with the back of a tomahawk. There was a weed that grew plentifully in that place, the juice of which I knew to be grateful and nourishing; I gathered a bundle of the same, took up my lodging under a large spreading beach tree and having sucked plentifully of the juice, went to sleep. Next day, I made a due east course which I generally kept the rest of my journey. I often imagined my gun was only wood bound, and tried every method I could devise to unscrew the lock but never could effect it, having no knife nor anything fitting for the purpose; I had now the satisfaction to find my jaw began to mend, and in four or five days could chew any vegetable proper for nourishment, but finding my gun only a useless burden, left her in the wilderness. I had no apparatus for making fire to sleep by, so that I could get but little rest for the gnats and musketoes; there are likewise a great many swamps in the beach ridge, which occasioned me very often to lie wet; this ridge, through which I traveled, is about twenty miles broad, the ground in general very level and rich, free from shrubs and brush; there are, however, very few springs, yet wells might easily be dug in all parts of the ridge; the timber on it is very lofty, but it is no easy matter to make a straight course through

the same, the moss growing as high upon the South side of the trees as on the North. There are a great many white oaks, ash and hickory trees that grow among the beach timber; there are likewise some places on the ridge, perhaps for three or four continued miles where there is little or no beach, and in such spots, black, white oak, ash, and hickory abound. Sugar trees grow there also to a very great bulk—the soil is remarkably good, the ground a little ascending and descending with some small rivulets and a few springs. When I got out of the beach ridge and nearer the river Muskingum, the lands were more broken but equally rich with those before mentioned, and abounding with brooks and springs of water; there are also several small creeks that empty into that river, the bed of which is more than a mile wide in many places; the woods consist of white and black oak, walnut, hickory and sugar trees in the greatest abundance. In all parts of the country through which I came the game was very plenty, that is to say, deer, turkies and pheasants; I likewise saw a great many vestiges of bears and some elks.

I crossed the river Muskingum about three or four miles below Fort Laurence, and crossing all paths aimed for the Ohio river. All this time my food was gooseberries, young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few service berries, and some May apples, likewise two young blackbirds and a turripine, which I devoured raw. When my food sat heavy on my stomach, I used to eat a little wild ginger which put all to rights.

I came upon Ohio river about five miles below fort M'Intosh, in the evening of the 21st day after I had made my escape, and on the 22d about seven o'clock in the morning, being the 4th day of July, arrived safe, though very much fatigued, at the fort.

A SHORT MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL CRAWFORD.

COLONEL Crawford, was about 50 years of age, had been an old warrior against the savages. He distinguished himself early as a volunteer in the last war, and was taken notice of by colonel (now general) Washington, who procured for him the commission of ensign. As a partisan he showed himself very active, and was greatly successful: He took several Indian towns, and did great service in scouting, patrolling and defending the frontiers. At the commencement of this war he raised a regiment in the back country by his own exertions: He had the commission of colonel in the continental army, and acted bravely on several occasions in the years 1776, 1777, and at other times. He held his commission at the time he took command of the militia in the aforesaid expedition against the Indians; most probably he had it with him when he was taken: He was a man of good judgment, singular good nature, and great humanity, and remarkable for his hospitality, few strangers coming to the western country, and not spending some days at the crossings of the Yochaghany river where he lived; no man therefore could be more regretted.

THE

NARRATIVE OF JOHN SLOVER.

HAVING in the last war been a prisoner amongst the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under col. William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky. It will be unnecessary for me to relate what is so well known, the circumstances and unfortunate event of that expedition; it will be sufficient to observe, that having on Tuesday the fourth of June, fought the enemy near Sandusky, we lay that night in our camp, and the next day fired on each other at the distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution. In the evening of that day it was proposed by colonel Crawford, as I have since been informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat the Indians (who had probably perceived that we were about to retire) firing alarm guns our men broke and rode off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot, and leaving the wounded men who supplicated to be taken with them.

I was with some others on the rear of our troops feeding our horses in the glade, when our men began to break: The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before they crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company in which I was had separated from me, and had endeavoured to pass

a morass, for coming up I found their horses had stuck fast in the morass, and endeavouring to pass, mine also in a short time stuck fast. I ought to have said, the company of five or six men with which I had been immediately connected, and who were some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, &c. I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me, and on each side, but in vain. Here then I was obliged to leave him. The morass was so unstable that I was to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got across it, but which having at length done, I came up with the six men who had left their horses in the same manner I had done; two of these, my companions, having lost their guns.

We travelled that night, making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, who we conceived to have taken the paths by which the main body of our people had retreated. Just before day we got into a second deep morass, and were under the necessity of detaining until it was light to see our way through it. The whole of this day we travelled towards the Shawanese towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still farther out of the search of the enemy. About ten o'clock this day we sat down to eat a little, having tasted nothing from Tuesday, the day of our engagement, until this time which was on Thursday, and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork to each. We had sat down by a warrior's path which we had not suspected, when eight or nine warriors appeared. Running off hastily we left our baggage and provision, but were not discovered by the party; for skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we returned to the place and recovered

our baggage. The warriors had hallooed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flanks.

In our journey through the glades, or wide extended dry meadows, about twelve o'cloek this day, we discovered a party of Indians in front, but skulking in the grass and bushes were not perceived by them. In these glades we were in great danger, as we could be seen at a great distance. In the afternoon of this day there fell a heavy rain, the coldest I ever felt. We halted while it rained, and then travelling on we saw a party of the enemy about two hundred yards before us, but hiding ourselves in the bushes we had again the good fortune not to be discovered. This night we got out of the glades, having in the night crossed the paths by whieh we had advaneed to Sandusky. It was our design to leave all these paths to the right and to eome in by the Tusearawas. We should have made a mueh greater progress, had it not been for two of our eompanions who were lame, the one having his foot burnt, the other with a swelling in his knee of a rheumatic nature.

On this day, which was the second after the retreat, one of our company, the person affected with the rheumatie swelling, was left behind some distance in a swamp. Waiting for him some time we saw him coming within one hundred yards, as I sat on the body of an old tree mending my mokkisins, but taking my eye from him I saw him no more. He had not observed our traeks, but had gone a different way. We whistled on our chargers, and afterwards hallooed for him, but in vain. Nevertheless he was fortunate in missing us, for he afterwards eame safe into Wheeling. We travelled on until night, and were on the waters of Muskingum from the middle of this day.

Having catched a fawn this day, we made a fire in the evening and had a repast, having in the meantime eat nothing but the small bit of pork I mentioned before. We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock the third day we fell in with a party of the enemy about twenty miles from the Tuscarawas, which is about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our tracks or had been on our flanks and discovered us, and then having got before, had waylaid us, and fired before we perceived them. At the first fire one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind; these two had guns; there were six men in company, and four guns, two of these rendered useless by reason of the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them, but could not. When the Indians fired I ran to a tree, but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, directed me to deliver myself up and I should not be hurt: My gun was in good order, but apprehending the enemy behind might discharge their pieces at me, I did not risk firing, which I had afterwards reason to regret when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me and presented his gun, was one of those who had just before fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. But one in company, James Paul, who had a gun in order, made his escape and has since come into Wheeling. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me calling me by my Indian name, Mannuchcothee, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them.

I will take a moment here to relate some particulars of my first captivity and my life since. I was taken from New River in Virginia by the Miamese, a nation by us called the Picts, among whom I lived six years, afterwards being sold to a Delaware and by him put into the hands of a trader, I was carried amongst the Shawanese, with whom I continued six years; so that my whole time amongst these nations was twelve years, that is, from the eighth to the twentieth year of my age. At the treaty at Fort Pitt, in the fall preceding what is called Dunmore's War, which if I am right, was in the year 1773, I came in with the Shawanese nation to the treaty, and meeting with some of my relations at that place, was by them solicited to relinquish the life of a savage, which I did with some reluctance, this manner of life having become natural to me, inasmuch as I had scarcely known any other. I enlisted as a soldier in the continental army at the commencement of the present war, and served fifteen months. Having been properly discharged I have since married, have a family and am in communion with the church.

To return: The party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, and left them at the glades we had passed the day before. They had followed on our tracks from these glades; on our return to which we found the horses and rode. We were carried to Wachatomakak, a town of the Mingoes and Shawanese. I think it was on the third day we reached the town, which when we were approaching, the Indians in whose custody we were, began to look sour, having been kind to us before, and given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. This town is small and we were told was about two

miles distant from the main town to which they intended to carry us.

The inhabitants from this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, struck, beat and abused us greatly. One of my two companions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blacked him with coal and water. This was the sign of being burnt; the man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears. He asked me the meaning of his being blacked; but I was forbid by the enemy in their own language, to tell him what was intended. In English, which they spoke easily, having been often at Fort Pitt, they assured him he was not to be hurt. I know of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it was that he was the oldest.

A warrior had been sent to the great town to acquaint them with our coming and prepare them for the frolic; for on our coming to it, the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs and tomahawks. We were told that we had to run to the council house, about three hundred yards. The man that was blacked was about twenty yards before us, in running the gauntlet: They made him their principal object, men, women and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him as he run naked, putting the muzzles of the guns to his body, shouting, hallooing and beating their drums in the mean time.

The unhappy man had reached the door of the council house, beat and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight; for having arrived before him we had it in our power to view the spectacle—it was indeed the most horrid that can be conceived. They had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him; a large wadding

had made a wound in his shoulder whence the blood gushed.

Agreeable to the declaration of the enemy, when he first set out he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council house. This seemed to be his hope, for coming up with great struggling and endeavour, he laid hold of the door but was pulled back and drawn away by them; finding they intended no mercy, but putting him to death, he attempted several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks, but being weak could not effect it. We saw him borne off, and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing and killing him.

That same evening I saw the dead body of this man close by the council house. It was mangled cruelly, and the blood mingled with the powder was rendered black. The same evening I saw him after he had been cut to pieces, and his limbs and his head about two hundred yards on the outside of the town put on poles. That evening also I saw the bodies of three others in the same black and mangled condition; these I was told had been put to death the same day, and just before we had reached the town. Their bodies as they lay were black, bloody, burnt with powder. Two of these were Harrison and young Crawford. I knew the visage of colonel Harrison, and I saw his cloathing and that of young Crawford at the town. They brought horses to me and asked if I knew them?—I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were.

The third of these men I did not know, but believe to have been colonel M'Cleland, the third in command on the expedition.

The next day the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town and their carcases being given to the dogs, their limbs and heads were stuck on poles.

My surviving companion shortly after we had reached the council house was sent to another town, and I presume he was burnt or executed in the same manner.

In the evening the men assembled in the council house; this is a large building about fifty yards in length, and about twenty-five yards wide, and about sixteen feet in height, built of split poles covered with bark; their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language, inasmuch as I could speak the Miame, Shawanese and Delaware languages, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war; I found I had not forgotten these languages, especially the two former, being able to speak them as well as my native tongue.

They began with interrogating me, concerning the situation of our country, what were our provisions? our numbers? the state of the war between us and Britain? I informed them Cornwallis had been taken, which next day, when Matthew Elliot with James Girty came, he affirmed to be a lie, and the Indians seemed to give full credit to his declaration.

Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behaviour towards me. Girty had informed them, that when he asked me how I liked to live there, I had said that I intended to take the first opportunity to take a scalp and run off. It was, to be sure, very probable that if I had such intentions, I would communicate it to him. Another man came to me and told me a story

of his having lived on the south branch of the Potowmac in Virginia, and having three brothers there, he pretended he wanted to get away, but I suspected his design; nevertheless he reported that I had consented to go. In the meantime I was not tied, and could have escaped, but having nothing to put on my feet, I waited some time longer to provide for this.

I was invited every night to the war dance, which they usually continued until almost day. I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

The council lasted fifteen days; fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to these councils; but only the chiefs or head warriors have the privilege of speaking. The head warriors are accounted such from the number of scalps and prisoners they have taken.

The third day M'Kee was in council, and afterwards was generally present. He spoke little, and did not ask any questions or speak to me at all. He lives about two miles out of the town, has a house built of squared logs with a shingled roof; he was dressed in gold laced cloaths. I had seen him at the former town through which I passed.

I think it was on the last day of the council, save one, that a speech came from Detroit, brought by a warrior who had been counselling with the commanding officer at that place. The speech had been long expected, and was in answer to one some time before sent from the town to Detroit: It was in a belt of Wampum, and began with addressing them, "My children," and inquiring why they continued to take prisoners? "Provisions are scarce; when prisoners are brought in we are

obliged to maintain them, and still some of them are running away and carrying tidings of our affairs. When any of your people fall into the hands of the rebels, they shew no mercy; why then should you take prisoners? Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort; man, woman or child."

Two days after, a party of every nation that was near being collected, it was determined on to take no more prisoners of any sort. They had held a large council, and the determination was, that if it were possible they could find a child of a span or three inches long, they would show no mercy to it. At the conclusion of the council it was agreed upon by all the tribes present, viz: the Tawaws, Chiappawaws, the Wiondots, the Mingoes, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Munses, and a part of the Cherokees, that should any of the nations who were not present take any prisoner, these would rise against them, take away the prisoners and put them to death.

In the course of these deliberations I understood what was said perfectly. They laid plans against our settlements of Kentucky, the Falls, and towards Wheeling. These it will be unnecessary for me to mention in this narrative, more especially as the Indians finding me to have escaped, and knowing that I would not fail to communicate these designs, will be led to alter their resolutions.

There was one council held at which I was not present. The warriors had sent for me as usual, but the squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination with respect to me, that I should be burnt.

About this time, twelve men were brought in from Kentucky, three of whom were burnt on this day; the remainder were distributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me, were burnt. This was after the speech came from Detroit.

On this day also, I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and who said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who he said was a doctor, had made his escape from him. I knew this must have been Dr. Knight, who went as surgeon of the expedition. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head, which he acknowledged the doctor had given him; he was cut to the scull. His story was that he had untied the doctor, being asked by him to do so, the doctor promising that he would not go away; that while he was employed in kindling the fire the doctor snatched up the gun, had come behind and struck him; that he then made a stroke at the doctor with his knife, which he laid hold of, and his fingers were cut almost off, the knife being drawn through his hand; that he gave the doctor two stabs, one in the belly, the other in the back; said the doctor was a great, big, tall, strong man. Being now adopted in an Indian family, and having some confidence for my safety, I took the liberty to contradict this and said that I knew the doctor, who was a weak, little man. The other warriors laughed immoderately, and did not seem to credit him. At this time I was told that colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it.

The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors, accompanied by George Girty, came early in the morning round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up; I was sitting before the door of the house; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind

my back, stripped me naked, and blacked me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I was tied, damned me, and said that I now should get what I had deserved many years. I was led away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messenger had been dispatched to desire them to prepare to receive me. Arriving at this town, I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept for some time tied to a tree before a house door. In the mean while the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here also was a council house, part of it covered and part of it without a roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house around the post, there were three piles of wood built about three feet high and four feet from the post. Being brought to the post my arms were tied behind me, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post; a rope also was put about my neck, and tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, piles of wood were kindled and began to flame.

Death by burning, which appeared to be now my fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The divine grace of God had made it less alarming to me; for on my way this day I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end. I knew myself to have been a regular member of the church, and to have sought repentance for my sins; but though I had often heard of the faith of assurance, had known nothing of it; but early this day, instantaneously by a change wrought upon me

sudden and perceivable as lightning, an assurance of my peace made with God, sprung up in my mind. The following words were the subject of my meditation—"In peace thou shalt see God. Fear not those who can kill the body. In peace shalt thou depart." I was on this occasion by a confidence in mind not to be resisted, fully assured of my salvation. This being the case I was willing, satisfied, and glad to die.

I was tied to the post, as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, not a cloud to be seen. If there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them, but I heard no thunder, or observed any sign of approaching rain; just as the fire of one pile began to blaze, the wind rose, from the time they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, was about fifteen minutes. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violent; and the fire, though it began to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

When it was over the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent. At last one said, we will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him. The sun at this time was about three hours high. It was agreed upon, and the rope about my neck was untied, and making me sit down, they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night; in the mean time, beating, kicking and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

At last one of the warriors, the Half Moon, asked me if I was sleepy? I answered, Yes. The head warrior

then chose out three warriors to take care of me. I was taken to a block house; my arms were tied until the cord was hid in the flesh; they were tied in two places, round the wrist and above the elbows. A rope was fastened about my neck and tied to a beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying, "How will you like to eat fire to morrow—you will kill no more Indians now." I was in expectation of their going to sleep; when at length, about an hour before daybreak, two laid down; the third smoked a pipe, talked to me and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after, he also laid down and I heard him begin to snore. Instantly I went to work, and as my arms were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm which was behind my back, and keeping it fast with my fingers, which had still some life and strength, I slipped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and my wrist. One of the warriors now got up and stirred the fire: I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was over with me; but my hopes revived when now he lay down again. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck; tried to gnaw it, but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of a buffaloe hide: I wrought with it a long time, gave it out, and could see no relief. At this time I saw daybreak and heard the cock crow: I made a second attempt, almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied: it was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

I stept over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house, looked back to see if there was any disturbance; I then run through the town into a corn field; in my way I saw a squaw with four or five children lying asleep under a tree: going a different way into the field, I untied my arm, which was greatly swelled and turned black: having observed a number of horses in the glade as I ran through it, I went back to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence, which I took with me: having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied served for a halter, I rode off: the horse was strong and swift, and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day I crossed the Sciota river at a place, by computation, fifty full miles from the town. I had rode about twenty-five miles on this side of the Sciota by three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail, and could no longer go on a trot. I instantly left him, and on foot, ran about twenty miles farther that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooing behind me, and for this reason did not halt until about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick and vomited; but when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours after, I went on and travelled until day.

During the night I had a path, but in the morning judged it prudent to forsake the path and take a ridge for a distance of fifteen miles, in a line at right angles to my course, putting back as I went along, with a stick, the weeds which I had bended, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of Muskingum; the nettles had been troublesome to me after

my crossing the Sciota, having nothing to defend myself but the piece of a rug which I had found, and which while I rode I used under me by way of saddle; the briers and thorns were now painful to and prevented me from travelling in the night until the moon appeared. In the mean time I was prevented from sleeping by the musketoes, for even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

The second night I reached Cushakim; next day came to Newcomer's town, where I got about seven rasberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning on which the Indians had taken me to burn me until this time, which was now about three o'clock the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak. I swam Muskingum river at Oldcomer's town, the river being two hundred yards wide; having reached the bank, I sat down, looked back and thought I had a start of the Indians if any should pursue. That evening I travelled about five miles; next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small crawfish to eat: next night I lay within five miles of Wheeling, but had not slept a wink during this whole time, being rendered impossible by the musketoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day came to Wheeling, and saw a man on the island in the Ohio opposite to that post, and calling to him and asking for particular persons who had been on the expedition, and telling him I was Slover, at length, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe.

A NARRATIVE *of the Captivity and Escape of Mrs.* FRANCES SCOTT, *an Inhabitant of Washington County, Virginia.*

ON Wednesday the 29th day of June, 1785, late in the evening, a large company of armed men passed the house, on their way to Kentucky: Some part of whom encamped within two miles. Mr. Scott living on a frontier part, generally made the family watchful; but on this calamitous day, after so large a body of men had passed, shortly after night he lay down in his bed, and imprudently left one of the doors of the house open; the children were also in bed, and asleep. Mrs. Scott was nearly undressed, when, to her unutterable astonishment and horror, she saw rushing in through the door that was left open, painted savages with presented arms, raising a hideous shriek—Mr. Scott being awake, instantly jumped out of his bed, but was immediately fired at; he forced his way through the middle of the enemy and got out of the door, but fell a few paces from thence. An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and ordered her to a particular spot, and not to move: others stabbed and cut the throats of the three youngest children in their bed, and afterwards lifted them up and dashed them down on the floor, near the mother; the eldest a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke, escaped out of the bed, ran to her parent, and with the most plaintive accents, cried, "Oh mama! mama! save me;"—the mother, in the deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, entreated the savages to spare her child; but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in her mother's arms. Adjacent to Mr. Scott's dwelling house another family lived, of the name

of Ball.—The Indians also attacked them at the same instant they did Mr. Scott's; but the door being shut the enemy fired into the house through an opening between two logs, and killed a young lad; they then essayed to force the door open, but a surviving brother fired through the door, and the enemy desisted, and went off: the remaining part of the family ran out of the house and escaped. In Mr. Scott's house were four good rifles, well loaded, and a good deal of clothing, and furniture, part of which belonged to people that had left it on their way to Kentucky. The Indians loaded themselves with the plunder, being 13 in number, then speedly made off, and continued travelling all night; next morning their chief allotted to each man his share; and detached nine of the party to steal horses from the inhabitants on Clinch. The eleventh day after Mrs. Scott's captivity the four Indians that had her in charge, stopped at a place fixed upon for a rendezvous, and to hunt, being now in great want of provisions. Three went out, and the chief, being an old man, was left to take care of the prisoner, who, by this time, expressed a willingness to proceed to the Indian towns, which seemed to have the desired effect of lessening her keeper's vigilance. In the day time, as the old man was graining a deer skin, the captive pondering on her situation, and anxiously looking for an opportunity to make her escape, took the resolution, and went to the Indian carelessly, asked liberty to go a small distance to a stream of water, to wash the blood off her apron, that had remained besmeared since the fatal night of the murder of her little daughter. He told her, in the English tongue, "go along;" she then passed by him, his face being in a contrary direction from that she was going, and he

very busy. She, after getting to the water, proceeded on without delay, made to a high barren mountain, and travelled until late in the evening, when she came down into the valley, in search of the track she had been taken along; hoping thereby to find the way back, without the risk of being lost, and perishing of hunger in uninhabited parts. On coming across the valley to the river side, supposed to be the easterly branch of Kentucky river, she observed in the sand tracks of two men, that had gone up the river, and had just returned. She concluded these to have been her pursuers, which excited emotions of gratitude and thankfulness to divine providence for so timely a deliverance. Being without any provisions, having no kind of weapon or tool to assist her in getting any, and being almost destitute of clothing, also knowing that a vast tract of rugged high mountains intervened, between where she was and the inhabitants eastwardly, and the distance of the Kentucky settlements unknown, and she almost as ignorant as a child of the method of steering through the woods, excited painful sensations. But certain death, either by hunger or wild beasts, seemed preferable rather than to be in the power of beings who had excited in her mind such horror. She addressed heaven for protection, and taking courage, proceeded onward. After travelling three days, she had nearly met with the Indians, as she supposed, that had been sent to Clinch to steal horses, but providentially hearing their approach, concealed herself among the cane, until the enemy had passed. This giving a fresh alarm, and her mind being filled with consternation, she got lost, proceeding backwards and forwards for several days; at length she came to a river, that seemed to come from the east; concluding it was

Sandy river, she resolved to trace it to its source, which is adjacent to the Clinch settlement. After proceeding up the same several days, she came to where the river runs through the great Laurel mountain, where is a prodigious water-fall, and numerous high, craggy cliffs along the water edge; that way seemed impassable, the the mountain steep and difficult: However, our mournful traveller concluded that the latter way was the best. She therefore ascended for sometime, but coming to a range of inaccessible rocks, she turned her course towards the foot of the mountain and the river side: after getting into a deep gulley, and passing over several high, steep rocks, she reached the river side, where to her inexpressible affliction, she found that a perpendicular rock, or rather one that hung over, of 15 or 20 feet high, formed the bank. Here a solemn pause took place; she essayed to return, but the height of the steeps and rocks she had passed over, prevented her. She then returned to the edge of the precipice, and viewed the bottom of it, as the certain spot to end all her troubles, to remain on the top to pine away with hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts. After serious meditation, and devout exercises, she determined on leaping from the height, and accordingly jumped off. Although the place she had to alight on was covered with uneven rocks, not a bone was broken; but, being exceedingly stunned by the fall, she remained unable to proceed for some space of time. The dry season caused the river to be shallow —she travelled in it, and where she could, by its edge until she got through the mountain, which she concluded was several miles. After this, as she was travelling along the bank of the river, a venomous snake bit her on the ancle: she had strength to kill it, and knowing its kind,

concluded that death must soon overtake her. By this time, Mrs. Scott was reduced to a mere skeleton with fatigue, hunger and grief: probably this state of her body was the means of preserving her from the effects of the poison: be that as it may, very little pain succeeded the bite, and what little swelling there was, fell into her feet. Our wanderer now left the river, and after proceeding a good distance, she came to where the valley passed into two, each leading a different course.—Here a painful suspense again took place: a forlorn creature, almost exhausted, and certain if she was far led out of the way, she would never see a human creature—During this soliloquy, a beautiful bird passed close by her, fluttering along the ground, and went out of sight up one of the valleys. This drew her attention, and whilst considering what it might mean, another bird of the same appearance in like manner fluttered past her, and took the same valley the other had done. This determined her choice of the way; and in two days, which was the 11th day of August, she reached that settlement on Clinch, called New Garden; whereas (she is since informed by wood-men) had she taken the other valley, it would have led her back towards the Ohio.

Mrs. Scott relates that the Indians told her, that the party was composed of four different nations, two of whom she thinks they named Delawares and Mingoes. She further relates, that during her wandering from the tenth of July to the eleventh of August, she had no other subsistence but chewing and swallowing the juice of young cane stalks, Sassafras leaves, and some other plants she did not know the names of; that, on her journey, she saw Buffaloes, Elks, Deer, and frequently Bears and Wolves; not one of which, although some

passed very near her, offered to do her the least harm. One day a Bear came near her, with a young Fawn in his mouth, and, on diseovering her he dropped his prey and ran off. Hunger prompted her to go and take the flesh and eat it: but, on reflection, she desisted, thinking that the Bear might return and devour her; besides, she had an aversion to taste raw flesh. Mrs. Scott continues in a low state of health, and remains inconsolable for the loss of her family, particularly bewailing the cruel death of her little daughter.

The Trial of MAMACHTAGA, *an Indian, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer for the County of Westmoreland, in the year* 1784-5.

I KNOW the particulars of the following story well, because one of the men (Smith) was shingling a house for me in the town of Pittsburgh, the evening before he was murdered by Mamachtaga, and for which murder, and some others, this Indian was tried.—Smith had borrowed a blanket of me, saying that he was about to cross the river (Allegheny) to the Indian camp on the west side.—Here a party of Indians, mostly Delawares, had eome in, it being just after the war, and the greater part of these Indians having professed themselves friendly during the war, and their chief, Killbuck, with his family and that of several others, having remained at the garrison, or on an island in the Ohio river, called Killbuck's Island, and under the reach of the guns of the fort. Mamachtaga had been at war against the settlements with others of the Delawares who were now at this encampment.

I went myself over to the encampment, the next morning, and found the Indians there. Two men had been murdered, Smith and another of the name of Evans, and two wounded, one of them a dwarf of the name of Freeman. According to the relation which I got from the wounded, there were four white men together in a cabin when Mamachtaga, without the least notice, rushed in and stabbed Smith mortally, and had stabbed Evans, who had seized the Indian who was entangled with the dwarf among his feet attempting to escape, and who had received wounds also in the scuffle; the other white man had also received a stab. It would appear that the Indian had been in liquor, according to the account of the other Indians and of the white men who escaped. Killbuck appeared greatly cast down, and sat upon a log, silent. Mamachtaga made no attempt to escape. He was now sober, and gave himself up to the guard that came over, affecting not to know what had happened. The seat of justice of Westmoreland county being 30 miles distant, and the jail there not being secure, he was taken to the guard-house of the garrison, to be confined until a court of Oyer and Terminer should be holden in the county. Living in the place and being of the profession of the law, said I to the interpreter, Joseph Nicholas, one day, has that Indian any fur or peltry, or has he any interest with his nation that he could collect some and pay a lawyer to take up his defence for this homicide? The interpreter said that he had some in the hands of a trader in town, and that he could raise from his nation any quantity of racoon or beaver, provided it would answer any purpose. I was struck with the pleasantry of having an Indian for a client, and getting a fee in

this way, and told the interpreter to go to the Indian, and explain the matter to him, who did so, and brought me an account that Mamachtaga had forty weight of Beaver, which he was ready to make over, being with a trader in town, William Amberson, with whom he had left it, and that he had a brother who would set off immediately to the Indian towns, and procure an hundred weight or more if that would do any good, but the interpreter stipulated that he should have half of all that should be got, for his trouble in bringing about the contract. Accordingly he was dispatched to the Indian, from whom he brought, in a short time, an order for the beaver in the hand of the trader, with Mamachtaga (his mark.) The mark was something like a turkey's foot, as these people have no idea of an hieroglyphic merely abstract, as a strait line or a curve, but it must bear some resemblance to a thing in nature. After this, as it behoved, I went to consult with my client and arrange his defence, if it were possible to make one on which a probable face could be put. Accompanied by the interpreter, I was admitted to the Indian, so that I could converse with him; he was in what is called the black hole, something resembling that kind of hole which is depressed in the floor, and which the southern people have in their cabins, in which to keep their esculent roots from the frost during the winter season. Not going down into the hole as may be supposed, though it was large enough to contain two or three, and was depressed about eight feet, being the place in which delinquent or refractory soldiery had been confined occasionally for punishment, but standing on the floor above, I desired the interpreter to put his questions. This was done, explaining to him the object of the

enquiry, that it was to serve him, and by knowing the truth, be prepared for his defence; he affected to know nothing about it, nor was he disposed to rely upon any defence that could be made. His idea was that he was giving the beaver as a commutation for his life. Under this impression it did not appear to me proper that I should take the beaver, knowing that I could do nothing for him; besides, seeing the manner in which the dark and squalid creature was accommodated with but a shirt and breech-clout on, humanity dictated that the beaver should be applied to procure him a blanket and food additional to the bread and water which he was allowed. Accordingly I returned the order to the interpreter, and desired him to procure and furnish these things. He seemed reluctant, and thought we ought to keep the perquisite we had got. On this, I thought it most adviseable to retain the order and give it to a trader in town with directions to furnish these articles occasionally to the officer of the guard, which I did, taking the responsibility upon myself to the interpreter for his part of the beaver.

An Indian woman, known by the name of the Grenadier Squaw, was sitting doing some work by the trap-door of the cell, or hole in which he was confined, for the trap-door was kept open and a sentry at the outer door of the guard-house, the Indian woman was led by sympathy to sit by him. I had a curiosity to know the force of abstract sentiment, in preferring greater evils to what with us would seem to be less; or rather the force of opinion over pain. For knowing the idea of the Indians with regard to the disgrace of hanging, I proposed to the Indian woman, who spoke English as well as Indian, and was a Delaware herself, (Mamachtaga was

of that nation,) to ask him which he would choose, to be hanged or burnt? Whether it was that the woman was struck with the inhumanity of introducing the idea of death, she not only declined to put the question, but her countenance expressed resentment. I then recollected, and have since attended to the circumstance, that amongst themselves, when they mean to put any one to death, they conceal the determination, and the time, until it is about to be put in execution, unless the blacking the prisoner, which is a mark upon such as are about to be burnt, may be called an intimation; but it is only by those who are accustomed to their manners that it can be understood. However, I got the question put by the interpreter, at which he seemed to hesitate for some time, but said he would rather be shot or be tomahawked. In a few days it made a great noise through the country that I was to appear for the Indian, and having acquired some reputation in the defence of criminals, it was thought possible by some that he might be acquitted by *the crooks of the law*, as the people expressed it; and it was talked of publickly to raise a party and come to town and take the interpreter and me both, and hang the interpreter, and exact an oath from me not to appear in behalf of the Indian. It was, however, finally concluded to come in to the garrison and demand the Indian, and hang him themselves. Accordingly, a party came, in a few days, and about break of day summoned the garrison, and demanded the surrender of the Indian; the commanding officer remonstrated, and prevailed with them to leave the Indian to the civil authority. Upon which they retired, firing their guns as they came through the town. The interpreter, hearing the alarm, sprang up in his shirt, and made for a hill above the

town, called Grant's-hill. On seeing him run, he was taken for the Indian, who they supposed had been suffered to escape, and was pursued, until the people were assured that it was not the Indian. In the mean time he had run some miles, and swimming the river, lay in the Indian country until he thought it might be safe to return.

It was not without good reason that the interpreter was alarmed, for having been some years amongst the Indians, in early life a prisoner, and since a good deal employed in the Indian trade, and on all occasions of treaty, employed as an interpreter, he was associated in the public mind with an Indian, and on this occasion, considered as the abetter of the Indian, from the circumstance of employing council to defend him. And before this time a party had come from the Chartiers, a settlement south of the Monongahela, in the neighbourhood of this town, and had attacked some friendly Indians on the Island in the Ohio, (Killbuck's Island) under the protection of the garrison, had killed several, and amongst them some that had been of essential service to the whites, in the expeditions against the Indian towns, and on scouting parties, in case of attacks upon the settlements. One to whom the whites had given the name of Wilson, (Captain Wilson) was much regretted by the garrison. A certain Cisna had commanded the party that committed this outrage.

A day or two after his return, the interpreter came to me, and relinquished all interest in the beaver that was lodged with the trader, or expectant from the towns, that he might, to use his own language, wipe his hands of the affair, and be clear of the charge of supporting the Indian. The fact was, that as to beaver from the

towns I expected none, having been informed in the mean time by the friendly Indians, that Mamachtaga was a bad man, and was thought so by his nation; that he had been a great warrior; but was mischievous in liquor, having killed two of his own people; that it would not be much regretted in the nation to hear of his death; and that, except his brother, no one would give any thing to get him off.

He had the appearance of great ferocity; was of tall stature, and fierce aspect; he was called Mamachtaga, which signifies trees blown across, as is usual in a hurricane or tempest by the wind, and this name had been given him from the ungovernable nature of his passion. Having, therefore, no expectation of peltry or fur in the case, it was no great generosity in me to press upon the interpreter the taking half the beaver, as his right in procuring the contract; but finding me obstinate in insisting upon it, he got a friend to speak to me, and at length I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to let him off and take all the beaver that could be got to myself.

It did not appear to me adviseable to relinquish the defence of the Indian, fee or no fee, lest it should be supposed that I yielded to the popular impression, the fury of which, when it had a little spent itself, began to subside, and there were some who thought the Indian might be cleared, if it could be proved that the white men killed had made the Indian drunk, which was alleged to be the case; but which the wounded and surviving persons denied, particularly the dwarf, (William Freeman,) but his testimony, it was thought, would not be much regarded, as he could not be said to be *man grown*, and had been convicted at the quarter sessions of stealing a keg of whiskey some time before.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer holden for the county of Westmoreland, before Chief Justice M'Kean, and Bryan, Mamachtaga was brought to trial.—The usual forms were pursued. An interpreter, not Nicholas, but a certain Handlyn, stood by him and interpreted, in the Delaware language, the indictment and the meaning of it, and the privilege he had to deny the charge, that is, the plea of "*not guilty.*" But he could not easily comprehend that it was matter of form, and that he must say "*not guilty;*" for he was unwilling to deny, as unbecoming a warrior to deny the truth. For though he did not confess, yet he did not like to say that he had not killed the men; only that he was drunk, and did not know what he had done; but "supposed he should know when he was under the ground." The court directed the plea to be entered for him, and he was put upon his trial.

He was called upon to make his challenges, which the interpreter explained to him, which he was left to make himself, and which he did as he liked the countenance of the jury, and challenged according to the sourness, or cheerfulness of the countenance, and what he thought indications of a mild temper. The jurors, as they were called to the book, being told in the usual form, "Prisoner, look upon the juror—juror, look upon the prisoner at the bar—are you related to the prisoner?" One of them, a German of a swarthy complexion, and being the first called, took the question amiss, thinking it a reflection, and said with some anger, that "he thought that an uncivil way to treat Dutch people, as if he could be the brother, or cousin, of an Indian;" but the matter being explained to him by another German on the jury, he was satisfied, and was sworn.

The meaning of the jury being on oath, was explained to the Indian, to give him some idea of the solemnity and fairness of the trial. The testimony was positive and put the homicide beyond a doubt; so that nothing remained for me, in opening his defence, but the offering to prove that he was in liquor, and that this had been given him by the white people, the traders in town. This testimony was overruled, and it was explained to the Indian that the being drunk could not by our law excuse the murder. The Indian said "he hoped the good man above would excuse it."

The jury gave their verdict, guilty, without leaving the bar. And the prisoner was remanded to jail. In the mean time there was tried at the same court another person, (John Bradly,) on a charge of homicide, but who was found guilty of *manslaughter* only. Towards the ending of the court, these were both brought up to receive sentence. The Indian was asked what he had to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. This was interpreted to him, and he said that he would rather *run awhile.* This was under the idea of the custom among the Indians of giving time to the murderer, according to the circumstances of the case, to run, during which time if he can satisfy the relations of the deceased, by a commutation for his life, a gun, a horse, fur and the like, it is in their power to dispense with the punishment, but if this cannot be done, having not enough to give, or the relations not consenting to take a commutation, he must come at the end of the time appointed, to the spot assigned, and there, by a warrior of the nation, or some relative, son, brother, &c. of the deceased, be put to death, in which case the tomahawk is the usual instrument. No instance will occur

in which the condemned will not be punctual to his engagement. And I think it very probable, or rather can have no doubt, but that if this Indian had been suffered to run at this time, that is, go to his nation, on the condition to return at a certain period, to receive the sentence of what he would call the council, he would have come, with as much fidelity, as a man challenged, would on a point of honour come to the place assigned, and at the time when, to risk himself to his adversary. Such is the force of opinion, from education, on the human mind.

Sentence having been pronounced upon the convicted of manslaughter. (In this case, the first part of the sentence, as the law directs, was that of hanging, which is done until the *benefit of clergy is prayed by the prisoner*; but not understanding this, he was not prepared for the shock;—nothing could exceed the contortion of his muscles when a sentence, contrary to what he had expected, was pronounced. Being a simple man, he made a hideous outcry, gave a most woful look to the court, and country and begged for mercy; and it was not for some time after that, having the matter explained to him, and the benefit of clergy being allowed, he could be composed,) sentence of *burning in the hand* being now pronounced; at this moment the sheriff came in with a rope to bind up his hand to a beam of the low and wooden court-house in which we were, in order that the hot iron might be put upon it.

Sentence of hanging had been previously pronounced upon the Indian, on which he had said that he would prefer to be shot; but it being explained to him that this could not be done, he had the idea of hanging in his mind. Accordingly, by a side glance, seeing the sheriff

coming in with a rope, which was a bed cord he had procured, having nothing else, in our then low state of trade and manufactures. Mamachtaga conceived that the sentence was about to be executed presently upon him, and that the rope was for this purpose. which coming unaware upon him, he lost the command of himself for a moment; his visage grew black, his features were screwed up, and he writhed with horror and aversion; the surprise not having given time to the mind to collect itself, and on the acquired principle of honour, to conceal its dismay, or on those of reason to bear with and compose itself to its fate. Even when undeceived and made acquainted that he was not to die then, he remained under a visible horror, the idea of immediate death, and especially of hanging, giving a tremor, like the refrigeration of cold upon the human frame.

Before he was taken from the bar, he wished to say something, which was to acknowledge, that his trial had been fair, and to express a wish, that his nation would not revenge his death, or come to war on his account. Being asked as he was taken off, by some of those accompanying the sheriff, in conducting him to jail, whom he thought the judges to be, before whom he had been tried, and who were on the bench in scarlet robes, which was the official custom of that time, and being of the Delaware nation, amongst whom Moravian missionaries had been a good deal, and as it would seem, mixing some recollections which he had derived from this source, he answered that the one, meaning the chief justice, was God, and the other Jesus Christ.

At the same court of Oyer and Terminer was convicted a man for the crime against nature, and at a court of Quarter Sessions a short time after, another a young

man of the name of Jack had been convicted of larceny, and was now confined in the same jail, and in fact in the same room, for there was but one, with the Indian and the white man before-mentioned; and though, upon account of his youth and family connections, the jury in finding a verdict had recommended him to pardon, for which the supreme executive council of the State had been petitioned some time before; nevertheless he could not restrain the wickedness of his mind and had prevailed upon the white man, guilty of the crime against nature, as he had to die at any rate, to save the disgrace of being hanged, to consent to be murdered by the Indian. The creature was extremely simple, and had actually consented, and Jack had prepared a knife for the purpose, but the Indian refused, though solicited, and offered liquor, saying that he had killed white men enough already.

A child of the jailor had been taken sick, and had a fever. The Indian said he could cure it, if he had roots from the woods, which he knew. The jailor taking off his irons which he had on his feet, took his word that he would not make his escape, while he let him go to the woods to collect roots, telling him that if he did make his escape, the great council, the judges, would hang him, (the jailor,) in his place. But for greater security the jailor thought proper to accompany him to the woods, where roots were collected, which on their return were made use of in the cure of the child.

The warrant for the execution of the Indian and of the white man, came to hand, and the morning of the execution the Indian expressed a wish to be painted, that he might die like a warrior. The jailor, as before, unironed him, and took him to the woods to collect his

usual paints, which having done, he returned, and prepared himself for the occasion, painting highly with the rouge which they use on great occasions.

A great body of people assembling at the place of execution, the white man was hung first, and afterwards the Indian ascended a ladder placed to the cross timber of the gibbet; the rope being fastened, when he was swung off it broke, and the Indian fell, and having swooned a little, he rose with a smile, and went up again, a stronger rope in the mean time having been provided, or rather two put about his neck together, so that his weight was supported, and he underwent the sentence of the law, and was hanged till he was dead.

This was during the Indian war, and the place on the verge of the settlement, so that if the Indian had taken a false step, and gone off from the jailor while he was looking for roots for the cure, or for painting, it would have been easy for him to have made his escape; but such is the force of opinion, as we have before said, resulting from the way of thinking amongst the Indians, that he did not seem to think that he had the physical power to go. It was nevertheless considered an imprudent thing in the jailor to run this risk. For if the Indian had made his escape, it is morally certain that in the then state of public mind, the jailor himself would have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of the people.

STORY OF THE LAME INDIAN.

IN Pittsburgh, (Pennsylvania,) about the year 1786, one evening just in the twilight, there was found sitting in a porch, an Indian with a light pole in his hand. He spoke in broken English to the person of the house who first came out, and asked for milk. The person (a girl) ran in and returning with others of the family, they came to see what it was that had something like the appearance of a human skeleton. He was to the last degree emaciated, with scarcely the semblance of flesh upon his bones. One of his limbs had been wounded, and it had been on one foot and by the help of the pole that he had made his way to this place. Being questioned, he appeared too weak to give an account of himself, but asked for milk, which was given him, and word sent to the commanding officer of the garrison at that place, (general William Irwin) who sent a guard and had him taken to the garrison. After having had food, and now able to give some account of himself, he was questioned by the interpreter, (Joseph Nicholas.) He related that he had been on Beaver river trapping, and had a difference with a Mingo Indian, who had shot him in the leg, because he had said he wished to come to the white people.

Being told that this was not credible, but that he must tell the truth, and in so doing he would fare the better, he gave the following account; to wit, that he was one of a party which had struck the settlement in the *last moon*, attacked a fort, and killed some and took some prisoners.

(This appeared to be a fort known by the name of Waltour's Fort, by the account which he gave, which is at the distance of twenty three miles from the town, on the Pennsylvania road towards Philadelphia, and within eight miles of what is now Greensburgh.) He stated that it was there he received his wound.

The fact was that the old man, Waltour, his daughter and two sons, were at work in the field, having their guns at some distance, and which they seized on the appearance of the Indians, and made towards the fort. This was one of those stockades or block-houses to which a few families of the neighbourhood collected in times of danger, and going to their fields in the day, returned at night to this place of security.

These persons in the field were pursued by the Indians and the young woman taken. The old man with his sons kept up a fire as they retreated, and had got to the distance of about an hundred and fifty yards from the fort when the old man fell. An Indian had got upon him and was about to take his scalp, when one in the fort, directing his rifle, fired upon the Indian, who made a horrid yell and made off, limping on one foot. This was in fact the very Indian, as it now appeared, that had come to the town. He confessed the fact, and said, that on the party with which he was, being pursued, he had hid himself in the bushes a few yards from the path along which the people from the fort in pursuit of them came.

After the mischief was done, a party of our people had pursued the Indians to the Allegheny river, tracing their course, and had found the body of the young woman whom they had taken prisoner but had tomahawked and left. The Indian, as we have said, continu-

ing his story to the interpreter, gave us to understand that he lay three days without moving from the place where he first threw himself into the bushes, until a pursuit might be over, lest he should be tracked; that after this he had got along on his hands and feet, until he found this pole in the marsh which he had used to assist him, and in the meantime had lived on berries and roots; that he had come to a post some distance, and thought of giving himself up, and lay all day on a hill above the place, thinking whether he would or not, but seeing that they were all militia men and no regulars he did not venture.

(The Indians well know the distinction between regulars and militia, and from these last they expect no quarter.)

The post of which he spoke was about 12 miles from Pittsburgh on the Pennsylvania road, at the crossings of what is called Turtle creek. It was now thirty-eight days since the affair of Waltour's fort, and during that time this miserable creature had subsisted on plants and roots, and had made his way on one foot by the help of the pole. According to his account, he had first attempted a course to his own country, by crossing the Allegheny river a considerable distance above the town, but strength failing to accomplish this, he had wished to gain the garrison where the regular troops were, having been at this place before the war; and in fact he was now known to some of the garrison by the name of Davy. I saw the animal in the garrison after his confession, some days, and was struck with the endeavours of the creature to conciliate good will by smiling and affecting placability and a friendly disposition.

The question now was what to do with him. From the mode of war carried on by the savages, they are not entitled to the laws of nations. But are we not bound by the laws of nature, to spare those that are in our power; and does not our right to put to death cease, when an enemy ceases to have it in his power to injure us. This *diable boitieux*, or devil on two sticks, as they may be called, his leg and his pole, would not seem likely to come to war again.

In the mean time the widow of the man who had been killed at Waltour's fort, and mother of the young woman who had been taken prisoner and found tomahawked, accompanied by a deputation of the people of the settlement, came to the garrison, and addressing themselves to the commanding officer, demanded that the Indian should be delivered up, that it might be done with him as the widow and mother and relations of the deceased should think proper. After much deliberation, the country being greatly dissatisfied that he was spared, and a great clamour prevailing through the settlement, it was thought advisable, to let them take him, and he was accordingly delivered up to the militia of the party which came to demand him. He was put upon a horse and carried off with a view to take him to the spot where the first mischief had been done, (Waltour's fort.) But as they were carrying him along, his leg, the fracture of which by this time was almost healed, the surgeon of the garrison having attended to it, was broken again by a fall from the horse, which had happened some way in the carrying him.

The intention of the people was to summon a jury of the country and try him, at least for the sake of form, but as they alledged, in order to ascertain whether he was

the identical Indian that had been of the party at Waltour's fort, though it is not very probable that he would have had an impartial trial, there having been a considerable prepossession against him. The circumstance of being an Indian would have been sufficient evidence to condemn him. The idea was, in case of a verdict against him, which seemed morally certain, to execute him, according to the Indian manner, by torture and burning. For the fate of Crawford and others was at this time in the minds of the people, and they thought retaliation a principle of natural justice.

But while the Jury were collecting, sometime must elapse, that night at least, for he was brought to the fort, or block-house, in the evening. Accordingly a strong guard was appointed to take care of him, while in the mean time, one who had been deputed sheriff went to summon a jury, and others to collect wood, and materials for the burning, and to fix upon the place, which was to be the identical spot where he had received his wound, while about to scalp the man whom he shot in the field, just as he was raising the scalp halloo, twisting his hand in the hair of the head, and brandishing his scalping-knife. It is to be presumed that the guard may be said to have been off their guard somewhat on account of the lameness of the prisoner, and the seeming impossibility that he could escape; but it so turned out that while engaged in conversation, on the burning that was to take place, or by some other means inattentive, he had climbed up to a remote corner of the block-house, where he was, and got to the joists, and from thence as was supposed, got down on the outside between the roof and the wall-plate, for the block-house is so constructed that the roof overjuts the wall of the block-house, resting on the ends

of the joists that protrude a foot or two beyond the wall, for the purpose of those within firing down upon the Indians, who may approach the house to set fire to it, or attempt the door. But so it was that towards morning the Indian was missed, and when the jury met, there was no Indian to be brought before them. Search had been made by the guard every where, and the jury joined in the search, and the militia went out in all directions, in order to track his course and regain the prisoner. But no discovery could be made, and the guard were much blamed for the want of vigilance, though some supposed that he had been let go on the principle of humanity, that they might not be under the necessity of burning him.

The search had been abandoned; but three days after this, a lad looking for his horses, saw an Indian with a pole or long stick, just getting on one of them by the help of a log, or trunk of a fallen tree; he had made a bridle of bark, as it appeared, which was on the horse's head, and with which, and his stick guiding the horse, he set off at a smart trot, in a direction towards the frontier of the settlement. The boy was afraid to discover himself, or reclaim his horse, but ran home and gave the alarm, on which a party, in the course of the day, was collected, and sat out in pursuit of the Indian; they tracked the horse until it was dark, and were then obliged to lie by; but in the morning, taking it again, they tracked the horse as before, but found the course varied, taking into branches of streams to prevent pursuit, and which greatly delayed them, requiring considerable time tracing the stream and to find where the horse had taken the bank and come out; sometimes taking along hard ridges, though not directly in his

course, where the tracks of the horse could not be seen. In this manner he had got on to the Allegheny river, where they found the horse with the bark bridle, and where he appeared to have been left but a short time before. The sweat was scarcely dry upon his sides; for the weather was warm and he appeared to have been rode hard; the distance he had come was about 90 miles. It was presumed the Indian had swam the river, into the uninhabited and what was then called the Indian Country, where it was unsafe for the small party that were in pursuit to follow.

After the war, I took some pains to inform myself whether he had made his way good to the Indian towns, the nearest of which was Sandusky, at the distance of about 200 miles; but it appeared that after all his efforts he had been unsuccessful, and had not reached home. He had been drowned in the river or famished in the woods, or his broken limb had occasioned his death.

In like manner I have made inquiry respecting the Indian who had Doctor Knight in custody when he made his escape; for I had myself taken down, from the Doctor's own mouth, the narrative of his escape, and could not conceive, nor could the Doctor say, why it was that the gun, when he presented it to the Indian, and snapped it, did not go off. The Indian himself had been surprised at it, and did not recollect that he had plugged the touch-hole to keep it from the wet, nor did the Doctor discover this. The Indian, to excuse himself, had represented the Doctor as a man of great stature and strength, but the Indians laughed at him when they came to know, and were informed by some from the other town that had seen him sent on, that he was a man of small stature and of little strength.

Affecting History of the Dreadful Distresses of FREDERIC MANHEIM'S *Family.*

FREDERIC Manheim, an industrious German, with his family, consisting of his wife, Catharine, a daughter of eighteen years of age, and Maria and Christina, his youngest children, (twins,) about sixteen, resided near the river Mohawk, eight miles west of Johnston. On the 19th of October, 1779, the father being at work at some distance from his habitation, and the mother and eldest daughter on a visit at a neighbour's, two hostile Canasadaga Indians rushed in and captured the twin sisters.

The party to which these savages belonged, consisted of fifty warriors, who, after securing twenty-three of the inhabitants of that neighborhood, (among whom was the unfortunate Frederic Manheim,) and firing their houses, retired for four days with the utmost precipitancy, till they were quite safe from pursuit. The place where they halted on the evening of the day of rest, was a thick pine swamp, which rendered the darkness of an uncommonly gloomy night still more dreadful. The Indians kindled a fire, which they had not done before, and ordered their prisoners, whom they kept together, to refresh themselves with such provisions as they had. The Indians ate by themselves. Instead of retiring to rest after supping, the appalled captives observed their enemies busied in operations which boded nothing good. Two saplings were pruned clear of branches up to the very top, and all the brush cleared away for several rods around them. While this was doing, others were splitting pitch pine billets into small

splinters above five inches in length, and as small as one's little finger, sharpening one end, and dipping the other in melted turpentine.

At length, with countenances distorted by infernal fury, and with hideous yells, the two savages who had captured the hapless Maria and Christina, leaped into the midst of their circle, and dragged those ill-fated maidens, shrieking, from the embraces of their companions.—These warriors had disagreed about whose property the girls should be, as they had jointly seized them; and, to terminate the dispute, agreeably to the abominable usage of the savages, it was determined by the chiefs of the party, that the prisoners, who gave rise to the contention, should be destroyed; and that their captors should be the principal agents in the execrable business. These furies, assisted by their comrades, stripped the forlorn girls, already convulsed with apprehensions, and tied each to a sapling, with their hands as high extended above their heads as possible; and then pitched them, from their knees to their shoulders, with upwards of six hundred of the sharpened splinters above described, which, at every puncture, were attended with screams of distress, that echoed and re-echoed through the wilderness. And then, to complete the infernal tragedy, the splinters, all standing erect on the bleeding victims, were every one set on fire, and exhibited a scene of monstrous misery, beyond the power of speech to describe, or even the imagination to conceive. It was not until near three hours had elapsed from the commencement of their torments, and they had lost almost every resemblance of the human form, that these hapless virgins sunk into the arms of their deliverer, Death.

Sufferings of the Rev. JOHN CORBLY *and Family from the Indians. Related in a Letter to the Rev.* WILLIAM ROGERS, *late Pastor of the Baptist Church in Philadelphia.*

DEAR SIR,

THE following is a just and true account of the tragical scene, of my family's falling by the savages, which I related when at your house in Philadelphia, and you requested me to forward in writing. On the second Sabbath in May, in the year 1782, being my appointment at one of my meeting houses, about a mile from my dwelling house, I sat out with my dear wife and five children, for public worship. Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind 200 yards, with my Bible in my hand, meditating—as I was thus employed, all of a sudden, I was greatly alarmed with the frightful shrieks of my dear family before me—I immediately ran, with all the speed I could, vainly hunting a club as I ran, till I got within 40 yards of them; my poor wife seeing me, cried to me to make my escape—an Indian ran up to shoot me. I had to strip, and by so doing outran him. My wife had a sucking child in her arms: this little infant they killed and scalped. They then struck my wife several times, but not getting her down, the Indian who aimed to shoot me, ran to her, shot her through the body, and scalped her: my little boy, an only son, about six years old, they sunk the hatchet into his brains, and thus despatched him. A daughter, besides the infant, they also killed and scalped. My eldest daughter, who is yet alive, was hid in a tree, about 20 yards from the place where the rest were killed, and saw the whole proceedings. She, seeing the Indians all go.

off, as she thought, got up, and deliberately crept out from the hollow trunk; but one of them espying her. ran hastily up, knocked her down, and scalped her—also her only surviving sister, one on whose head they did not leave more than an inch round, either of flesh or skin, besides taking a piece out of her skull. She, and the before-mentioned one, are still miraculously preserved, though, as you must think, I have had, and still have, a great deal of trouble and expense with them, besides anxiety about them, insomuch that I am, as to worldly circumstances, almost ruined. I am yet in hopes of seeing them cured; they still, blessed be God, retain their senses, notwithstanding the painful operations they have already and must yet pass through. At the time I ran round to see what was become of my family, and found my dear and effectionate wife, with five children, all scalped in less than ten minutes, from the first outset—no one, my dear brother, can conceive how I felt—this, you may well suppose, was killing to me. I instantly fainted away, and was borne off by a friend, who by this time had found us out—When I recovered, oh the anguish of my soul!—I cried—would to God I had died for them, would to God I had died with them. Oh how dark and mysterious did this trying providence then appear to me! but—

"Why should I grieve—when grieving, I must bear?"

This, dear sir, is a faithful, though short narrative of that fatal catastrophe—and my life amidst it all, for what purpose, Jehovah only knows, redeemed from surrounding death—Oh, may I spend it to the praise and glory of his grace, who worketh all things after the council of his own will. The government of the world and of the church, is in his hands.—May it be taught

the important lesson of acquiescing in all his dispensations, I conclude with wishing you every blessing, and subscribe myself,

Your affectionate, though afflicted friend, and unworthy brother in the gospel ministry,

JOHN CORBLY.

Muddy Creek, Washington County, July 3, 1785.

Remarkable Encounter of a White Man with two Indians. In a Letter to a Gentleman of Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE you a note, a few days ago, in which I promised you the particulars of an affair between a white man of this county, and two Indians. Now I mean to relate the whole story, and it is as follows:

The white man is upwards of sixty years of age; his name is David Morgan, a kinsman of col. Morgan, of the rifle battalion. This man had, through fear of the Indians, fled to a fort about twenty miles above the province line, and near the east side of the Monongahela river. From thence he sent some of his younger children to his plantation, which was a mile distant, there to do some business in the field. He afterwards thought fit to follow, and see how they fared. Getting to his field, and seating himself upon the fence, within view of his children, where they were at work, he espied two Indians making towards them; on which he called to his children to make their escape. The Indians immediately bent their course towards him. He made the

best haste to escape away, that his age and consequent infirmity would permit; but soon found he would be overtaken, which made him think of defence. Being armed with a good rifle, he faced about, and found himself under the necessity of running four or five perches towards the Indians, in order to obtain shelter behind a tree of sufficient size.

This unexpected manœuvre obliged the Indians, who were close by, to stop, where they had but small timber to shelter behind, which gave Mr. Morgan an opportunity of shooting one of them dead upon the spot. The other, taking the advantage of Morgan's empty gun, advanced upon him and, put him to flight a second time, and being lighter of foot than the old man, soon came up within a few paces, when he fired at him, but fortunately missed him. On this, Mr. Morgan faced about again, to try his fortune, and clubbed his firelock. The Indian, by this time, had got his tomahawk in order for a throw, at which they are very dextrous. Morgan made the blow, and the Indian the throw, almost at the same instant, by which the little finger was cut off Morgan's left hand, and the one next to it almost off, and his gun broke off by the lock. Now they came to close grips. Morgan put the Indian down; but soon found himself overturned, and the Indian upon him, feeling for his knife, and yelling most hideously, as their manner is, when they look upon victory to be certain. However, a woman's apron, which the Indian had plundered out of a house in the neighborhood, and tied on him, above his knife, was now in his way, and so hindered him getting at it quickly, that Morgan got one of his fingers fast in his mouth, and deprived him of the use of that hand, by holding it, and disconcerted him considerably by chewing it; all

the while observing how he would come on with his knife. At length the Indian had got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade, that Morgan got a small hold on the hinder end; and as the Indian pulled it out of the seabbard, Morgan giving his finger a severe screw with his teeth, twitched it out through his hand, cutting it most grievously. By this time they were both got partly on their feet; the Indian was endeavouring to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast by the finger, and quickly applied the point of the knife to the side of the savage; a bone happening in the way, prevented its penetrating any great depth, but a second blow, directed more towards the belly, found free passage into his bowels. The old man turned the point upwards, made a large wound, burying the knife therein, and so took his departure instantly to the fort, with the news of his adventure.

On the report of Mr. Morgan, a party went out from the fort, and found the first Indian where he had fallen; the second they found not yet dead, at one hundred yards distance from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which had come out parched corn, &c., and had bound up his wound with the apron aforementioned; and on first sight he saluted them with, How do do, broder, how do do, broder? But alas! poor savage, their brotherhood to him extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and, to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, skinning them both; and they have made drum heads of their skins.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779.

Singular Prowess of a Woman, in a Combat with some Indians. In a Letter to a Lady of this City [Philadelphia.]

MADAM:—

I HAVE wrote to Mr. ———, of your city, an account of a very particular affair between a white man and two Indians. I am now to give you a relation in which you will see how a person of your sex acquitted herself in defence of her own life and that of her husband and children.

The lady who is the burthen of this story, is named Experience Bozarth. She lives on a creek called Dunkark creek, in the southwest corner of this county. About the middle of March last, two or three families, who were afraid to stay at home, gathered to her house and there stayed; looking on themselves to be safer than when all scattered about at their own houses.

On a certain day, some of the children thus collected, came running in from play, in great haste, saying, there were ugly red men. One of the men in the house stepped to the door, where he received a ball in the side of his breast, which caused him to fall back into the house. The Indian was immediately in over him, and engaged with another man who was in the house. The man tossed the Indian on a bed, and called for a knife to kill him. (Observe, these were all the men that were in the house.) Now Mrs. Bozarth appears the only defence, who not finding a knife at hand, took up an axe that lay by, and with one blow cut out the brains of the Indian. At that instant, (for all was instantaneous,) a second Indian entered the door, and shot the man dead, who was engaged with the Indian on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth

turned to this second Indian, and with her axe gave him several large cuts, some of which let his entrails appear. He bawled out, murder, murder. On this, sundry other Indians (who had hitherto been fully employed, killing some children out of doors) came rushing to his relief; the head of one of these Mrs. Bozarth clave in two with her axe, as he stuck it in at the door, which laid him flat upon the sill. Another snatched hold of the wounded, bellowing fellow, and pulled him out of doors, and Mrs. Bozarth, with the assistance of the man who was first shot in the door, and by this time a little recovered, shut the door after them, and made it fast, where they kept garrison for several days, the dead white man and dead Indian both in the house with them, and the Indians about the house besieging them. At length they were relieved by a party sent for that purpose.

This whole affair, to shutting the door, was not, perhaps, more than three minutes in acting.

I am, &c.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779.

Narrative of the Adventures of CAPT. ISAAC STEWART; *taken from his own mouth, in March, 1782.*

I WAS taken prisoner about 50 miles to the westward of Fort Pitt, about 18 years ago, by the Indians, and was carried by them to the Wabash, with many more white men, who were executed with circumstances of horrid barbarity; it was my good fortune to call forth the sympathy of Rose, called the good woman of the town, who was permitted to redeem from the flames, by giving, as my ransom, a house.

After remaining 2 years in bondage amongst the Indians, a Spaniard came to the nation, having been sent from Mexico on discoveries. He made application to the chiefs, for redeeming me and another white man in the like situation, a native of Wales, named John Davey; which they complied with, and we took our departure in company with the Spaniard, and travelled to the westward, crossing the Mississippi near la Riviere Rough, or Red River, up which we travelled 700 miles, when we came to a nation of Indians remarkably white, and whose hair was of a reddish colour, at least mostly so; they lived on the bank of a small river that empties itself into the Red River, which is called the River Post. In the morning of the day after our arrival amongst these Indians, the Welchman informed me, that he was determined to remain with them, giving as a reason that he understood their language, it being very little different from the Welch. My curiosity was excited very much by this information, and I went with my companion to the chief men of the town, who informed him (in a language I had no knowledge of, and which had no affinity to that of any other Indian tongue I ever heard) that their fore-fathers of this nation came from a foreign country, and landed on the east side of the Mississippi, describing particularly the country now called West Florida, and that on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they fled to their then abode; and as a proof of the truth of what he advanced, he brought forth rolls of parchment, which were carefully tied up in otter skins, on which were large characters, written with blue ink; the characters I did not understand, and the Welchman being unacquainted with letters, even of his own language, I was not able to know the meaning of

the writing. They are a bold, hardy, intrepid people, very warlike, and the women beautiful, when compared with other Indians.

We left this nation, after being kindly treated and requested to remain among them, being only two in number, the Spaniard and myself, and we continued our course up the waters of the Red River, till we came to a nation of Indians, called Windots, that had never seen a white man before, and who were unacquainted with the use of fire arms. On our way, we came to a transparent stream, which, to our great surprize, we found to descend into the earth, and, at the foot of a ridge of mountains, disappeared; it was remarkably clear, and, near to it, we found the bones of two animals, of such a size that a man might walk under the ribs, and the teeth were very heavy.

The nation of Indians who had never seen a white man, lived near the source of the Red River, and there the Spaniard discovered, to his great joy, gold dust in the brooks and rivulets; and being informed by the Indians, that a nation lived farther west, who were very rich, and whose arrows were pointed with gold, we set out in the hope of reaching their country, and travelled about five hundred miles, till we came to a ridge of mountains, which we crossed, and from which the streams run due west, and at the foot of the mountains, the Spaniard gave proofs of joy and great satisfaction, having found gold in great abundance. I was not acquainted with the nature of the ore, but I lifted up what he called gold dust from the bottom of the little rivulets issuing from the cavities of the rocks, and it had a yellow cast, and was remarkably heavy: but so much was the Spaniard satisfied, he relinquished his

plan of prosecuting his journey, being perfectly convinced that he had found a country full of gold.

On our return he took a different rout, and, when we reached the Mississippi, we went in a canoe to the mouth of the Missouri, where we found a Spanish post; there I was discharged by the Spaniard, went to the country of the Chickesaws, from thence to the Cherokees, and soon reached Ninety-six, in South Carolina.

Account of the Sufferings of MASSY HERBESON *and her Family, who were taken Prisoners by a Party of Indians. Given on Oath, before* JOHN WILKINS, *Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

MASSY HERBESON, on her oath, according to law, being taken before John Wilkins, Esq. one of the commonwealth's justices of the peace in and for the county of Alleghany, deposeth and saith, that on the 22d day of this instant, she was taken from her own house, within two hundred yards of Reed's block-house, which is called twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh; her husband, being one of the spies, was from home; two of the scouts had lodged with her that night, but had left her house about sunrise, in order to go to the block-house, and had left the door standing wide open. Shortly after the two scouts went away, a number of Indians came into the house, and drew her out of bed by the feet; the two eldest children, who also lay in another bed were drawn out in the same manner; a younger child, about one year old, slept with the deponent. The Indians then scrambled about the articles in the house;

when they were at this work, the deponent went out of the house, and hallooed to the people in the block-house; one of the Indians then ran up and stopped her mouth, another ran up with his tomahawk drawn, and a third ran and seized the tomahawk and called her his squaw; this last Indian claimed her as his, and continued by her; about fifteen of the Indians then ran down toward the block-house and fired their guns at the block and store-house, in consequence of which one soldier was killed and another wounded, one having been at the spring, and the other in coming or looking out of the store-house. This deponent then told the Indians there were about forty men in the block-house, and each man had two guns, the Indians then went to them that were firing at the block-house, and brought them back. They then began to drive the deponent and her children away; but a boy, about three years old, being unwilling to leave the house, they took it by the heels, and dashed it against the house, then stabbed and scalped it. They then took the deponent and the two other children to the top of the hill, where they stopped until they tied up the plunder they had got. While they were busy about this, the deponent counted them, and the number amounted to thirty-two, including two white men, that were with them, painted like the Indians.

That several of the Indians could speak English, and that she knew three or four of them very well, having often seen them go up and down the Alleghany river; two of them she knew to be Seneccas, and two Munsees, who had got their guns mended by her husband about two years ago. That they sent two Indians with her, and the others took their course towards Puckty. That she, the children, and the two Indians had not gone

above two hundred yards, when the Indians caught two of her uncle's horses, put her and the youngest child on one, and one of the Indians and the other child on the other. That the two Indians then took her and the children to the Alleghany river, and took them over in bark canoes, as they could not get the horses to swim the river. After they had crossed the river, the oldest child, a boy of about five years of age, began to mourn for his brother; one of the Indians then tomahawked and scalped him. That they travelled all day very hard, and that night arrived at a large camp covered with bark, which, by appearance, might hold fifty men; that the camp appeared to have been occupied some time, it was very much beaten, and large beaten paths went out in different directions from it; that night they took her about three hundred yards from the camp, into a large dark bottom, bound her arms, gave her some bed clothes, and lay down one on each side of her. That the next morning they took her into a thicket on the hill side, and one remained with her till the middle of the day, while the other went to watch the path, least some white people should follow them. They then exchanged places during the remainder of the day; she got a piece of dry venison, about the bulk of an egg, that day, and a piece about the same size the day they were marching; that evening, (Wednesday the 23d) they moved her to a new place, and secured her as the night before: during the day of the 23d, she made several attempts to get the Indian's gun or tomahawk, that was guarding her, and, had she succeeded, she would have put him to death. She was nearly detected in trying to get the tomahawk from his belt.

The next morning (Thursday) one of the Indians went out, as on the day before, to watch the path. The other lay down and fell asleep. When she found he was sleeping, she stole her short gown, handkerchief, a child's frock, and then made her escape;—the sun was then about half an hour high—that she took her course from the Alleghany, in order to deceive the Indians, as they would naturally pursue her that way; that day she travelled along Conequenessing creek. The next day she altered her course, and, as she believes, fell upon the waters of Pine creek, which empties into the Alleghany. Thinking this not her best course, took over some dividing ridges, fell in on the heads of Squaw run, she lay on a dividing ridge on Friday night, and on Saturday came to Squaw run, continued down the run until an Indian, or some other person, shot at a deer; she saw the person about one hundred and fifty yards from her, the deer running and the dog pursuing it, which, from the appearance, she supposed to be an Indian dog.

She then altered her course, but again came to the same run, and continued down it until she got so tired that she was obliged to lie down, it having rained on her all that day and the night before; she lay there that night; it rained constantly; on Sunday morning she proceeded down the run until she came to the Alleghany river, and continued down the river till she came opposite to Carter's house, on the inhabited side, where she made a noise, and James Closier brought her over the river to Carter's house.

This deponent further says, that in conversation with one of the Indians, that could talk English very well, which she suspects to be George Jelloway, he asked her

if she knew the prisoner that was taken by Jeffers and his Seneccas, and in jail at Pittsburgh? She answered no—he said, you lie. She again said she knew nothing about him; he said she did, that he was a spy, and a great captain; that he took Butler's scalp, and they would have him or twenty scalps; he again said, that they would exchange for him; that he and two more was sent out to see what the Americans were doing; that they came round from Detroit to Venango; the Indian took paper, and shewed her that he, at Fort Pitt. could write and draw on it; he also asked her if a campaign was going out against the Indians this summer—she said no—he called her a liar, and said they were going out, and that the Indians would serve them as they did last year; he also said the English had guns, ammunition, &c. to give them to go to war, and that they had given them plenty last year; this deponent also says, that she saw one of the Indians have captain Crib's sword, which she well knew. That one of the Indians asked her if she knew Thomas Girty, she said she did—he then said that Girty lived near Fort Pitt; that he was a good man, but not as good as his brother at Detroit; but that his wife was a bad woman: she tells lies on the Indians, and is a friend to America.

Sworn before me at Pittsburgh, this 28th day of May, 1792.

JOHN WILKINS.

Sufferings of PETER WILLIAMSON, *one of the Settlers in the Back Parts of Pennsylvania. Written by Himself.*

I WAS born within ten miles of the town of Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, of reputable parents; at eight years of age, being a sturdy boy, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel, employed (as the trade then was) by some of the worthy merchants of Aberdeen, in that villainous and execrable practice, of stealing young children from their parents, and selling them as slaves in the plantations abroad, and on board the ship easily cajoled by them, where I was conducted between decks, to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner, and in about a month's time set sail for America. When arrived at Philadelphia, the captain sold us at about sixteen pounds per head. What became of my unhappy companions I never knew; but it was my lot to be sold for seven years, to one of my countrymen, who had in his youth been kidnapped like myself, but from another town.

Having no children of his own, and commiserating my condition, he took care of me, indulged me in going to school, where I went every winter for five years, and made a tolerable proficiency. With this good master, I continued till he died, and, as a reward for my faithful service, he left me two hundred pounds currency, which was then about an hundred and twenty pounds sterling, his best horse, saddle, and all his wearing apparel.

Being now seventeen years old, and my own master, having money in my pocket, and all other necessaries, I employed myself in jobbing for near seven years; when I resolved to settle, and married the daughter of a substantial planter. My father-in-law made me a deed

of gift of a tract of land that lay (unhappily for me, as it has since proved) on the frontiers of the province of Pennsylvania, near the forks of Delaware, containing about two hundred acres, thirty of which were well cleared and fit for immediate use, on which were a good house and barn. The place pleasing me well, I settled on it. My money I expended in buying stock, household furniture, and implements for out-of-door work; and being happy in a good wife, my felicity was compleat; but in 1754, the Indians, who had for a long time before ravaged and destroyed other parts of America unmolested, began now to be very troublesome on the frontiers of our province, where they generally appeared in small skulking parties, committing great devastations.

Terrible and shocking to human nature were the barbarities daily committed by these savages! Scarce did a day pass but some unhappy family or other fell victims to savage cruelty. Terrible, indeed, it proved to me, as well as to many others; I that was now happy in an easy state of life, blessed with an affectionate and tender wife, became suddenly one of the most unhappy of mankind: scarce can I sustain the shock which for ever recurs on recollecting the fatal second of October, 1754. My wife that day went from home, to visit some of her relations; as I staid up later than usual, expecting her return, none being in the house besides myself, how great was my surprize and terror, when, about eleven o'clock at night, I heard the dismal war-whoop of the savages, and found that my house was beset by them. I flew to my chamber window, and perceived them to be twelve in number. Having my gun loaded, I threatened them with death, if they did not retire. But how vain and fruitless are the efforts of one man

against the united force of so many blood-thirsty monsters! one of them that could speak English, threatened me in return, "That if I did not come out they would burn me alive," adding, however, "That if I would come out and surrender myself prisoner, they would not kill me." In such deplorable circumstances, I chose to rely on their promises, rather than meet death by rejecting them; and accordingly went out of the house, with my gun in my hand, not knowing that I had it. Immediately on my approach, they rushed on me like tigers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, they bound me to a tree, went into the house, plundered it of every thing they could carry off, and then set fire to it, and consumed what was left before my eyes. Not satisfied with this, they set fire to my barn, stable, and out houses, wherein were about 200 bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep, all which were consumed to ashes.

Having thus finished the execrable business, about which they came, one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk* and threatened me with the worst of deaths, if I would not go with them. This I agreed to, and then they untied me, and gave me a load to carry, under which I travelled all that night, full of the most terrible apprehensions, lest my unhappy wife should likewise have fallen into their cruel power. At day break, my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load, when, tying my hands again round a tree, they forced the blood out

* A tomahawk is a kind of hatchet, made something like our plasterer's hammers, about two feet long, handle and all. They generally use it after firing their guns, by rushing on their enemies, and fracturing or cleaving their sculls with it, and very seldom fail of killing at the first blow.

at my fingers' ends. And then seeing them kindling a fire near the tree to which I was bound, the most dreadful agonies seized me, concluding I was going to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity. The fire being made, they for some time danced round me, after their manner, whooping, hallooing and shrieking in a frightful manner. Being satisfied with this sort of mirth, they proceeded in another manner; taking the burning coals, and sticks flaming with fire at the ends, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet, and at the same time threatening to burn me entirely if I cried out; thus tortured as I was almost to death, I suffered their brutalities, without being allowed to vent my anguish otherwise, than by shedding silent tears; and these being observed, they took fresh coals, and applyed them near my eyes, telling me my face was wet, and that they would dry it for me, which indeed they cruelly did. How I underwent these tortures has been matter of wonder to me, but God enabled me to wait with more than common patience for the deliverance I daily prayed for.

At length they sat down round the fire, and roasted the meat, of which they had robbed my dwelling. When they had supped, they offered some to me: though it may easily be imagined I had but little appetite to eat, after the tortures and miseries I had suffered, yet was I forced to seem pleased with what they offered me, lest by refusing it, they should resume their hellish practices. What I could not eat, I contrived to hide, they having unbound me till they imagined I had eat all; but then they bound me as before, in which deplorable condition I was forced to continue the whole day. When the sun was set, they put out the fire, and covered the ashes with leaves, as is their usual custom, that the white

people might not discover any traces of their having been there.

Going from thence along the Susquehanna, for the space of six miles, loaded as I was before, we arrived at a spot near the Apalachian mountains, or Blue-hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence they proceeded to a neighbouring house, occupied by one Jacob Snider and his unhappy family, consisting of his wife, five children, and a young man, his servant. They soon got admittance into the unfortunate man's house, where they immediately, without the least remorse, scalped both parents and children: nor could the tears, the shrieks, or cries of poor innocent children, prevent their horrid massacre: having thus scalped them, and plundered the house of every thing that was moveable, they set fire to it, and left the distressed victims amidst the flames.

Thinking the young man belonging to this unhappy family, would be of service to them in carrying part of their plunder, they spared his life, and loaded him and myself with what they had here got, and again marched to the Blue-hills, where they stowed their goods as before. My fellow sufferer could not support the cruel treatment which we were obliged to endure, and complaining bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any farther, I endeavoured to animate him, but all in vain, for he still continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, as he travelled along, came up to us, and with his tomahawk gave him a blow on the head, which felled the unhappy youth to the ground, whom they immediately scalped and left. The suddenness of this murder shocked me to that degree, that I was in a manner motionless, expecting my fate

would soon be the same: however, recovering my distracted thoughts, I dissembled my anguish as well as I could from the barbarians; but still, such was my terror, that for some time I scarce knew the days of the week, or what I did.

They still kept on their course near the mountains, where they lay skulking four or five days, rejoicing at the plunder they had got. When provisions became scarce, they made their way towards Susquehanna, and passing near another house, inhabited by an old man, whose name was John Adams, with his wife and four small children, and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the mother and her children before the old man's eyes. Inhuman and horrid as this was, it did not satisfy them; for when they had murdered the poor woman, they acted with her in such a brutal manner, as decency will not permit me to mention. The unhappy husband, not being able to avoid the sight, entreated them to put an end to his miserable being; but they were as deaf to the tears and entreaties of this venerable sufferer, as they had been to those of the others, and proceeded to burn and destroy his house, barn, corn, hay, cattle, and every thing the poor man, a few hours before, was master of. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, weak, and in the miserable condition he then was, as well as myself, burdens to carry, and loading themselves likewise with bread and meat, pursued their journey towards the Great Swamp. Here they lay for eight or nine days, diverting themselves, at times, in barbarous cruelties on the old man: sometimes they would strip him naked, and paint him all over with various sorts of colours: at other times they would pluck the white

hairs from his head, and tauntingly tell him, "He was a fool for living so long, and that they should shew him kindness in putting him out of the world." In vain were all his tears, for daily did they tire themselves with the various means they tried to torment him; sometimes tying him to a tree, and whipping him; at other times, scorching his furrowed cheeks with red-hot coals, and burning his legs quite to the knees. One night after he had been thus tormented, whilst he and I were condoling each other at the miseries we daily suffered, 25 other Indians arrived, bringing with them 20 scalps and 3 prisoners, who had unhappily fallen into their hands in Conogocheague, a small town near the river Susquehanna, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the murders and the devastations committed in their parts; a few instances of which will enable the reader to guess at the treatment the provincials have suffered for years past. This party, who now joined us, had it not, I found, in their power to begin their violences so soon as those who visited my habitation; the first of their tragedies being on the 25th of October, 1754, when John Lewis, with his wife and three small children, were inhumanly scalped and murdered; and his house, barn, and every thing he possessed, burnt and destroyed. On the 28th, Jacob Miller, with his wife and six of his family, with every thing on his plantations, shared the same fate. The 30th, the house, mill, barn, twenty head of cattle, two teams of horses, and every thing belonging to George Folke, met with the like treatment, himself, wife, and all his miserable family, consisting of nine in number, being scalped, then cut in pieces and given to the swine. One of the substantial traders, belonging to the province, having business that called him some

miles up the country, fell into the hands of these ruffians, who not only scalped him, but immediately roasted him before he was dead; then, like cannibals, for want of other food, eat his whole body, and of his head made what they called an Indian pudding.

From these few instances of savage cruelty, the deplorable situation of the defenceless inhabitants, and what they hourly suffered in that part of the globe, must strike the utmost horror, and cause in every breast the utmost detestation, not only against the authors, but against those who, through inattention, or pusillanimous or erroneous principles, suffered these savages at first, unrepelled, or even unmolested, to commit such outrages, depredations, and murders.

The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, constantly repining at their lot, and almost dead with their excessively hard treatment, contrived at last to make their escape; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country were soon after met by some others of the tribes, or nations at war with us, and brought back. The poor creatures, almost famished for want of sustenance, having had none during the time of their escape, were no sooner in the power of the barbarians, than two of them were tied to a tree, and a great fire made round them, where they remained till they were terribly scorched and burnt; when one of the villains with his scalping knife ripped open their bellies, took out their entrails, and burned them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing, and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms and legs, with red hot irons, till they were dead. The third unhappy victim was reserved a few hours longer, to be, if possible, sacrificed

in a more cruel manner: his arms were tied close to his body, and a hole being dug, deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put into it, and earth rammed and beat in all round his body, up to his neck, so that his head only appeared above ground; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours, in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head, causing him to suffer the most excruciating torments; whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy, by killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head,—inexorable to all he said, they continued the fire, till his eyes gushed out of their sockets; such agonizing torments did this unhappy creature suffer for near two hours before he was quite dead. They cut off his head, and buried it with the other bodies; my task being to dig the graves, which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

A great snow now falling, the barbarians were fearful, lest the white people should, by their tracks, find out their skulking retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, about two hundred miles farther from any plantations or inhabitants. After a long and painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this infernal crew at Alamingo. There I found a number of wigwams, full of their women and children. Dancing, singing, and shouting were their general amusements. And in all their festivals and dances, they relate what successes they have had, and what damages they have sustained in their expeditions; in which I now unhappily became part of their theme. The severity of the cold increasing, they stripped me of my clothes for their own use, and gave

me such as they usually wore themselves, being a piece of blanket, and a pair of mockasons, or shoes, with a yard of coarse cloth, to put round me instead of breeches.

At Alamingo I remained near two months, till the snow was off the ground. Whatever thoughts I might have had of making my escape, to carry them into execution was impracticable, being so far from any plantations or white people, and the severe weather rendering my limbs in a manner quite stiff and motionless; however, I contrived to defend myself against the inclemency of the weather as well as I could, by making myself a little wigwam with the bark of the trees, covering it with earth, which made it resemble a cave; and, to prevent the ill effects of the cold, I kept a good fire always near the door. My liberty of going about, was, indeed, more than I could have expected, but they well knew the impracticability of my escaping from them. Seeing me outwardly easy and submissive, they would sometimes give me a little meat, but my chief food was Indian corn. At length the time came when they were preparing themselves for another expedition against the planters and white people: but before they set out, they were joined by many other Indians.

As soon as the snow was quite gone, they set forth on their journey towards the back parts of the province of Pennsylvania; all leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near 150. My business was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never intrusted me with a gun. We marched on several days without any thing particular occurring, almost famished for want of provisions; for my part, I

had nothing but a few ears of Indian corn, which I was glad to eat dry; nor did the Indians themselves fare much better, but as they drew near the plantations, they were afraid to kill any game, lest the noise of their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

When we again arrived at the Blue hills, about thirty miles from the Irish settlements before-mentioned, we encamped for three days, though God knows, we had neither tents nor anything else to defend us from the inclemency of the air, having nothing to lie on by night but the grass. Their usual method of lodging, pitching, or encamping, by night, being in parcels of ten or twelve men to a fire, where they lie upon the grass or brush, wrapped up in a blanket, with their feet to the fire.

During our stay here, a sort of council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty men each; after which every captain marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return; not thinking it proper to carry me nearer to Conogocheague, or the other plantations.

Here I began to meditate an escape, and though I knew the country around very well, yet I was very cautious of giving the least suspicion of any such intention. However, the third day after the grand body left us, my companions thought proper to traverse the mountains in search of game for their subsistence, leaving me bound in such a manner that I could not escape: at night, when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down together to supper on what they had

killed, and soon after (being greatly fatigued with their day's excursion) they composed themselves to rest, as usual. I now tried various ways to try whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions or not; but after making a noise and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no fallacy. Then I resolved, if possible, to get one of their guns, and, if discovered, to die in my defence, rather than be taken: for that purpose I made various efforts to get one from under their heads, (where they always secured them,) but in vain. Disappointed in this, I began to despair of carrying my design into execution: yet, after a little recollection, and trusting myself to the Divine protection, I set forwards, naked and defenceless as I was. Such was my terror, however, that in going from them I halted, and paused every four or five yards, looking fearfully towards the spot where I had left them, lest they should awake and miss me; but when I was two hundred yards from them, I mended my pace, and made as much haste as I possibly could to the foot of the mountains; when, on a sudden, I was struck with the greatest terror on hearing the wood-cry, as it is called, which the savages I had left were making, upon missing their charge. The more my terror encreased, the faster I pushed on, and, scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, sometimes falling and bruising myself, cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till day-break, when, without having any thing to sustain nature, but a little corn left, I crept into a hollow tree, where I lay very snug, and returned my prayers and thanks to the Divine Being, that had thus far fav-

oured my escape. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening and talking how they would use me, if they got me again. However, they at last left the spot, where I heard them, and I remained in my apartment all that day without further molestation.

At night I ventured forwards again, frightened, thinking each twig that touched me a savage. The third day I concealed myself in like manner as before, and at night travelled, keeping off the main road as much as possible, which lengthened my journey many miles. But how shall I describe the terror I felt on the fourth night, when by the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians, that lay round a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and, seizing their arms, ran from the fire amongst the woods. Whether to move forward or rest where I was I knew not, when to my great surprise and joy, I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made towards the place where I guessed the savages to be; who, on seeing them, imagined that they had caused the alarm, very merrily returned to the fire, and lay again down to sleep. Bruised, crippled and terrified as I was, I pursued my journey till break of day, when, thinking myself safe, I lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon. Before evening, I reached the summit of a great hill, and looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my inexpressible joy, I saw some which I guessed to be about ten miles distant.

In the morning I continued my journey towards the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at the house

of John Bell, an old acquaintance, where knocking at the door, his wife, who opened it, seeing me in such a frightful condition, flew from me, screaming, into the house. This alarmed the whole family, who immediately fled to their arms, and I was soon accosted by the master with his gun in his hand. But on making myself known, (for he before took me to be an Indian,) he immediately caressed me, as did all his family, with extraordinary friendship, the report of my being murdered by the savages having reached them some months before. For two days and nights they very affectionately supplied me with all necessaries, and carefully attended me till my spirits and limbs were pretty well recovered, and I thought myself able to ride, when I borrowed of these good people (whose kindness merits my most grateful returns) a horse and some clothes, and set forward for my father-in-law's house in Chester county, about one hundred and forty miles thence, where I arrived on the 4th day of January, 1755, (but scarce one of the family could credit their eyes, believing with the people I had lately left, that I had fallen a prey to the Indians,) where I was received and embraced by the whole family with great affection; upon enquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months! This fatal news greatly lessened the joy I otherwise should have felt at my deliverance from the dreadful state and company I had been in.

Remarkable Adventures of JACKSON JOHONNET, *a Soldier under General Harmar and General St. Clair, Containing an Account of his Captivity, Sufferings, and Escape from the Kickappoo Indians.*

THERE is seldom a more difficult task undertaken by man, than the act of writing a narrative of a person's own life; especially where the incidents border on the marvellous. Prodigies but seldom happen; and the veracity of the relaters of them is still less frequently vouched for; however, as the dispensations of Providence towards me have been too striking not to make a deep and grateful impression, and as the principal part of them can be attested to by living evidences, I shall proceed, being confident that the candid reader will pardon the inaccuracies of an illiterate soldier, and that the tender-hearted will drop the tear of sympathy, when they realize the idea of the sufferings of such of our unfortunate country folks as fall into the hands of the western Indians, whose tender mercies are cruelties.

I was born and brought up at Falmouth, Casco-bay, where I resided until I attained to the seventeenth year of my age. My parents were poor, the farm we occupied small, and hard to cultivate, their family large and expensive, and every way fitted to spare me to seek a separate fortune; at least these ideas had gained so great an ascendancy in my mind, that I determined, with the consent of my parents, to look out for a mean of supporting myself.

Having fixed on the matter firmly, I took leave of my friends, and sailed, the 1st of May, 1791, on board a coasting schooner for Boston. Having arrived in this

capital, and entirely out of employ, I had many uneasy sensations, and more than once sincerely wished myself at home with my parents; however, as I had set out on an important design, and as yet met with no misfortune, pride kept me from this act, while necessity urged me to fix speedily on some mode of obtaining a livelihood.

My mind was severely agitated on this subject one morning, when a young officer came into my room, and soon entered into conversation on the pleasures of a military life, the great chance there was for an active young man to obtain promotion, and the grand prospect opening for making great fortunes in the western country. His discourse had the desired effect; for, after treating me with a bowl or two of punch, I enlisted, with a firm promise on his side to assist me in obtaining a sergeant's warrant before the party left Boston.

An entire new scene now opened before me. Instead of becoming a sergeant, I was treated severely for my ignorance in a matter I had till then scarcely thought of, and insultingly ridiculed for remonstrating against the conduct of the officer. I suffered great uneasiness on these and other accounts, of a similar kind, for some time; at length, convinced of the futility of complaint, I applied myself to study the exercise, and in a few days became tolerable expert. The beginning of July we left Boston, and procceded on our way to join the western army. When we arrived at fort Washington, I was ordered to join capt. Phelon's company, and in a few days set out on the expedition under general Harmar. Those alone who have experienced, can tell what hardships men undergo in such excursions; hunger, fatigue and toil were our constant attendants: however,

as our expectations were raised with the idea of easy conquest, rich plunder, and fine arms in the end, we made a shift to be tolerably merry: for my own part, I had obtained a sergeancy, and flattered myself I was in the direct road to honour, fame and fortune. Alas! how fluctuating are the scenes of life!—how singularly precarious the fortune of a soldier! Before a single opportunity presented in which I have a chance to signalize myself, it was my lot to be taken in an ambuscade, by a party of Kickappoo Indians, and with ten others constrained to experience scenes, in comparison with which our former distresses sunk into nothing. We were taken on the bank of the Wabash, and immediately conveyed to the upper Miami, at least such of us as survived. The second day after we were taken, one of my companions, by the name of George Aikins, a native of Ireland, became so faint with hunger and fatigue that he could proceed no further. A short council was immediately held among the Indians who guarded us, the result of which was that he should be put to death; this was no sooner determined on than a scene of torture began. The captain of the guard approached the wretched victim, who lay bound upon the ground, and with his knife made a circular incision on the scull; two others immediately pulled off the scalp; after this, each of them struck him on the head with their tomahawks; they then stripped him naked, stabbed him with their knives in every sensitive part of the body, and left him, weltering in blood, though not quite dead, a wretched victim of Indian rage and hellish barbarity.

We were eight days on our march to the upper Miami, during which painful travel, no pen can describe our sufferings from hunger, thirst, and toil. We were met,

at the entrance of the town, by above five hundred Indians, besides squaws and children, who were apprized of our approach by a most hideous yelling made by our guard, and answered repeatedly from the village. Here we were all severely beaten by the Indians, and four of our number, viz. James Durgee, of Concord, Samuel Forsythe, of Beverly, Robert Deloy, of Marblehead, and Uzza Benton, of Salem, who all fainted under their heavy trials, were immediately scalped and tomahawked in our presence, and tortured to death, with every affliction of misery that Indian ingenuity could invent.

It was the 4th of August when we were taken, and our unhappy companions were massacred the thirteenth. News was that day received of the destruction at L'Anguille, &c. of general Harmar's army, numbers of scalps were exhibited by the warriors, and several prisoners, among whom were three women and six children, carried through the village, destined to a Kickappoo settlement, further westward. The 15th of August, four more of my fellow prisoners, viz. Lemuel Saunders, of Boston, Thomas Tharp, of Dorchester, Vincent Upham, of Mistick, and Younglove Croxal, of Abington, were taken from us; but whether they were massacred or preserved alive, I am unable to say. After this, nothing material occured for a fortnight, except that we were several times severely whipped on the receipt of bad news, and our allowance of provisions lessened, so that we were apprehensive of starving to death, if we did not fall an immediate sacrifice to the fire or tomahawk: but heaven had otherwise decreed.

On the night following the 30th of August, our guard, which consisted of four Indians, tired out with watching,

laid down to sleep, leaving only an old squaw to attend us. Providence so ordered that my companion had, by some means, got one of his hands at liberty, and having a knife in his pocket, soon cut the withes that bound his feet, and that which pinioned my arms, unperceived by the old squaw, who sat in a drowsy position, not suspecting harm, over a small fire in the wigwam.

I ruminated but a few moments on our situation; there was no weapon near us, except my companion's knife, which he still held; I looked on him to make him observe me, and the same instant sprung and grasped the squaw by the throat to prevent her making a noise, and my comrade in a moment cut her throat from ear to ear, down to the neck bone. He then seized a tomahawk and myself a rifle, and striking at the same instant, dispatched two of our enemies, the sound of these blows awakened the others, but before they had time to rise, we renewed our strokes on them, and luckily to so good effect, as to stun them, and then repeating the blow, we sunk a tomahawk in each of their heads, armed ourselves completely, and taking what provisions the wigwam afforded, we committed ourselves to the protection of Providence, and made the best of our way into the wilderness.

The compass of a volume would scarce contain the events of our progress through the wilderness; but as they were uninteresting to any but ourselves, I shall only observe generally, that the difficulties of the journey were too great to have been endured by any who had less interest than life at stake, or a less terrible enemy than Indians to fear. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, were our constant companions. We travelled hard, day and night, except the few hours absolutely requisite for repose,

that nature might not sink under her oppression, at which period one constantly watched while the other slept. In this tiresome mode, we proceeded until the fifteenth of September, having often to shift our direction on account of impassible bogs, deep morasses, and hideous precipices, without meeting any adventure worthy of note. On the morning of the fifteenth, as we were steering nearly a north course, in order to avoid a bog that intercepted our course, S. E., we found the bodies of an old man, a woman and two children newly murdered, stript and scalped. This horrid spectacle chilled our blood; we viewed the wretched victims; and from what we could collect from circumstances, we concluded that they had been dragged away from their homes, and their feet being worn out, had been inhumanly murdered, and left weltering in their blood. We were at a great loss now to determine what course to steer; at length we pitched upon a direction about north-west, and walked on as fast as possible to escape the savages, if practicable. About noon this day, we came to a good spring, which was a great relief to us; but which we had great reason a few minutes after to believe would be the last of our earthly comforts. My companion, Richard Sackville, a corporal of captain Newman's company, stepped aside into the thicket, on some occasion, and returned with the account that a few rods distant he had discovered four Indians with two miserable wretches bound, sitting under a tree, eating; and that if I would join him, he would either relieve the captives, or perish in the attempt. The resolution of my worthy comrade pleased me greatly; and as no time was to be lost, we set immediately about the execution of our design: Sackville took the lead, and conducted me undiscovered, within fifty yards of

the Indians; two of them were laid down, with their musquets in their arms, and appeared to be asleep; the other two sat at the head of the prisoners, their musquets resting against their left shoulders, and in their right hands each of them a tomahawk, over the heads of their prisoners. We each chose our man to fire at, and taking aim deliberately, had the satisfaction to see them both fall; the others instantly started, and seeming at a loss to determine from whence the assault was made, fell on their bellies, and looked carefully around to discover the best course to take; mean time we had recharged, and shifting our position a little, impatiently waiting their rising; in a minute they raised on their hands and knees, and having, as we supposed, discovered the smoke of our guns rising above the bushes, attempted to crawl into a thicket on the opposite side. This gave us a good chance, and we again fired at different men, and with such effect, that we brought them both down; one lay motionless, the other crawled along a few yards; we reloaded in an instant, and rushed towards him, yet keeping an eye on him, as he had reached his comrade's gun, and sat upright in a posture of defence. By our noise in the bushes he discovered the direction to fire; alas! too fatally, for by his fatal shot I lost my comrade and friend Sackville. At this moment the two prisoners who were close pinioned, endeavoured to make their escape towards me, but the desperate savage again fired, and shot one of them dead, the other gained the thicket within a few yards of me: I had now once more got ready to fire, and discharged at the wounded Indian; at this discharge I wounded him in the neck, from whence I perceived the blood to flow swiftly, but he yet undauntedly kept his seat, and having now charged his

guns, fired upon us with them both, and then fell, seemingly from faintness and loss of blood. I ran instantly to the pinioned white man and having unbound his arms, and armed him with the unfortunate Sackville's musket, we cautiously approached a few yards nearer the wounded Indian; when I ordered my new comrade to fire, and we could perceive the shot took effect. The savage still lay motionless. As soon as my companion had re-loaded, we approached the Indian, whom we found not quite dead, and a tomahawk in each hand, which he flourished at us, seemingly determined not to be taken alive. I, for my own part, determined to take him alive, if possible; but my comrade prevented me by shooting him through the body. I now enquired of my new companion what course we ought to steer, and whence the party came, from whose power I had relieved him. He informed me with respect to the course, which we immediately took, and on the way let me know, that we were within about three days march of Fort Jefferson; that he and three others were taken by a party of ten Wabash Indians, four days before, in the neighbourhood of that Fort; that two of his companions being wounded, were immediately scalped and killed; that the party at the time of taking him, had in their possession seven other prisoners, three of whom were committed to the charge of a party of four Indians. What became of them we knew not; the others being worn down with fatigue, were massacred the day before, and which I found to be those whose bodies poor Sackville had discovered in the thicket; that the other two Indians were gone towards the settlements, having sworn to kill certain persons whose names he had forgotten, and that destruction seemed to be their whole drift.

My comrade, whose name, on enquiry, I learned to be George Sexton, formerly a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, I found to be an excellent woodsman, and a man of great spirit, and so grateful for the deliverance I had been instrumental in obtaining for him, that he would not suffer me to watch for him to sleep, but one hour in the four and twenty, although he was so fatigued as to have absolute need of a much greater proportion; neither would permit me to carry any of our baggage.

From the time of being joined by Sexton, we steered a south-east course, as direct as possible, until the 18th towards night, directing our course by the sun and the moss on the trees by day, and the moon by night: on the evening of the 18th, we providentially fell in with an American scouting party, who conducted us safely, in a few hours, to fort Jefferson, where we were treated with great humanity, and supplied with the best refreshments the fort afforded, which to me was very acceptable, as I had not tasted any thing except wild berries and ground nuts for above a week.

The week after our arrivel at fort Jefferson, I was able to return to my duty in my own regiment, which, the latter end of August, joined the army on an expedition against the Indians of the Miami Village, the place in which I had suffered so much, and so recently, and where I had beheld so many cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate Americans. It is easier to conceive than describe the perturbation of my mind on this occasion. The risk I should run in common with my fellow soldiers, seemed heightened by the certainty of torture that awaited me in case of being captured by the savages. However, these reflections only occasioned a firm resolution of doing my duty, vigilantly, and selling my life in

action as dear as possible, but by no means to be taken alive if I could evade it by any exertion short of suicide.

My captain shewed me every kindness in his power on the march, indulged me with a horse as often as possible, and promised to use his influence to obtain a commission for me, if I conducted well the present expedition;—poor gentleman! little did he think he was soon to expire gallantly fighting the battles of his country! I hasten now to the most interesting part of my short narrative, the description of general St. Clair's defeat, and the scenes which succeeded it.

On the 3rd of November we arrived within a few miles of the Miami Village. Our army consisted of about 1200 regular troops, and nearly an equal number of militia. The night of the 3rd, having reason to expect an attack, we were ordered under arms, about midnight, and kept in order until just before day-light, at which time our scouts having been sent out in various directions, and no enemy discovered, we were dismissed from the parade to take some refreshment. The men in general, almost worn out with fatigue, had thrown themselves down to repose a little; but their rest was of short duration, for before sunrise, the Indians began a desperate attack upon the militia, which soon threw them into disorder, and forced them to retire precipitately, into the very heart of our camp.

Good God! what were my feelings, when, starting from my slumbers, I heard the most tremendous firing all around, with yellings, horrid whoopings, and expiring groans, in dreadful discord, sounding in my ears. I seized my arms, ran out of my tent with several of my comrades, and saw the Indians, with their bloody tomahawks and murderous knives butchering the flying mili-

tia. I fled towards them, filled with desperation, discharged my firelock among them, and had the satisfaction to see one of the tawny savages fall, whose tomahawk was that instant elevated to strike a gallant officer, then engaged, sword in hand, with a savage in front. My example, I have reason to think, animated my companions. Our own company now reached the place we occupied, and aided by the regulars of other companies and regiments, who joined us indiscriminately, we drove the Indians back into the bush, and soon after formed in tolerable order, under as gallant commanders as ever died in defence of America. The firing ceased for a few minutes, but it was like the interval of a tornado, calculated, by an instantaneous, dreadful reverse, to strike the deeper horror. In one and the same minute, seemingly, the most deadly and heavy firing took place in every part of our camp; the army, exposed to the shot of the enemy, delivered from the ground, fell on every side, and drenched the plains with blood, while the discharge from our troops, directed almost at random, I am fearful did but little execution. Orders were now given to charge with bayonets. We obeyed with alacrity; a dreadful swarm of tawny savages rose from the ground, and fled before us; but alas! our officers, rendered conspicuous by their exertions to stimulate the men, became victims of savage ingenuity, and fell so fast, in common with the rest, that scarce a shot appeared as spent in vain. Advantages gained by the bayonet, were by this means, and want of due support, lost again, and our little corps, obliged in turn, repeatedly to give way before the Indians. We were now reduced to less than half our original number of regular troops, and less than a fourth part of our officers, our horses all killed or taken,

our artillery men all cut off, and the pieces in the enemy's hands; in this dreadful dilemma we had nothing to do but to attempt a retreat, which soon became a flight, and for several miles, amidst the yells of Indians, more dreadful to my ears, than screams of damned fiends to my ideas, amidst the groans of dying men, and the dreadful sight of bloody massacres on every side, perpetrated by the Indians on the unfortunate creatures they overtook, I endured a degree of torture no tongue can describe or heart conceive; yet I providentially escaped unhurt, and frequently discharged my musket, I am persuaded to effect.

Providence was pleased to sustain my spirits, and preserve my strength; and although I had been so far spent previous to setting out on the expedition, as to be unable to go upon fatigue for several days, or even to bear a moderate degree of exercise, I reached fort Jefferson the day after the action about ten in the morning, having travelled on foot all night to effect it.

Thus have I made the reader acquainted with the most interesting scenes of my life; many of them are extraordinary, some of them perhaps incredible; but all of them founded in fact, which can be attested by numbers. General St. Clair, in consequence of my sufferings and what he and others were pleased to call soldier-like exertions, presented me with an ensign's commission, on joining the remains of my old company, in which station I mean to serve my country again, as far as my slender abilities will permit; trusting that the same kind protecting providence, which hath covered my head in the day of battle, and shielded me repeatedly in the hour of danger, will dispose of me as to infinite wisdom seems best; and if I die in the cause of my country, may the

remembrance of my sufferings, escapes, perseverance through divine support, and repeated mercies received, kindle a flame of heroism in the breast of many an American youth, and induce him, while he reads the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, to exert himself to defend the worthy inhabitants on the frontiers from the depredations of savages; whose horrid mode of war is a scene to be deprecated by civilized nature, whose tender mercies are cruelties and whose faith is by no means to be depended on, though pledged in the most solemn treaties.

Account of the Dreadful Devastation of Wyoming Settlements, in July, 1778. From Gordon's History of the American War.

SO early as the 8th of February, 1778, General Schuyler wrote to Congress—"There is too much reason to believe, that an expedition will be formed (by the Indians) against the western frontiers of this state, (New York,) Virginia and Pennsylvania." The next month he informed them that "A number of Mohawks, and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Seneccas, will commence hostilities against us as soon as they can; it would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to carry the war into their country; it would require no greater body of troops to destroy their towns than to protect the frontier inhabitants." No effectual measures being taken to repress the hostile spirit of the Indians, numbers joined the tory refugees, and with these commenced their horrid depredations and hostili-

ties upon the back settlers, being headed by colonel Butler, and Brandt, an half blooded Indian, of desperate courage, ferocious and cruel beyond example. Their expeditions were carried on to great advantage, by the exact knowledge which the refugees possessed of every object of their enterprise, and the immediate intelligence they received from their friends on the spot. The weight of their hostilities fell upon the fine, new and flourishing settlement of Wyoming, situated on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, in a most beautiful country and delightful climate. It was settled and cultivated with great ardor by a number of people from Connecticut, which claimed the territory as included in its original grant from Charles II. The settlement consisted of eight townships, each five miles square, beautifully placed on each side of the river. It had increased so by a rapid population, that the settlers sent a thousand men to serve in the continental army. To provide against the dangers of their remote situation, four forts were constructed to cover them from the irruptions of the Indians. But it was their unhappiness to have a considerable mixture of royalists among them; and the two parties were actuated by sentiments of the most violent animosity, which was not confined to particular families or places; but creeping within the roofs and to the hearths and floors where it was least to be expected, served equally to poison the sources of domestic security and happiness, and to cancel the laws of nature and humanity.

They had frequent and timely warnings of the danger to which they were exposed by sending their best men to so great a distance. Their quiet had been interrupted by the Indians, joined by marauding parties of their

own countrymen, in the preceding year; and it was only by a vigorous opposition, in a course of successful skirmishes, that they had been driven off. Several tories, and others not before suspected, had then and since abandoned the settlement; and besides a perfect knowledge of all their particular circumstances, carried along with them such a stock of private resentment, as could not fail of directing the fury, and even giving an edge to the cruelty of their Indian and other inveterate enemies. An unusual number of strangers had come among them under various pretences, whose behaviour became so suspicious, that upon being taken up and examined, such evidence appeared against several of them, of their acting in concert with the enemy, on a scheme for the destruction of the settlements, that about twenty were sent off to Connecticut to be there imprisoned and tried for their lives, while the remainder were expelled. These measures excited the rage of the tories in general to the most extreme degree; and the threats formerly denounced against the settlers, were now renewed with aggravated vengeance.

As the time approached for the final catastrophe, the Indians practised unusual treachery. For several weeks previous to the intended attack, they repeatedly sent small parties to the settlement, charged with the strongest professions of friendship. These parties, beside attempting to lull the people in security, answered the purposes of communicating with their friends, and of observing the present state of affairs. The settlers, however, were not insensible to the danger. They had taken the alarm, and colonel Zebulon Butler had several times written letters to congress and general Washington, acquainting them with the danger the settlement was

in, and requesting assistance; but the letters were never received, having been intercepted by the Pennsylvania tories. A little before the main attack, some small parties made sudden irruptions, and committed several robberies and murders; and from ignorance or a contempt of all ties whatever, massacred the wife and five children of one of the persons sent for trial to Connecticut, in their own cause.

At length, in the beginning of July, the enemy suddenly appeared in full force on the Susquehanna, headed by colonel John Butler, a Connecticut tory, and cousin to colonel Zebulon Butler, the second in command in the settlement. He was assisted by most of those leaders, who had rendered themselves terrible in the present frontier war. Their force was about 1600 men, near a fourth Indians, led by their own chiefs; the others were so disguised and painted, as not to be distinguished from the Indians, excepting their officers, who, being dressed in regimentals, carried the appearance of regulars. One of the smaller forts, garrisoned chiefly by tories, was given up, or rather betrayed. Another was taken by storm, and all but the women and children massacred in the most inhuman manner.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, leaving a small number to guard Fort Wilkesborough, crossed the river with about 400 men, and marched into Kingston fort, whither the women, children and defenceless of all sorts crowded for protection. He suffered himself to be enticed by his cousin to abandon the fortress. He agreed to march out, and hold a conference with the enemy in the open field (at so great a distance from the fort, as to shut out all possibility of protection from it) upon their withdrawing, according to their own proposal, in order to the

holding of a parley for the conclusion of a treaty. He at the same time marched out about 400 men well armed, being nearly the whole strength of the garrison, to guard his person to the place of parley, such was his distrust of the enemy's designs. On his arrival he found no body to treat with, and yet advanced toward the foot of the mountain, where, at a distance, he saw a flag, the holders of which, seemingly afraid of treachery on his side, retired as he advanced; whilst he, endeavouring to remove this pretended ill-impression, pursued the flag, till his party was thoroughly enclosed, when he was suddenly freed from his delusion, by finding it attacked at once on every side. He and his men, notwithstanding the surprise and danger, fought with resolution and bravery, and kept up so continual and heavy a fire for three quarters of an hour, that they seemed to gain a marked superiority. In this critical moment, a soldier, through a sudden impulse of fear, or premeditated treachery, cried out aloud—"the colonel has ordered a retreat." The fate of the party was now at once determined. In the state of confusion that ensued, an unresisted slaughter commenced, while the enemy broke in on all sides without obstruction. Colonel Zebulon Butler, and about seventy of his men escaped; the latter got across the river to Fort Wilkesborough, the colonel made his way to Fort Kingston, which was invested the next day on the land side. The enemy, to sadden the drooping spirits of the weak remaining garrison, sent in, for their contemplation, the bloody scalps of a hundred and ninety-six of their late friends and comrades. They kept up a continual fire upon the fort the whole day. In the evening the colonel quitted the fort and went down the river with his family. He is thought to be the only officer that escaped.

Colonel Nathan Dennison, who succeeded to the command, seeing the impossibility of an effectual defence, went with a flag to colonel John Butler, to know what terms he would grant on a surrender; to which application Butler answered, with more than savage phlegm, in two short words—*the hatchet.* Dennison having defended the fort, till most of the garrison were killed or disabled, was compelled to surrender at discretion. Some of the unhappy persons in the fort were carried away alive; but the barbarous conquerors, to save the trouble of murder in detail, shut up the rest promiscuously in the houses and barracks; which having set on fire, they enjoyed the savage pleasure of beholding the whole consumed in one general blaze.

They then crossed the river to the only remaining fort, Wilkesborough, which, in hopes of mercy, surrendered without demanding any conditions. They found about seventy continental soldiers, who had been engaged merely for the defence of the frontiers, whom they butchered with every circumstance of horrid cruelty. The remainder of the men, with the women and children, were shut up as before in the houses, which being set on fire, they perished altogether in the flames.

A general scene of devastation was now spread through all the townships. Fire, sword, and the other different instruments of destruction, alternately triumphed. The settlements of the tories alone generally escaped, and appeared as islands in the midst of the surrounding ruin. The merciless ravagers having destroyed the main objects of their cruelty, directed their animosity to every part of living nature belonging to them; shot and destroyed some of their cattle, and cut out the tongues of others, leaving them still alive to prolong their agonies.

The following are a few of the more singular circumstances of the barbarity practiced in the attack upon Wyoming. Captain Bedlock, who had been taken prisoner, being stripped naked, had his body stuck full of splinters of pine knots,* and then a heap of pine knots piled around him; the whole was then set on fire, and his two companions, captains Ranson and Durgee, thrown alive into the flames and held down with pitch-forks. The returned tories, who had at different times abandoned the settlements in order to join in those savage expeditions, were the most distinguished for their cruelty; in this they resembled the tories that joined the British forces. One of these Wyoming tories, whose mother had married a second husband, butchered, with his own hands, both her, his father-in-law, his own sisters, and their infant children. Another, who during his absence had sent home several threats against the life of his father, now not only realised them in person, but was himself, with his own hands, the exterminator of his whole family, mother, brothers and sisters, and mingled their blood in one common carnage, with that of the ancient husband and father. The broken parts and scattered relics of families, consisting mostly of women and children, who had escaped to the woods during the different scenes of this devastation, suffered little less than their friends, who had perished in the ruin of their houses. Dispersed and wandering in the forests, as chance and fear directed, without provision or covering, they had a long tract of country to traverse, and many without doubt perished in the woods.

* Pine knots are so replete with turpentine, that they are fired and used at night to illuminate the room; and lighted splinters are often carried about in the houses of the Carolina planters instead of candles.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Augustine to his Friend in Virginia.

"Dear Sir,

ON the night of the 3d February last, there arrived in this place, in a deplorable condition, Mrs. Mary Jordan, who, with her husband and six children, were, in January last, carried away captives by the Indians. Mrs. Jordan has furnished me with the following melancholy account of the massacre of her husband and children, and of her own sufferings while with the savages.

"On the night of 22d Jan. 1807, we were suddenly awakened from slumber by the hideous yells of savages, who before we could put ourselves in a situation to oppose them, succeeded in forcing the doors of the house. They were, to the number of forty or fifty, frightfully painted, and armed with tomahawks and scalping knives. My husband met them at the door, and in their own tongue asked them what they wanted —'The scalps of your family!' was their answer. My husband entreated them to have compassion on me and his innocent children, but his entreaties availed nothing; we were dragged naked out of the house, and tied severally with cords. By order of one, who appeared to be the chief, about twenty of the Indians took charge of us, who were ordered to conduct us with all possible dispatch to their settlement (about 200 miles distant) while the remainder were left to pillage and fire the house. We commenced our journey about midnight, through an uncultivated wilderness, at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. If either of us, through fatigue,

slackened our pace, we were most inhumanly beaten and threatened with instant death.

"After a tedious travel of more than 40 miles, the savages halted in a swamp;—here for the first time, from the time of our departure, we were permitted to lie down—the Indians kindled a fire, on which they broiled some bear's flesh, of which they allowed us but a small portion.

"After they had refreshed themselves and extinguished their fire, we were again compelled to pursue our journey. We travelled until sunset, when the Indians again halted, and began to prepare a covering for themselves for the night. My poor children complained much of their feet being swollen, but I was not permitted to give them any relief, nor was their father allowed to discourse with them. As night approached, we shook each other by the hand, expecting never again to witness the rising of the sun. Contrary to our expectations, however, we had a tolerable night's rest, and on the succeeding day, though naked and half starved, travelled with much more ease than on the preceding one. The Indians occasionally allowed us a little raw food, sufficient only to keep us alive;—we this day travelled, according to the reckoning of the Indians, nearly forty miles, and were, about sunset, joined by the remaining savages who were left behind; they were loaded with the spoils of my husband's property; among other articles they had a keg of spirits of which they had drank plentifully; as they became intoxicated, they exercised the more cruelty towards us—they beat my poor children so unmercifully that they were unable to stand on their feet the ensuing morning—the Indians attributed their inability to wilfulness, and

again renewed their acts of barbarity, beating them with clubs, cutting and gashing them with their knives and scorching their naked bodies with brands of fire. Finding that their hellish plans had no other effect than to render the poor, unhappy sufferers less able to travel, they came to the resolution to butcher them on the spot.

"Six holes were dug in the earth, of about five feet in depth, around each of which some dried branches of trees were placed. My husband at this moment, filled with horror at what he expected was about to take place, broke the rope with which he was bound, and attempted to escape from the hands of the unmerciful cannibals—he was, however, closely pursued, soon overtaken and brought back—as he passed me, he cast his eyes towards me and fainted—in this situation he was placed erect in one of the holes. The woods now resounded with the heart-piercing cries of my poor children—"spare, O spare my father," was their cry—"have mercy on my poor children!" was the cry of their father; it availed nothing—my dear children were all placed in a situation similar to that of their father—the youngest (only nine years old) broke from them, and ran up to me, crying, "*don't, mamma, mamma, don't let them kill me!*"

"Alas, O Heavens, what could I do? In vain did I beg of them to let me take my dear child's place!—by force it was torn from me in an hour when I could afford it no protection.

"Having placed the poor unfortunate victims in the manner above described, they secured them in a standing position by replacing the earth, which buried them nearly to their necks!

"The inhuman wretches now began their hideous pow-wows, dancing to and fro around the victims of their torture, which they continued about half an hour, when they communicated fire to the fatal piles! Heaven only knows what my feelings were at this moment! As the flames increased, the shrieks and dying groans of my poor family were heightened!—thank heaven! their sufferings were of short duration;—in less than a quarter of an hour from the time the fire was first communicated, their cries ceased, and they sunk into the arms of their kind deliverer.

"The callous-hearted wretches having sufficiently feasted their eyes with the agonies of the unfortunate sufferers, retired to regale themselves with what liquors remained; they drank freely, and soon became stupid and senseless; with one of their tomahawks I might with ease have dispatched them all, but my only desire was to flee from them as quick as possible. I succeeded with difficulty in liberating myself by cutting the cord with which I was bound, on which I bent my course for this place. A piece of bear's flesh, which I fortunately found in one of the Indian's packs, served me for food. I travelled only by night, in the day time concealing myself in the thick swamps or hollow trees. A party of Indians passed within a few rods of the place of my concealment the second day after my departure, but did not discover me; they were undoubtedly of the same party from whence I had escaped, in pursuit of me. Two days after, I was met by an Indian of the Shawanese nation; he proved friendly, and conducted me to a white settlement; without his assistance I must have again fallen into the hands of my savage foes."

The following is Extracted from COLONEL HUMPHREY'S *Life of* GENERAL PUTNAM; *it happened in August, 1758.*

IN THE month of August, five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

Upon being, sometime afterwards, discovered, they formed a reunion, and concerted measures for returning to Fort-Edward. Their march through the woods, was *in three divisions by* FILES, the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old Fort-Ann, which had been formerly built by General Nicholson. Next morning Major Rogers, and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct; or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan, Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile

and a half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hasted to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favorable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other division to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up: but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavorable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, "that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned Savage. This

warrior, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-whoop sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance; the savages conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception, as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can scarcely figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even incline his head, he remained more than an hour—so equally balanced and obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favour of the enemy, a young Savage chose an odd way of discovering his humor. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him;—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French Bas-Officer, (a much more in-

veterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation,) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it; it missed fire—ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honor or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece. After this dastardly deed, he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman, seconded by the persevering valor of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indians who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature: and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance,

he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore as the last and only grace he desired of the Savages that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That Savage Chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom (besides innumerable other outrages) they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk, in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush with other fuel, at a small distance in a circle round him. They accompanied their labours, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but Savages must shudder, afforded the highest diver-

sion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by corresponding yells, dances and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang, but for the idea of home, the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His mind was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the torture he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a Savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That Commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal Pow-wows and hellish Orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling and gratitude. The French Commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

The Savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit, but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage

soaked some of the biscuit in water and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to lose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down; which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling, when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night, the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The Savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures: but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES

IN THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF

Col. James Smith,

(Now a Citizen of Bourbon County, Kentucky,)

DURING HIS CAPTIVITY WITH THE INDIANS,

IN THE YEARS 1755,'56,'57,'58, & '59,

In which the Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline and Encampments, Treatment of prisoners, &c. are better explained, and more minutely related, than has been heretofore done, by any author on that subject. Together with a Description of the Soil, Timber and Waters, where he travelled with the Indians, during his captivity.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Brief Account of some very Uncommon Occurrences, which transpired after his return from captivity; as well as of the Different Campaigns carried on against the Indians to the westward of Fort Pitt, since the year 1755, to the present date.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PREFACE.

I WAS strongly urged to publish the following work, immediately after my return from captivity, which was nearly forty years ago—but, as at that time the Americans were so little acquainted with Indian affairs, I apprehended a great part of it would be viewed as fable or romance.

As the Indians never attempted to prevent me either from reading or writing, I kept a Journal, which I revised shortly after my return from captivity, and which I have kept ever since: and as I have had but a moderate English education, have been advised to employ some person of liberal education to transcribe and embellish it—but believing that nature always outshines art, have thought, that occurrences truly and plainly stated, as they happened, would make the best history, be better understood, and most entertaining.

In the different Indian speeches copied into this work, I have not only imitated their own style, or mode of speaking, but have also preserved the ideas meant to be communicated in those speeches—In common conversation, I have used my own style, but preserved their ideas. The principal advantage that I expect will result to the public, from the publication of the following sheets, is the OBSERVATIONS ON THE INDIAN MODE OF WARFARE. Experience has taught the Americans the necessity of adopting their mode, and the more perfect we are in that mode, the better we shall be able to defend ourselves against them, when defence is necessary.

JAMES SMITH.

Bourbon County, June 1st, 1799.

REMARKABLE
OCCURRENCES, &c.

IN May, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men, in order to cut a waggon road from Fort Loudon, to join Braddock's road, near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Youghiogeny. My brother-in-law, William Smith, Esq. of Conococheague, was appointed commissioner, to have the oversight of these road-cutters.

Though I was at the time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, whom I apprehended was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue;—but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that sometime in the course of this summer, I should again return to the arms of my beloved.

We went on with the road, without interruption, untill near the Allegheny Mountain; when I was sent back, in order to hurry up some provision waggons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the waggons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Allegheny Mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford, three Indians had made a blind of bushes, stuck in the ground, as though they grew naturally, where they concealed themselves, about fifteen

yards from the road. When we came opposite to them, they fired upon us, at this short distance, and killed my fellow traveller, yet their bullets did not touch me; but my horse making a violent start, threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up, and took me prisoner. The one that laid hold on me was Canasataugua, the other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after? I told them not any near, that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood by me, whilst the other scalped my comrade: they then set off and ran at a smart rate, through the woods, for about fifteen miles, and that night we slept on the Allegheny Mountain, without fire.

The next morning they divided the last of their provision which they had brought from Fort Du Quesne, and gave me an equal share, which was about two or three ounces of mouldy biscuit—this and a young Ground-Hog, about as large as a Rabbit, roasted, and also equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the Loyal-Hannan, which was about fifty miles; and a great part of the way we came through exceeding rocky Laurel thickets, without any path. When we came to the west side of Laurel-Hill, they gave the scalp halloo, as usual, which is a long yell or halloo, for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession; the last of these scalp halloos were followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph. On their performing this, we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal-Hannan, one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, who were encamped near where Ligonier now stands. As we advanced near this party, they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph; but I did not share with them in their excess-

ive mirth. When we came to this camp, we found they had plenty of Turkeys and other meat there; and though I never before eat venison without bread or salt, yet as I was hungry, it relished very well. There we lay that night, and the next morning the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne. The night after we joined another camp of Indians, with nearly the same ceremony, attended with great noise, and apparent joy among all, except one. The next morning we continued our march, and in the afternoon we came in full view of the fort, which stood on the point, near where Fort Pitt now stands. We then made a halt on the bank of the Allegheny, and repeated the scalp halloo, which was answered by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort, in the aforesaid manner, and also the great guns, which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

As I was at this time unacquainted with this mode of firing and yelling of the savages, I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock; but what added to my surprize, I saw numbers running towards me, stripped naked, excepting breech-clouts, and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colors, though the principal color was vermilion, or a bright red; yet there was annexed to this, black, brown, blue, &c. As they approached, they formed themselves into two long ranks, about two or three roods apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English, that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way, as I ran, and if I ran quick, it would be so much the better, as they would quit when

I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet, I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting, and found that it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines, I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick, or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On my recovering my senses, I endeavoured to renew my race; but as I arose, some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so, that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses, I remember my wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.

The first thing I remember was my being in the fort, amidst the French and Indians, and a French doctor standing by me, who had opened a vein in my left arm; after which the interpreter asked me how I did: I told him I felt much pain; the doctor then washed my wounds, and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy. As I felt faint, and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me, by the interpreter, that it did not suit my case.

When they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me, and examined me, with threats of cruel death, if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me, was, how many men were there in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania, to join Braddock? I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed? I told them they were all well armed, (meaning the arm

of flesh,) for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them; which, if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all off; therefore, I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of these road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Some time after I was there, I was visited by the Delaware Indian already mentioned, who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. Though he spoke but bad English, yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding. I asked him if I had done any thing that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully? He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like how do you do; after that, he said, I would be well used. I asked him if I should be permitted to remain with the French? He said no—and told me, that, as soon as I recovered, I must not only go with the Indians, but must be made an Indian myself. I asked him what news from Braddock's army? He said, the Indians spied them every day, and he showed me by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it,) *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, &c. and every one taking what suited; I saw the Indians also

march off in rank, entire—likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them fly before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day; and, in the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.

I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch: as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them, and asked him, what was the news? He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c. with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps; after this came

another company with a number of waggon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broken loose.

About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of Allegheny river opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men; they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, &c. and he screaming in a most doleful manner,—the Indians in the mean time yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry.

When I came into my lodgings I saw Russel's Seven Sermons, which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present of to me. From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the field, besides what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle, I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort; the same day I also saw several Indians in British officers' dress, with sash, half-moon, laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

A few days after this the Indians demanded me, and I was obliged to go with them. I was not well able to march, but they took me in a canoe up the Allegheny

river, to an Indian town, that was on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here I remained about three weeks, and was then taken to an Indian town on the west branch of the Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks, which was called Tullihas, inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagos and Mohicans. On our route betwixt the aforesaid towns, the country was chiefly black-oak and white-oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers, in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown; this they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches. After they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colors. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street, and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this, all that were

in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done, he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them; I thought that the result of the council was, that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English, (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said, *no hurt you;* on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of mockasons, and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills and red hair—also a tinsel laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red

feathers to one of these locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bear skin, and gave me a pipe tomahawk, and polecat skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco, —also spunk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was a profound silence—every one was smoking—but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as followeth:—"My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man; after what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom—My son, you have now nothing to fear, we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you, that we are to defend one another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people."—At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech,—for, from that day, I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of cloathing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over, I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there was a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn; every one advanced with his bowl and spoon, and had his share given him.—After this, one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

The name of one of the chiefs in this town was Tecanyaterighto, alias Pluggy, and the other Asallecoa, alias Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war dance, and their war songs. At their war dance they had both vocal and instrumental music. They had a short hollow gum, close in one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum,—all those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance, or move forward in concert, like well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomack, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they whirled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war song. In performing this, only one sung at a

time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud *he-uh, he-uh*, which they constantly repeated while the war song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to the war, at this time were so animated by this performance, that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors, and packs upon their backs: they marched off all silent, except the commander, who, in the front, sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: *hoo caugh-tainte heegana.* Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash, in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled. When he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts.

and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over, for three or four hours, without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first, irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes, they used *ya ne no hoo wa ne*, &c. like our *fa sol la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said.

Shortly after this I went out to hunt, in company with Mohawk Solomon, some of the Caughnewagos, and a Delaware Indian, that was married to a Caughnewago squaw. We travelled about south from this town, and the first night we killed nothing, but we had with us green corn, which we roasted and ate that night. The next day we encamped about twelve o'clock, and the hunters turned out to hunt, and I went down the run that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys to hunt plumbs, which we found in great plenty. On my return to camp I observed a large piece of fat meat: the Delaware Indian, that could talk some English, observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me, *what meat you think that is?* I said I supposed it was bear meat; he laughed, and said, *ho, all one fool you, beal now elly pool*, and pointing to the other side of the camp, he said, *look at that skin, you think that beal skin?* I went and lifted the skin, which appeared like an ox hide: he then said, *what skin you think that?* I replied,

that I thought it was a buffaloe hide; he laughed, and said, *you fool again, you know nothing, you think buffaloe that colo?* I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffaloe, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied, *by and by you shall see gleat many buffaloe: he now go to gleat lick. That skin not buffaloe skin, that skin buck elk skin.* They went out with horses, and brought in the remainder of this buck-elk, which was the fattest creature I ever saw of the tallow kind.

We remained at this camp about eight or ten days, and killed a number of deer. Though we had neither bread nor salt at this time, yet we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty, and they were frequently inviting me to eat, when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffaloe lick, where we killed several buffaloe, and in their small brass kettles they made about half a bushel of salt. I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles from the aforesaid town, and somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio, and Sciota. About the lick was clear, open woods, and thin white-oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like waggon roads. We moved from this lick about six or seven miles, and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun, I had not yet been admitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out with him to hunt, which I readily agreed to. After some time we came upon some fresh buffaloe tracks. I had observed before this that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy; for, until now, they and the southern nations had been at war. As we were fol-

lowing the buffaloe tracks, Solomon scemed to be upon his guard, went very slow, and would frequently stand and listen, and appearcd to be in suspense. We came to where thc tracks were very plain in the sand, and I said, it is surely buffaloe tracks; he said, *hush, you know nothing, may be buffaloe tracks, may be Catawba.* He went very cautious until we found some fresh buffaloe dung: he then smiled, and said, *Catawba cannot make so.* He then stopped and told me an odd story about the Catawbas. Hc said, that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush; and in order to decoy them out, sent two or three Catawbas in the night, past their camp, with buffaloe hoofs fixed on their feet, so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning, those in the camp followed after these tracks, thinking they were buffaloe, until they were fircd on by the Catawbas, and several of them killed; the others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbas; but they, in their subtlety, brought with them rattle-snake poison, which they had collected from thc bladder that lieth at the root of the snakes' teeth; this they had corked up in a short piece of a cane stalk; they had also brought with them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye straw, which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and dipped them into this poison, and stuck them in the ground among the grass, along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers, which answered the design; and as the Catawbas had runners behind to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found that a number of them were lame, being artifically snake bit, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers, and defeated them,

killed and scalped all those that were lame.—When Solomon had finished this story, and found that I understood him, concluded by saying, *you don't know, Catawba velly bad Indian, Catawba all one devil Catawba.*

Some time after this, I was told to take the dogs with me, and go down the creek, perhaps I might kill a turkey; it being in the afternoon, I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp, and to take care not to get lost. When I had gone some distance down the creek, I came upon fresh buffaloe tracks, and as I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffaloe, I concluded I would follow after and kill one; and as the grass and weeds were rank, I could readily follow the track. A little before sundown I despaired of coming up with them: I was then thinking how I might get to camp before night: I concluded as the buffaloe had made several turns, if I took the track back to the creek, it would be dark before I could get to camp; therefore I thought I would take a near way through the hills, and strike the creek a little below the camp; but as it was cloudy weather, and I a very young woodsman, I could find neither creek or camp. When night came on I fired my gun several times, and hallooed, but could have no answer. The next morning early, the Indians were out after me, and as I had with me ten or a dozen dogs, and the grass and weeds rank, they could readily follow my track. When they came up with me, they appeared to be in a very good humor. I asked Solomon if he thought I was running away, he said, *no, no, you go too much clooked.* On my return to camp they took my gun from me, and for this rash step I was reduced to a bow and arrows, for near two years. We were out on this tour for about six weeks.

This country is generally hilly, though intermixed with considerable quantities of rich upland, and some good bottoms.

When we returned to town, Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners from the south branch of the Potomack: they also brought with them an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but as she could not read English, she made a present of it to me, which was very acceptable.

I remained in this town until sometime in October, when my adopted brother, called Tontileaugo, who had married a Wiandot squaw, took me with him to Lake Erie. We proceeded up the west branch of Muskingum, and for some distance up the river the land was hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland, and excellent bottoms. We proceeded on to the head waters of the west branch of Muskingum. On the head waters of this branch, and from thence to the waters of Canesadooharie, there is a large body of rich, well lying land—the timber is ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust, and cherry, intermixed with some oak, hickory, &c. This tour was at the time that the black haws were ripe, and we were seldom out of sight of them: they were common here both in the bottoms and upland.

On this route we had no horses with us, and when we started from the town, all the pack I carried was a pouch, containing my books, a little dried venison, and my blanket. I had then no gun, but Tontileaugo, who was a first rate hunter, carried a rifle gun, and every day killed deer, racoons, or bears. We left the meat, excepting a little for present use, and carried the skins with

us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark, in a frame made with poles stuck in the ground, and tied together with lynn or elm bark; and when the skins were dried by the fire, we packed them up, and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English, I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned, even to talk very imperfectly with him; but I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way, than when I had those with me who could speak English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs encreased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day. We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore, like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake; and as the wind fell that night, the next morning the lake was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water, frequently resting ourselves, as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places; as the wind fell and the waves abated, they were left without water, or only a small quantity; and numbers of bald and grey eagles, &c. were along the shore devouring them.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a large camp of Wiandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received: they gave us a kind of rough, brown potatoes, which grew spontaneously, and were called by the Caughne-

wagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes peeled and dipped in racoons' fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they call *canehcanta*, which is a kind of homony, made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

From the head waters of Canesadooharie to this place, the land is generally good; chiefly first or second rate, and, comparatively, little or no third rate. The only refuse is some swamps, that appear to be too wet for use, yet I apprehend that a number of them, if drained, would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black-ash, white-ash, water-ash, buckeye, black-locust, honey-locust, sugar-tree, and elm: there is also some land, though, comparatively, but small, where the timber is chiefly white oak, or beech—this may be called third rate. In the bottoms, and also many places in the upland, there is a large quantity of wild apple, plumb, and red and black haw trees. It appeared to be well watered, and a plenty of meadow ground, intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades, that I saw or heard of. In this route, deer, bear, turkeys, and racoons, appeared plenty, but no buffaloe, and very little sign of elk.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer, and a great many racoons; the racoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we all embarked in a large birch bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long: and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed, that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the Lake to the waters of

the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise they carried the vessel that we all came in up the bank, and inverted it or turned the bottom up, and converted it into a dwelling house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls; here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many racoons. From the mouth of this river to the falls is about five and twenty miles. On our passage up I was not much out from the river, but what I saw was good land, and not hilly.

About the falls is thin chesnut land, which is almost the only chesnut timber I ever saw in this country.

While we remained here, I left my pouch with my books in camp, wrapt up in my blanket, and went out to hunt chesnuts. On my return to camp my books were missing. I inquired after them, and asked the Indians if they knew where they were; they told me that they supposed the puppies had carried them off. I did not believe them; but thought they were displeased at my poring over my books, and concluded that they had destroyed them, or put them out of my way.

After this I was again out after nuts, and on my return beheld a new erection, which were two white oak saplings, that were forked about twelve feet high, and stood about fifteen feet apart. They had cut these saplings at the forks, and laid a strong pole across, which appeared in the form of a gallows, and the posts they had shaved very smooth, and painted in places with ver-

milion. I could not conceive the use of this piece of work, and at length concluded it was a gallows. I thought that I had displeased them by reading my books, and that they were about putting me to death. The next morning I observed them bringing their skins all to this place, and hanging them over this pole, so as to preserve them from being injured by the weather. This removed my fears. They also buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

As we had at this time no horses, every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie, betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahaga. Here they made their winter cabin in the following form. They cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks; and from these walls to the pole, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths; and a cover was made of lynn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree, about five or six inches

broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long; this bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all around, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bear skin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected.

It was some time in December, when we finished this winter cabin; but when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging, another difficulty arose, we had nothing to eat. While I was travelling with Tontileaugo, as was before mentioned, and had plenty of fat venison, bears meat and racoons, I then thought it was hard living without bread or salt; but now I began to conclude, that if I had anything that would banish pinching hunger, and keep soul and body together, I would be content.

While the hunters were all out, exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was,) were scattered out in the bottoms, hunting red haws, black haws, and hickory nuts. As it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws; but we had tolerable success in scratching

up hickory nuts from under a light snow, which we carried with us lest the hunters should not succeed. After our return the hunters came in, who had killed only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters, and thirteen squaws, boys, and children; but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice—every one got their equal share.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears.

One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat. The hunters carried in meat sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

The squaws and all that could carry, turned out to bring in meat,—every one had their share assigned them, and my load was among the least; yet, not being accustomed to carrying in this way, I got exceeding weary, and told them my load was too heavy, I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made a halt, and only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried.

This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite me to exert myself in carrying without complaining, than if they had whipped me for laziness. After this the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads; and that they would go to war even in this inclement season, in order to bring in horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him; as he was one of our best hunters; it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children; it was agreed upon that Tontileaugo and three others should stay, and hunt, and the other four go to war.

They then began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war songs, danced their war dances, &c. And when they were equipped, they went off singing their marching song, and firing their guns. Our camp appeared to be rejoicing; but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered not thinking of danger.

After the departure of these warriors we had hard times; and though we were not altogether out of provisions, we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had considerable success, and we had meat brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from this winter cabin, to try his luck there. We carried no provision with us; he said he would leave what was there for the squaws and children, and that we could shift for ourselves. We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles from the winter cabin. As it was still cold weather and a crust upon the snow, which made a noise as we walked and alarmed the deer, we could kill nothing, and consequently went to sleep without supper. The only chance we had, under these circumstances, was to hunt bear holes; as the bears about Christmas search out a winter lodging place, where they lie about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear to some incredible; but it is now well known to be the case, by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.

The next morning early we proceeded on, and when we found a tree scratched by the bears climbing up, and the hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of the bear, we then fell a sapling or small tree, against

or near the hole; and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow. We went on in this manner until evening, without success; at length we found a large elm scratched, and a hole in it about forty feet up; but no tree nigh, suitable to lodge against the hole. Tontileaugo got a long pole and some dry rotten wood, which he tied in bunches with bark; and as there was a tree that grew near the elm, and extended up near the hole, but leaned the wrong way, so that we could not lodge it to advantage; to remedy this inconvenience, he climbed up this tree and carried with him his rotten wood, fire and pole. The rotten wood he tied to his belt, and to one end of the pole he tied a hook, and a piece of rotten wood which he set fire to, as it would retain fire almost like spunk, and reached this hook from limb to limb as he went up; when he got up, with this pole he put dry wood on fire into the hole; after he put in the fire he heard the bear snuff, and he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand, and waited until the bear would come out; but it was some time before it appeared, and when it did appear, he attempted taking sight with his rifle; but it being then too dark to see the sights, he set it down by a tree, and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow, and shot the bear a little behind the shoulder; I was preparing also to shoot an arrow, but he called to me to stop, there was no occasion; and with that the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry we kindled a fire, opened the bear, took out the liver, and wrapped some of the caul fat round, and put it on a wooden spit, which we stuck in the ground by the fire to roast; we then skinned the bear, got on our kettle, and had both roast and boiled,

and also sauce to our meat, which appeared to me to be delicate fare. After I was fully satisfied I went to sleep; Tontileaugo awoke me, saying, come eat hearty, we have got meat plenty now.

The next morning we cut down a lynn tree, peeled bark and made a snug little shelter, facing the south-east, with a large log betwixt us and the north-west; we made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp we went out to hunt, searched two trees for bears, but to no purpose. As the snow thawed a little in the afternoon, Tontileaugo killed a deer, which we carried with us to camp.

The next day we turned out to hunt, and near the camp we found a tree well scratched; but the hole was above forty feet high, and no tree that we could lodge against the hole; but finding that it was very hollow, we concluded that we would cut down the tree with our tomahawks, which kept us working a considerable part of the day. When the tree fell we ran up, Tontileaugo with his gun and bow, and I with my bow ready bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders; I also shot, but too far back; and not being then much accustomed to the business, my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin. Having killed an old she bear and three cubs, we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards, to get wood, make a fire, cook, &c. before dark.

Early the next morning we went to business, searched several trees, but found no bears. On our way home we took three racoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks, and in this time killed four bears, three deers, several turkeys, and a num-

ber of racoons. We packed as much meat as we could carry, and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival, there was great joy, as they were all in a starving condition,—the three hunters that we had left having killed but very little. All that could carry a pack, repaired to our camp to bring in meat.

Some time in February the four warriors returned, who had taken two scalps, and six horses from the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin, and encamp, kill meat and bring it in upon horses; so that we commonly after this had plenty of provision.

In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season, the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made above one hundred of these kinds of vessels. In the sugar-tree they cut a notch, sloping down, and at the end of the notch, stuck in a tomahawk; in the place where they stuck the tomahawk, they drove a long chip, in order to carry the water out from the tree, and under this they set their vessel, to receive it. As sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles, that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water. But as they could not at all times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark, that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for retaining the

water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way that we commonly used our sugar while encamped, was by putting it in bears fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself, and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time some of the Indian lads and myself, were employed in making and attending traps for catching racoons, foxes, wild cats, &c.

As the racoon is a kind of water animal, that frequents the runs, or small water-courses, almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The upper sapling we raised about eighteen inches, and set so, that on the racoons touching a string, or small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it; and lest the racoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log, or opposite to a hole at the root of a tree, and put venison on a stick for bait; we had it so set that when the fox took hold of the meat, the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar, the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March, we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn, the squaws were then frying the last of their bears fat, and making vessels to hold it; the vessels were made of deer skins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck, without ripping. After they had taken off the hair, they gathered it in small plaits round the neck and with a string drew it together like a purse; in the centre

a pin was put, below which they tied a string, and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons; in these vessels it was they carried their bears oil.

When all things were ready, we moved back to the falls of Canesadooharie. In this route the land is chiefly first and second rate; but too much meadow ground, in proportion to the upland. The timber is white-ash, elm, black-oak, cherry, buckeye, sugar-tree, lynn, mulberry, beech, white-oak, hickory, wild apple-tree, red-haw, black haw, and spicewood bushes. There is in some places, spots of beech timber, which spots may be called third rate land. Buckeye, sugar-tree and spicewood, are common in the woods here. There is, in some places, large swamps too wet for any use.

On our arrival at the falls, (as we had brought with us on horse back, about two hundred weight of sugar, a large quantity of bears oil, skins, &c.) the canoe we had buried was not sufficient to carry all; therefore we were obliged to make another of elm bark. While we lay here, a young Wiandot found my books: on this they collected together; I was a little way from the camp, and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was Scoouwa, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter; they showed me my books, and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caughnewaga, (for both that and the Wiandot

tongue were spoken in this camp,) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shown to me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were much damaged? I told them not much. They then showed me how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deer skin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was. This was the first time that I felt my heart warm toward the Indians. Though they had been exceedingly kind to me, I still before detested them, on account of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness, or expressed myself in a friendly manner; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information.

When we were ready to embark, Tontileaugo would not go to town, but go up the river and take a hunt. He asked me if I choosed to go with him? I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bears oil bottled up in bears gut, and some dry venison, which we packed up, and went up Canesadooharie, about thirty miles, and encamped. At this time I did not know either the day of the week, or the month; but I supposed it to be about the first of April. We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, or a horse, mare, and a young colt; and though they had run in the woods all winter, they were in exceeding good order. There is plenty of grass here all winter, under the snow, and horses accustomed to the woods can work it out. These horses had run in the woods until they were very wild.

Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not ac-

complish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes and elks; and in the great plains, with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer; and he thought that in one whole day, he could tire, or run down any four-footed animal except a wolf. I told him that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it would tire sooner than a horse. He said he would at all events try the experiment. He had heard the Wiandots say, that I could run well, and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him that I never had run all day, and of course was not accustomed to that way of running. I never had run with the Wiandots, more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing, we must either catch these horses, or run all day.

In the morning early we left camp, and about sunrise we started after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clouts and mockasons. About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses run all day, in about three or four miles square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavoured to keep ahead of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me calling *chakoh*, *chakoanaugh*, which signifies, pull away or do your best. We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me, and about an hour before sundown, we despaired of catching these horses, and returned to camp where we had left our clothes.

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderful strong to run; but withal we made them

very tired. Tontileaugo then concluded, he would do as the Indians did with wild horses, when out at war: which is to shoot them through the neck under the mane, and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them, and then they recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild, he could not get sufficiently nigh to shoot her in the proper place; however he shot, the ball passed too low, and killed her. As the horse and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse and took him and the colt with us to camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks, and killed a number of bears, racoons, and some beavers. We made a canoe of elm bark, and Tontileaugo embarked in it. He arrived at the falls that night: whilst I, mounted on horseback, with a bear skin saddle, and bark stirrups, proceeded by land to the falls: I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading past the falls.

The river is very rapid for some distance above the falls, which are about twelve or fifteen feet nearly perpendicular. This river called Canesadooharie, interlocks with the West Branch of Muskingum, runs nearly a north course, and empties into the south side of Lake Erie, about eight miles east from Sandusky, or betwixt Sandusky and Cayahaga.

On this last route the land is nearly the same as that last described, only there is not so much swampy or wet ground.

We again proceeded toward the lake, I on horseback, and Tontileaugo by water. Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting round swamps and ponds. When we came to the lake, I pro-

ceeded along the strand, and Tontileaugo near the shore, sometimes paddling, and sometimes polling his canoe along.

After some time the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we staid several days on account of high wind, which raised the lake in great billows. While we were here, Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone, a Wiandot came to our camp; I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire, well roasted, and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry, and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home, I told him that a Wiandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of venison: he said that was very well, and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bears oil, to eat with his venison. I told him I did not; as the sugar and bears oil was down in the canoe, I did not go for it. He replied, you have behaved just like a Dutchman.* Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp, we ought always to give them the best that we have. I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this as I was but young; but I must learn to behave like a warrior, and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions.

The lake being again calm,† we proceeded, and arrived safe at Sunyendeand, which was a Wiandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the Little Lake below the mouth of Sandusky.

The town was about eighty rood above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain, on which

*The Dutch he called Skoharehaugo, which took its derivation from a Dutch settlement called Skoharey.

†The lake, when calm, appears to be of a sky blue colour; though when lifted in a vessel, it is like other clear water.

timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats, where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank, where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and fur, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes, and my head done off like a red-headed wood-pecker, I, in company with a number of young Indians, went down to the corn field to see the squaws at work. When we came there, they asked me to take a hoe, which I did, and hoed for some time. The squaws applauded me as a good hand at the business; but when I returned to the town, the old men hearing of what I had done, chid me, and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. They never had occasion to reprove me for any thing like this again; as I never was extremely fond of work, I readily complied with their orders.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt, bring in with them large quantities of bears oil, sugar, dried venison, &c. at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make away with their provision as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner, or supper; but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered. If they will not eat, it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat, were angry with those who invited them.

At this time homony, plentifully mixed with bears oil and sugar, or dried venison, bears oil and sugar, is what they offer to every one who comes in any time of the day; and so they go on until their sugar, bears oil and venison is all gone, and then they have to eat homony by itself, without bread, salt, or any thing else; yet, still they invite every one that comes in, to eat whilst they have any thing to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat, while they have any thing; but if they can, in truth, only say, we have got nothing to eat, this is accepted as an honorable apology. All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in: they spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking, and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustle-cap. They put a number of plumb-stones in a small bowl; one side of each stone is black, and the other white; they then shake or hustle the bowl, calling, *hits, hits, hits, honesey, honesey, rago, rago;* which signifies calling for white or black, or what they wish to turn up; they then turn the bowl, and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating their kind of drum, and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane; and others playing on the jews-harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council house, where the chiefs, and as many others as chose, attended; and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing. Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia: when they were equipped, they went through their ceremonies, sung their war songs, &c. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age; and some boys,

only twelve years old, were equipped with their bows and arrows, and went to war; so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man, and another, about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they know for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because, at this time, the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were. The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not: they said they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomac to James river, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools; they could neither guard against surprize, run, or fight. These, they said, were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely. I told them that the white people to the East were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools; therefore, after some time, they will learn your mode of war, and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet

they were willing to propagate the idea, in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors left this town, we had neither meat, sugar, or bears oil left. All that we had then to live on was corn pounded into coarse meal or small homony—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well thickened soup, without salt or any thing else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of homony; at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition, and but one gun in the town, and very little amunition. The old lame Wiandot concluded that he would go a hunting in a canoe, and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light; I worked the canoe, and the old man, who had his gun loaded with large shot, when he came near the deer, fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town, in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to town, the children were crying bitterly on account of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many, it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a part of the warriors had come in, and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat. These warriors had divided into different parties, and

all struck at different places in Augusta county. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses, and other plunder. One of the parties brought in with them one Arthur Campbell, that is now Col. Campbell, who lives on Holston river, near the Royal-Oak. As the Wiandots, at Sunyendeand, and those at Detroit, were connected, Mr. Campbell was taken to Detroit; but he remained some time with me in this town; his company was very agreeable, and I was sorry when he left me. During his stay at Sunyendeand he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage where it is said, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He said we ought to be resigned to the will of Providence, as we were now bearing the yoke in our youth. Mr. Campbell appeared to be then about 16 or 17 years of age.

There was a number of prisoners brought in by these parties, and when they were to run the gauntlet, I went and told them how they were to act. One John Savage was brought in, a middle aged man, or about forty years old. He was to run the gauntlet. I told him what he had to do; and after this I fell into one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them; and as they were not very severe on him, as he passed me, I hit him with a piece of a pumpkin—which pleased the Indians much, but hurt my feelings.

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use, so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both—which was, comparatively, high living. When we could have plenty of green corn, or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, as already mentioned, in singing

and dancing, &c. They appeared to be fulfilling the scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and also living in love, peace, and friendship together, without disputes. In this respect, they shame those who profess Christianity.

In this manner we lived, until October; then the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c. came from the north, and alighted on this little Lake, without number, or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

As our hunters were now tired with indolence, and fond of their own kind of exercise, they all turned out to fowling, and in this could scarce miss of success; so that we had now plenty of homony and the best of fowls; and sometimes, as a rarity, we had a little bread made of Indian corn meal, pounded in a homony-block, mixed with boiled beans, and baked in cakes under the ashes.

This with us was called good living, though not equal to our fat, roasted, and boiled venison, when we went to the woods in the fall; or bears meat and beaver in the winter; or sugar, bears oil, and dry venison in the spring.

Some time in October, another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga. As they always used me as a free man, and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo—had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider of this. He told me that the party he was going with would not be along, or at the mouth of this little lake, in less than six days, and I could in this time be acquainted with him, and judge for myself. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this

occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanego, (which was his name) was a chief, and a better man than he was; and if I went with him I might expect to be well used, but he said I might do as I pleased; and if I staid he would use me as he had done. I told him that he had acted in every respect as a brother to me; yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation; and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him—he said that he was perfectly willing.

I then went with Tecaughretanego to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced *Maully*. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name; he said that he did not know that it was an English name; but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wiandots, that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said, that the priest and him could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him, that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities; but he could not believe the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense; and therefore he concluded that the Indians' old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags, plaited and stitched

together in a very artful manner, so as to turn the rain or wind well,—each mat is made fifteen feet long and about five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long strait poles, which they drive in the ground, in the form of a circle, leaning inwards; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make fire of dry, split wood, in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture, all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in, and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerable clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch-bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, where they keep every thing from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

This company had four birch canoes and four tents. We were kindly received, and they gave us plenty of homony, and wild fowl, boiled and roasted. As the geese, ducks, swans, &c. here are well grain-fed, they were remarkably fat, especially the green necked ducks. The wild fowl here feed upon a kind of wild rice that grows spontaneously in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the lakes.

As the wind was high and we could not proceed on our voyage, we remained here several days, and killed abundance of wild fowl, and a number of racoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, as it is at this time of the year often dangerous

sailing, the old men hold a council; and when they agree to embark, every one is engaged immediately in making ready, without offering one word against the measure, though the lake may be boisterous and horrid. One morning, tho' the wind appeared to me to be as high as in days past, and the billows raging, yet the call was given *yohoh-yohoh*, which was quickly answered by all—*ooh-ooh* which signifies agreed. We were all instantly engaged in preparing to start, and had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes we fell to paddling with all our might, making out from the shore. Though these sort of canoes ride waves beyond what could be expected, yet the water several times dashed into them. When we got out about half a mile from shore, we hoisted sail, and as it was nearly a west wind, we then seemed to ride the waves with ease, and went on at a rapid rate. We then all laid down our paddles, excepting one that steered, and there was no water dashed into our canoes, until we came near the shore again. We sailed about sixty miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

The next day we again embarked and went on very well for some time; but the lake being boisterous, and the wind not fair, we were obliged to make to shore, which we accomplished with hard work and some difficulty in landing.—The next morning a council was held by the old men.

As we had this day to pass by a long precipice of rocks, on the shore about nine miles, which rendered it impossible for us to land, though the wind was high and the lake rough; yet, as it was fair, we were all ordered to embark. We wrought ourselves out from the shore

and hoisted sail, (what we used in place of sail cloth were our tent mats, which answered the place very well,) and went on for some time with a fair wind, until we were opposite to the precipice, and then it turned towards the shore, and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks. Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks, than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice; but as we were nearer the rock, we were obliged to lower our sails, and paddle with all our might. With much difficulty we clearcd ourselves of the rock, and landed. As the other canoe had landed before us, there were immediately runners sent off to see if we were all safely landed.

This night the wind fell, and the next morning the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty, and paddled along near the shore, until we came to the mouth of Cayahaga, which emptics into Lake Erie on the south side, betwixt Canesadooharie and Presq' Isle.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped—where we stayed and hunted for several days; and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river, and but few riffles, or swift running places, from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat; but bear and other game scarce. The upland is hilly, and principally second and third rate land. The timber chiefly black-oak, white-oak, hickory, dogwood, &c. The bottoms are rich and large, and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red-haw, black-haw, wild-appletrees, &c. The West Branch of this river interlocks with the

East Branch of the Muskingum; and the East Branch with the Big Beaver creek, that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburgh.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the East Branch of Muskingum, there is a carrying place, where the Indians carry their canoes, &c. from the waters of Lake Erie, into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters, to the East Branch of Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy laden, with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs, as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the East Branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids, very rocky for some distance; but no perpendicular falls.

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the river: we buried our canoes, and as usual hung up our skins and every one had a pack to carry: the squaws also packed up their tents, which they carried in large rolls, that extended up above their heads; and though a great bulk, yet not heavy. We steered about a south east course, and could not march over ten miles per day. At night we lodged in our flag tents, which when erected, were nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, and about fifteen feet diameter at the ground.

In this manner we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered in these tents, on the waters of Beaver creek, near a little lake or pond, which is about two miles long, and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver.

It is a received opinion among the Indians, that the geese turn to beavers, and the snakes to racoons; and

though Tecaughretanego, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true, yet he seemed in some measure to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had been always a plentiful place of beaver. Though he said he knew them to be frequently all killed, (as he thought,) yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever. And as the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land, and there being no water communication to or from this pond—how could such a number of beavers get there year after year? But as this pond was also a considerable place for geese, when they came in the fall from the north, and alighted in this pond, they turned beavers, all but the feet, which remained nearly the same.

I said, that though there was no water communication, in, or out of this pond; yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, as it was always clear, and never stagnated: and as a very large spring rose about a mile below this pond, it was likely that this spring came from this pond.—In the fall, when this spring is comparatively low, there would be air under ground sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water, and so they might have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond.—Tecaughretanego granted that it might be so.

About the sides of this pond there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered up on the ice, when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle bullets—of a bright red colour —an agreeable sour, though rather too sour of themselves; but when mixed with sugar, had a very agreeable taste.

In conversation with Tecaughretanego, I happened to be talking of the beavers' catching fish. He asked me why I thought that the beaver caught fish? I told him that I had read of the beaver making dams for the conveniency of fishing. He laughed, and made game of me and my book. He said the man that wrote that book knew nothing about the beaver. The beaver never did eat flesh of any kind; but lived on the bark of trees, roots, and other vegetables.

In order to know certainly how this was, when we killed a beaver I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish; I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish nor flesh; therefore I acknowledged that the book that I had read was wrong.

I asked him if the beaver was an amphibious animal, or if it could live under water? He said that the beaver was a kind of subterraneous water animal, that lives in or near the water? but they were no more amphibious than the ducks and geese were—which was constantly proven to be the case, as all the beavers that are caught in steel traps are drowned, provided the trap be heavy enough to keep them under water. As the beaver does not eat fish, I inquired of Tecaughretanego why the beaver made such large dams? He said they were of use to them in various respects—both for their safety and food. For their safety, as by raising the water over the mouths of their holes, or subterraneous lodging places, they could not be easily found; and as the beaver feeds chiefly on the bark of trees, by raising the water over the banks, they can cut down saplings for bark to feed upon without going out much upon the land: and when they are obliged to go out on land for this food,

they frequently are caught by the wolves. As the beaver can run upon land but little faster than a water tortoise, and is no fighting animal, if they are any distance from the water, they become an easy prey to their enemies.

I asked Tecaughretanego, what was the use of the beaver's stones, or glands, to them;—as the she beaver has two pair, which is commonly called the oil stones, and the bark stones? He said that as the beavers are the dumbest of all animals, and scarcely ever make any noise; and as they were working creatures, they made use of this smell in order to work in concert, If an old beaver was to come on the bank and rub his breech upon the ground, and raise a perfume, the others will collect from different places and go to work; this is also of use to them in travelling, that they may thereby search out and find their company. Cunning hunters finding this out, have made use of it against the beaver, in order to catch them. What is the bate which you see them make use of, but a compound of the oil and bark stones? By this perfume, which is only a false signal, they decoy them to the trap.

Near this pond, beaver was the principal game. Before the water froze up, we caught a great many with wooden and steel traps: but after that, we hunted the beaver on the ice. Some places here the beavers build large houses to live in; and in other places they have subterraneous lodgings in the banks. Where they lodge in the ground, we have no chance of hunting them on the ice; but where they have houses, we go with malls and handspikes, and break all the hollow ice, to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. Then we break a hole in the house, and they make their escape into the water; but as they cannot live long

under water, they are obliged to go to some of those broken places to breathe, and the Indians commonly put in their hands, catch them by the hind leg, haul them on the ice, and tomahawk them. Sometimes they shoot them in the head, when they raise it above the water. I asked the Indians if they were not afraid to catch the beavers with their hands? they said no: they were not much of a biting creature; yet if they would catch them by the fore foot they would bite.

I went out with Tecaughretanego, and some others a beaver hunting: but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several racoons had passed, while the snow was soft; tho' there was now a crust upon it, we all made a halt looking at the racoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it, they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and if they had, to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had went, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being about three inches deep, and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation—and as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet

diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotton wood, around this hollow: I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work, and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket, (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins, and mockasons,) and with my tomahawk, fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick, all round, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a block prepared that I could haul after me, to stop this hole: and before I went in I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in, I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry, rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my mockasons, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the mean while, had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon; though I knew that it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable nights lodging. When I awoke, all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold, as I was then situated, I concluded I would

stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my mockasons, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before, what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful; it moved about nine inches. With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell, and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of Heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, tho' the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before; and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees; as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight. I proceeded on, wading

through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterwards, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy,) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp, I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived, they all came round me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done, Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected round me, both men, women, and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday untill now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but when I made a stop, the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy. As I could not, at this time, talk Ottawa or Jibewa well, (which is nearly the same,) I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. As my sister Molly's husband was a Jibewa, and could understand Caughnewaga, he acted as interpreter, and delivered my story to the Jibewas and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure. When all this was done, Tecaughretanego made a speech to me in the following manner:

"*Brother,*

"You see we have prepared snow-shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared; yet, as you had not been accustomed to hardships in your country, to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now, we are glad to see you in various respects; we are glad to see you on your own account;

and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man, in whose room you were adopted. We do not blame you for what has happened, we blame ourselves; because, we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to camp.

"*Brother*,

"Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much: You have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions, as it is only great actions that can make a great man."

I told my brother Tecaughretanego, that I thanked them for their care of me, and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always wished to do great actions, and hoped I would never do any thing to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected. I likewise told my Jibewa brother-in-law to tell his people that I also thanked them for their care and kindness.

The next morning some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes, killed several deer, and hauled some of them into camp upon the snow. They fixed their carrying strings, (which are broad in the middle, and small at each end,) in the fore feet and nose of the deer, and laid the broad part of it on their heads or about their shoulders, and pulled it along; and when it is moving, will not sink in the snow much deeper than a snow-shoe; and when taken with the grain of the hair, slips along very easy.

The snow-shoes are made like a hoop-net, and wrought with buck-skin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and an half long, and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross-bars, in order to fix or tie them to the feet. After the snow had lay a few days, the In-

dians tomahawked the deer, by pursuing them in this manner.

About two weeks after this, there came a warm rain, and took away the chief part of the snow, and broke up the ice: then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, as we had but few steel traps. These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the racoon traps already described.

One day as I was looking after my traps, I got benighted, by beaver ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fire-works with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging-place; therefore, the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and halloo'd the whole night with all my might, and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fire-works with me; but when they knew how it was, they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording place. They applauded me for my fortitude, and said, as they had now plenty of beaver skins, they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather, I could make fire, kill provision, and return to camp when the sun shined. By being bewildered on the waters of Muskingum, I lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow; and by lying out two nights here, I regained my credit.

After some time, the waters all froze again, and then, as formerly, we hunted beavers on the ice. Though

beaver meat, without salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter, yet we had always plenty, and I was well contented with my diet, as it appeared delicious fare, after the way we had lived the winter before.

Some time in February, we scaffolded up our fur and skins, and moved about ten miles, in quest of a sugar camp, or a suitable place to make sugar, and encamped in a large bottom on the head waters of Big Beaver creek. We had some difficulty in moving, as we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about 15 years of age, to lead; and as this country is very brushy, we frequently had him to carry;—We had also my Jibewa brother-in-law's father with us, who was thought by the Indians to be a great conjurer—his name was Manetohcoa;—this old man was so decrepit, that we had to carry him this route upon a bier,—and all our baggage to pack on our backs.

Shortly after we came to this place, the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire, in making sugar. Their large bark vessels, for holding the stock water, they made broad and shallow; and as the weather is very cold here, it frequently freezes at night in sugar time; and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar? they said, no; it was water they were casting away, sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment, and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try it; but I observed, that after several times freezing, the water that remained in the vessel changed its colour, and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar the snow went off the ground; and one night a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents—they were supposed to be Johnston's Mohawks. On this the squaws were ordered to slip quietly out, some distance into the bushes; and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and if the enemy rushed up, we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping. I got down beside Tecaughretanego, and he whispered to me not to be afraid, for he would speak to the Mohawks, and as they spake the same tongue that we did, they would not hurt the Caughnewagas, or me; but they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could, and take us along with them. This news pleased me well, and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.

Before we withdrew from the tents, they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire, and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder blade of the wild cat, tobacco, &c. and while we were in the bushes, Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which was quickly obeyed. When we came in, he told us that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. He said, though there were no Mohawks about, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm; as she had occasion to go out and happened to see the wolves, though it was moonlight; yet

she got afraid, and she conceited it was Indians, with guns in their hands, so he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger—and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place, and found wolf tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet like dogs; but there was no sign of mockason tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizzard, I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the devil.—But let him be a conjuror or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion, as well as if it had come from an infallible oracle; or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner. This appeared to me the most like witchcraft, of any thing I beheld while I was with them. Though I scrutinized their proceedings in business of this kind, yet I generally found that their pretended witchcraft, was either art or mistaken notions, whereby they deceived themselves.—Before a battle they spy the enemy's motions carefully, and when they find that they can have considerable advantage, and the greatest prospect of success, then the old men pretend to conjure, or to tell what the event will be,—and this they do in a figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation, which generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold; therefore the young warriors generally believed these old conjurers, which had a tendency to animate, and excite them to push on with vigor.

Some time in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, which was about forty or fifty miles; and as we had no horses, we had all our baggage and several hundred weight of beaver skins, and some

deer and bear skins—all to pack on our backs. The method we took to accomplish this, was by making short days' journies. In the morning we would move on with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp; and then run back for more. We commonly made three such trips in the day. When we came to the great pond, we staid there one day to rest ourselves, and to kill ducks and geese.

While we remained here, I went in company with a young Caughnewaga, who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, Chinnohete by name, in order to gather cranberries. As he was gathering berries at some distance from me, three Jibewa squaws crept up undiscovered, and made at him speedily, but he nimbly escaped, and came to me, apparently terrified. I asked him what he was afraid of? he replied did you not see those squaws? I told him I did, and they appeared to be in a very good humour. I asked him wherefore then he was afraid of them? He said the Jibewa squaws were very bad women, and had a very ugly custom among them. I asked him what that custom was? he said that when two or three of them could catch a young lad, that was betwixt a man and a boy, out by himself, if they could overpower him, they would strip him by force, in order to see whether he was coming on to be a man or not. He said that was what they intended when they crawled up, and ran so violently at him; but, said he, I am very glad that I so narrowly escaped. I then agreed with Chinnohete in condemning this as a bad custom, and an exceeding immodest action for young women to be guilty of.

From our sugar camp on the head waters of Big Beaver creek, to this place is not hilly, and some places

the woods are tolerably clear: but in most places exceeding brushy. The land here is chiefly second and third rate. The timber on the upland is white-oak, black-oak, hickory, and chesnut; there is also in some places walnut upland, and plenty of good water. The bottoms here are generally large and good.

We again proceeded on from the pond to the forks of the Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

The land on this route is not very hilly, it is well watered, and in many places ill timbered, generally brushy, and chiefly second and third rate land, intermixed with good bottoms.

When we came to the forks, we found that the skins we had scaffolded were all safe. Though this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing, and our skins hanging up in view, yet there was none stolen; and it is seldom that Indians do steal anything from one another; and they say they never did, until the white people came among them, and learned some of them to lie, cheat, and steal,—but be that as it may, they never did curse or swear, until the whites learned them; some think their language will not admit of it, but I am not of that opinion; if I was so disposed, I could find language to curse or swear, in the Indian tongue.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said, God damn it.—I asked him if he knew what he then said? he said he did; and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he said, was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was

displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, if this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? when the traders were among us, these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse. He told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said the traders applied these words not only wickedly, but oftentimes very foolishly and contrary to sense or reason. He said, he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, God damn it—surely, said he, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owaneeyo, or the Great Spirit: he also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor, and not displeased with any thing.—I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often, in a most irrational, inconsistent, and impious manner: yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied, if so, the traders are as bad as Oonasahroona, or the under ground inhabitants, which is the name they give the devils; as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

We took up our birch-bark canoes, which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter; but they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had, we made a large chesnut bark canoe; as elm bark was not to be found at this place.

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga, and along the south side of lake Erie, until we passed the mouth of Sandusky; then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the lake, at Cedar Point, where we remained several

days, and killed a number of Turkeys, geese, ducks and swans. The wind being fair, and the lake not extremely rough, we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wiandot town, nearly opposite to fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us for our beaver.

We bought ourselves fine clothes, amunition, paint, tobacco, &c. and, according to promise, they purchased me a new gun: yet we had parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy: We purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk, and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal—then they said that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this; but of the two evils I chose that which I was the least—and fell in with those who were to thought conceal the arms, and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible, to keep the drinking club from killing each other, which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg, near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds, all were welcome to drink.

When they were done with this keg, they applied to the traders, and procured a kettle full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon, —and so they went on, and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

When the trader had got all our beaver, he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wiandot town.

When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned:—a number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn planting.

We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours; five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.

After this a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise; but they did not attempt to compel me, though they endeavoured to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were its being a very great ornament, and also the common fashion—The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle of the ear close to the gristle quite through. When this was done they wrapt rags round this fleshy part until it was entirely healed; they then hung lead to it and stretched it to a wonderful length: when it was sufficiently stretched, they wrapt the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed it into a semicircle about four inches diameter.

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling foot ball; though they commonly struck the ball with a crooked stick, made for that purpose; also a game something like this, wherein they

used a wooden ball, about three inches diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff, about five feet long, with a hoop net on the end of it, large enough to contain the ball. Before they begin the play, they lay off about half a mile distance in a clear plain, and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up the ball, then the opposite parties all contend for it. If any one gets it into his net, he runs with it the way he wishes it to go, and they all pursue him. If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke which causes the ball to fly out of the net; then they have another debate for it; and if the one that gets it can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won: but this seldom happens. When any one is running away with the ball, and is likely to be overtaken, he commonly throws it, and with this instrument can cast fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes when the ball is almost at the one end, matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end. Oftentimes they will work a long while back and forward before they can get the ball over the line, or win the game.

About the first of June, 1757, the warriors were preparing to go to war, in the Wiandot, Pottowatomy, and Ottawa towns; also a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes; and after singing their war songs, and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, in their usual manner, singing the travelling song, slow firing, &c.

On the north side of the river St. Laurence, opposite to Fort Detroit, there is an island, which the Indians

call the Long Island, and which they say is above one thousand miles long, and in some places above one hundred miles broad. They further say that the great river that comes down by Canesatauga, and that empties into the main branch of St. Laurence, above Montreal, originates from one source, with the St. Laurence, and forms this island.

Opposite to Detroit, and below it, was originally a prairie, and laid off in lots about sixty roods broad, and a great length: each lot is divided into two fields, which they cultivate year about. The principal grain that the French raised in these fields was spring wheat and peas.

They built all their houses on the front of these lots on the river side; and as the banks of the river are very low, some of the houses are not above three or four feet above the surface of the water; yet they are in no danger of being disturbed by freshes, as the river seldom rises above eighteen inches; because it is the communication, of the river St. Laurence, from one lake to another.

As dwelling-houses, barns, and stables are all built on the front of these lots; at a distance it appears like a continued row of houses in a town, on each side of the river for a long way. These villages, the town, the river, and the plains, being all in view at once, affords a most delightful prospect.

The inhabitants here chiefly drink the river water; and as it comes from the northward, it is very wholesome.

The land here is principally second rate, and comparatively speaking, a small part is first or third rate; though about four or five miles south of Detroit, there is a small portion that is worse than what I would call third rate, which produces abundance of hurtle berries.

There is plenty of good meadow ground here, and a great many marshes, that are overspread with water. The timber is elm, sugar-tree, black-ash, white-ash, abundance of water-ash, oak, hickory, and some walnut.

About the middle of June the Indians were almost all gone to war, from sixteen to sixty; yet Tecaughretanego remained in town with me. Though he had formerly, when they were at war with the southern nations, been a great warrior, and an eminent counsellor; and I think as clear and able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with, as I ever knew; yet he had all along been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it in council. He said, if the English and French had a quarrel let them fight their own battles themselves; it is not our busines to intermeddle therewith.

Before the warriors returned we were very scarce of provision: and though we did not commonly steal from one another; yet we stole during this time any thing that we could eat from the French, under the notion that it was just for us to do so; because they supported their soldiers; and our squaws, old men and children were suffering on the account of the war, as our hunters were all gone.

Some time in August the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners, horses and plunder; and the common report among the young warriors, was, that they would intirely subdue Tulhasaga, that is the English, or it might be literally rendered the Morning Light inhabitants.

About the first of November a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt, and all agreed to cross the lake together. We encamped at the mouth

of the river the first night, and a council was held, whether we should cross through by the three islands, or coast it round the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake, and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wiandots or Ottawas frequently made their winter hunt on these islands. Though excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but racoons which are amazingly plenty, and exceedingly large and fat; as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter, in one winter, will catch one thousand racoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians, that the snakes and racoons are transmutable; and that a great many of the snakes turn racoons every fall, and the racoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and racoons in this island.

As the racoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps, in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with racoons; but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say, they then find their traps filled with large rattle snakes. And therefore conclude that the racoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so remarkably plenty in the winter, is, every fall the snakes turn racoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet from the numerous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and racoons were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be

seen in the latter; yet I did not believe that they were transmutable.

These islands are but seldom visited; because early in the spring and late in the fall it is dangerous sailing in their bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with various kinds of serpents, (but chiefly rattle snakes,) that it is dangerous landing.

I shall now quit this digression, and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We concluded to coast it round the lake, and in two days came to the mouth of the Miami of the lake, and landed on cedar point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council, and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert, and in partnership.

The river in this place is about a mile broad, & as it and the lake forms a kind of neck, which terminates in a point, all the hunters, (which were 53.) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When we first began to move, we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good order; before we came to the point, both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river, and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point, the guns began to crack slowly; and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land:—We killed in all about thirty deer; though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of homony, venison, and wild fowl. The geese at

this time appeared to be preparing to move southward—It might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move? The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day, that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion, and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say, a great number of expresses are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may be all in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there is a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear from their actions, that such a council had been held. Certain it is, that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie, at cedar point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanego, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wiandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter's hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances—scarcely one had a shirt to his back; but each of us had an old blanket which we belted round us in the day, and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

When we came to the falls of Sandusky, we buried our birch bark canoes as usual, at a large burying place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not per-

pendicular. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes, some of us went up the river, and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies, that lie between Sandusky and Sciota.

When we came to this place, we met with some Ottawa hunters, and agreed with them to take, what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected a rain was near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, the deer fled before the fire: the Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer, there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the out-side circle of the fire, and as the wind arose, it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business; so that upon the whole, we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades, and encamped at the carrying place.

This place is in the plains, betwixt a creek that empties into the Sandusky, and one that runs into Sciota: and at the time of high water, or in the spring season, there is but about one half mile of portage, and that very level,

and clear of rocks, timber or stones; so that with a little digging, there may be water carriage the whole way from Sciota to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls, is chiefly first rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceeding rank, and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black-ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore, or button-wood.

From the falls to the prairies, the land lies well to the sun, it is neither too flat nor too hilly—and chiefly first rate. The timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water-ash—There is also here, some plats of beech land, that appears to be second rate, as it frequently produces spice-wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerable fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber were it only kept from fire.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber; as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one at a place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when these prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood, there was a young growth of timber supposed to be planted by the squirrels; but when the prairies were again burned, all this young growth was immediately consumed; as the fire rages in the grass, to such a pitch, that numbers of racoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie, or betwixt that and Sciota, there is a large body of first rate land—the tim-

ber, walnut, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, ash, elm, mulberry, plumb-trees, spice-wood, black-haw, red-haw, oak and hickory.

About the time that the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, his wife and children, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself, left the Wiandot camps at the carrying place, and crossed the Sciota river at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a south-west course to a large creek called Ollentangy, which I believe interlocks with the waters of the Miami, and empties into Sciota on the west side thereof. From the south end of the prairie to Ollentangy, there is a large quantity of beech land, intermixed with first rate land. Here we made our winter hut, and had considerable success in hunting.

After some time, one of Tontileaugo's step-sons, (a lad about eight years of age,) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wiandot wife. She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault, but thought that he ought to have been ducked, which is their usual mode of chastisement. She said she could not bear to have her son whipped like a servant or slave—and she was so displeased that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt, she got her two horses, and all her effects, (as in this country the husband and wife have separate interests,) and moved back to the Wiandot camps that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned, he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement, and said that he would never go after her, were it not that he was afraid that she would get bewildered, and that his children that she had taken with her might suffer. Tontileaugo went after his wife, and when they met they made up

the quarrel, and he never returned; but left Tecaughretanego and his son, (a boy about ten years of age) and myself, who remained here in our hut all winter.

Tecaughretanego who had been a first rate warrior, statesman and hunter; and though he was now near sixty years of age, he was yet equal to the common run of hunters, but subject to the rheumatism, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us, Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months. I had considerable success in hunting and trapping. Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery, yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain me with chearful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity—and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success, we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living, that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he apprehended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

Tontileaugo left us a little before Christmas, and from that until some time in February, we had always plenty of bear meat, venison, &c. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February, there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short al-

lowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening faint and weary. When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked what success? I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry? I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth,—after eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones, which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked—these Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones, would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my *sweet* repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt? I told him that I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now, was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk, when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

"*Brother*,

"As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the great being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat

in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo*, that doth this: whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle, that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the ruler of Heaven and Earth.

"*Brother*,

"I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this.

"*Brother*,

"I have been young, but am now old—I have been frequently under the like circumstance that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet, I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

"*Brother*,

"Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependance upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him: and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

"*Brother*,

"Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means—go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a hunting—be strong and exert

* This is the name of God in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way."

The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently, but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry:—it was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape, but my case appeared desperate. If I staid here, I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians, they could but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffaloe tracks—I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them, as they were passing through a small glade—I ran with all my might, and headed them, where I lay in ambush, and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done—I ate it almost raw. When hunger was abated, I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude, in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to

perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moonlight, I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself—which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in:—when it had boiled awhile, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, "let it be done enough." This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner, as if he had not wanted a single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, least he might hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth—this command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that Owaneeyo is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian, may be thought by those who are unacquainted with them, altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies. When

they came into our country they outwitted us—and when we sent armies into their country, they outgeneralled, and beat us with inferior force. Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego, was no common person, but was, among the Indians, as Socrates in the ancient heathen world; and, it may be, equal to him —if not in wisdom and learning, yet, perhaps, in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities, yet in the sequel of this history you will see the deficiency of the light of nature, unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.

The next morning Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and bring another load of buffaloe beef: As I proceeded to do so, about five miles from our hut I found a bear tree. As a sapling grew near the tree, and reached near the hole that the bear went in at, I got dry dozed or rotten wood, that would catch and hold fire almost as well as spunk. This wood I tied up in bunches, fixed them on my back, and then climbed up the sapling, and with a pole, I put them touched with fire, into the hole, and then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time the bear came out, and I killed and skinned it, packed up a load of the meat, (after securing the remainder from the wolves,) and returned home before night. On my return, my old brother and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this we had plenty of provision.

We remained here until some time in April, 1758. At this time Tecaughretanego had recovered so, that he could walk about. We made a bark canoe, embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance, but the water being low, we were in danger of splitting our canoe on the rocks: therefore Tecaughretanego concluded we would encamp on shore, and pray for rain.

When we encamped, Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house, which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semi-circle—this he covered all round with blankets and skins; he then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut, & then went into it himself, with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack—they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in, he told me to pull down the blankets behind him, and cover all up close, which I did, and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes:—all this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being. When he came out of his sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *oh*, *ho*, *ho*, *ho*, which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. I observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings. He began his address by thanksgiving, in the following manner:

"O great being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again—that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c. without feeling exquisite pain and misery: I know that thou art a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee.

"*Oh*, *ho*, *ho*, *ho*,

"Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able, not only to walk, but to run, and to jump logs, as I did last fall.

"*Oh*, *ho*, *ho*, *ho*,

"Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Sciota and Sandusky.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho,*

"Grant, that we may kill plenty of Turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat.

"*Oh, ho, ho, ho,*

"Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Sciota, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks:—and now, O great being! thou knowest how matters stand—thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts."

During the whole of this scene I sat by Tecaughretanego, and as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers. I remained duly composed until he came to the burning of the tobacco, and as I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire, it excited in me a kind of merriment, and I insensibly smiled. Tecaughretanego observed me laughing, which displeased him, and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

"*Brother,*

"I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults. You know that when you were reading your books in town, I would not let the boys or any one disturb you; but now, when I was praying, I saw you laughing. I do not think you look upon praying as a foolish thing; I believe you pray yourself. But, perhaps you may think

my mode, or manner of prayer foolish; if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error, and on this he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation; though at that time he had nothing to smoke, but red-willow bark. I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible, which I had then in possession. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priest, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion, therefore he should continue to worship God in the way he had been taught, and that if salvation or future happiness was to be had in his way of worship, he expected he would obtain it, and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the great spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that Owaneeyo would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed that Owaneeyo would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.

Here we may see how far the light of nature could go; perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence, yet we now see him (though he acknowledged his guilt) expecting to appease the Deity, and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco. We may observe that all Heathen nations, as far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of Nature, agree with Revelation in this, that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made, in order to

remove guilt, and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnesses, is sufficient evidence of the rationality and truth of the Scriptures.

A few days after Tecaughretanego had gone through his ceremonies, and finished his prayers, the rain came and raised the creek a sufficient height, so that we passed in safety down to Sciota, and proceeded up to the carrying place. Let us now describe the land on this route, from our winter hut, and down Ollentangy to the Sciota, and up the carrying place.

About our winter cabin is chiefly first and second rate land. A considerable way up Ollentangy on the south-west side thereof, or betwixt it and the Miami, there is a very large prairie, and from this prairie down Ollentangy to Sciota, is generally first rate land. The timber is walnut, sugar-tree, ash, buckeye, locust, wild-cherry, and spice-wood, intermixed with some oak and beech. From the mouth of Ollentangy on the east side of Sciota, up to the carrying place, there is a large body of first and second rate land, and tolerably well watered. The timber is ash, sugar-tree, walnut, locust, oak, and beech. Up near the carrying place, the land is a little hilly, but the soil good.

We proceeded from this place down Sandusky, and in our passage we killed four bears, and a number of turkeys. Tecaughretanego appeared now fully pursuaded that all this came in answer to his prayers—and who can say with any degree of certainty that it was not so?

When we came to the little lake at the mouth of Sandusky we called at a Wiandot town that was then there. called Sunyendeand. Here we diverted ourselves several days, by catching rock-fish in a small creek, the name of which is also Sunyendeand, which signifies Rock-Fish,

They fished in the night, with lights, and struck the fish with giggs or spears. The rock-fish here, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceeding fat, and sufficient to fry themselves. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use, for all that was in the town.

The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place, by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia: he told me if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he was certain he could do this, that I would use my influence with the Indians, to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop net of Elm bark; they then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it, to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at the one side of the creek:—here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a waggon load, and then left the gap open, in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far, on account of the shallow water. Before day Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down, in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in day-light.

When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected, and with surprise beheld the large heap of

fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and in a short time returned with their spears, giggs, bows and arrows, &c. and were the chief of that day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch that we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt, or any way to keep them, they lay upon the banks, and after some time great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them.

Shortly after this we left Sunyendeand, and in three days arrived at Detroit, where we remained this summer.

Sometime in May we heard that General Forbes, with seven thousand men, was preparing to carry on a campaign against Fort DuQuesne, which then stood near where Fort Pitt was afterward erected. Upon receiving this news, a number of runners were sent off by the French commander at Detroit, to urge the different tribes of Indian warriors to repair to Fort DuQuesne.

Some time in July, 1758, the Ottawas, Jibewas, Potowatomies, and Wiandots, rendezvoused at Detroit, and marched off to Fort DuQuesne, to prepare for the enencounter of General Forbes. The common report was, that they would serve him as they did General Braddock, and obtain much plunder. From this time, until fall, we had frequent accounts of Forbes's army, by Indian runners that were sent out to watch their motion. They spied them frequently from the mountains ever after they left Fort Loudon. Notwithstanding their vigilence, colonel Grant, with his Highlanders, stole a march upon them, and in the night took possession of a

hill about eighty rood from Fort DuQuesne:—this hill is on that account called Grant's hill to this day. The French and Indians knew not that Grant and his men were there until they beat the drum and played upon the bag-pipes, just at day-light. They then flew to arms, and the Indians ran up under covert of the banks of Allegheny and Monongahela, for some distance, and then sallied out from the banks of the rivers, and took possession of the hill above Grant; and as he was on the point of it in sight of the fort, they immediately surrounded him, and as he had his Highlanders in ranks, and in very close order, and the Indians scattered, and concealed behind trees, they defeated him with the loss only of a few warriors:—most of the Highlanders were killed or taken prisoners.

After this defeat, the Indians held a council, but were divided in their opinions. Some said that general Forbes would now turn back, and go home the way that he came, as Dunbar had done when General Braddock was defeated: others supposed he would come on. The French urged the Indians to stay and see the event:—but as it was hard for the Indians to be absent from their squaws and children, at this season of the year, a great many of them returned home to their hunting. After this, the remainder of the Indians, some French regulars, and a great number of Canadians, marched off in quest of General Forbes. They met his army near Fort Ligoneer, and attacked them, but were frustrated in their design. They said that Forbes's men were beginning to learn the art of war, and that there were a great number of American riflemen along with the red-coats, who scattered out, took trees, and were good marks-men; therefore they found they could not accomplish their

design, and were obliged to retreat. When they returned from the battle to Fort DuQuesne, the Indians concluded that they would go to their hunting. The French endeavored to persuade them to stay and try another battle. The Indians said, if it was only the red-coats they had to do with, they could soon subdue them, but they could not withstand *Ashalecoa*, or the Great Knife, which was the name they gave the Virginians. They then returned home to their hunting, and the French evacuated the fort, which General Forbes came and took possession of without further opposition, late in the year 1758, and at this time began to build Fort Pitt.

When Tecaughretanego had heard the particulars of Grant's defeat, he said he could not well account for his contradictory and inconsistent conduct. He said as the art of war consists in ambushing and surprizing our enemies, and in preventing them from ambushing and surprizing us; Grant, in the first place, acted like a wise and experienced officer, in artfully approaching in the night without being discovered; but when he came to the place, and the Indians were lying asleep outside of the fort, between him and the Allegheny river, in place of slipping up quietly, and falling upon them with their broad swords, they beat the drums and played upon the bag-pipes. He said he could account for this inconsistent conduct no other way than by supposing that he had made too free with spirituous liquors during the night, and became intoxicated about daylight. But to return:

This year we hunted up Sandusky, and down Sciota, and took nearly the same route that we had done the last hunting season. We had considerable success, and returned to Detroit, some time in April, 1759.

Shortly after this, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself, went from Detroit, (in an elm bark canoe) to Caughnewaga, a very ancient Indian town, about nine miles above Montreal, where I remained until about the first of July. I then heard of a French ship at Montreal that had English prisoners on board, in order to carry them over sea, and exchange them. I went privately off from the Indians, and got also on board; but as general Wolfe had stopped the River St. Laurence, we were all sent to prison in Montreal, where we remained four months. Some time in November we were all sent off from this place to Crown Point, and exchanged.

Early in the year 1760, I came home to Conococheague, and found that my people could never ascertain whether I was killed or taken, until my return. They received me with great joy, but were surprized to see me so much like an Indian, both in my gait and gesture.

Upon enquiry, I found that my sweet-heart was married a few days before I arrived. My feelings I must leave on this occasion, for those of my readers to judge, who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time.

Now there was peace with the Indians, which lasted until the year 1763. Some time in May, this year, I married, and about that time the Indians again commenced hostilities, and were busily engaged in killing and scalping the frontier inhabitants in various parts of Pennsylvania. The whole Conococheague Valley, from the North to the South Mountain, had been almost entirely evacuated during Braddock's war. This state was then a Quaker government, and at the first of this war the frontiers received no assistance from the state. As

the people were now beginning to live at home again they thought it hard to be drove away a second time, and were determined, if possible, to make a stand; therefore they raised as much money by collections and subscriptions, as would pay a company of rifle-men for several months. The subscribers met and elected a committee to manage the business. The committee appointed me captain of this company of rangers, and gave me the appointment of my own subalterns. I chose two of the most active young men that I could find, who had also been long in captivity with the Indians. As we enlisted our men, we dressed them uniformly in the Indian manner, with breech-clouts, leggins, mockasons, and green shrouds, which we wore in the same manner that the Indians do, and nearly as the Highlanders wear their plaids. In place of hats we wore red handkerchiefs, and painted our faces red and black, like Indian warriors. I taught them the Indian discipline, as I knew of no other at that time, which would answer the purpose much better than British. We succeeded beyond expectation in defending the frontiers, and were extolled by our employers. Near the conclusion of this expedition, I accepted of an ensign's commission in the regular service, under King George, in what was called the Pennsylvania line. Upon my resignation, my lieutenant succeeded me in command, the rest of the time they were to serve. In the fall (the same year,) I went on the Susquehannah campaign, against the Indians, under the command of General Armstrong. In this route we burnt the Delaware and Monsey towns, on the West Branch of the Susquehannah, and destroyed all their corn.

In the year 1764, I received a lieutenant's commission, and went out on General Bouquet's campaign against the Indians on the Muskingum. Here we brought them to terms, and promised to be at peace with them, upon condition that they would give up all our people that they had then in captivity among them. They then delivered unto us three hundred of the prisoners, and said that they could not collect them all at this time, as it was now late in the year, and they were far scattered; but they promised that they would bring them all into Fort Pitt early next spring, and as security that they would do this, they delivered to us six of their chiefs, as hostages. Upon this we settled a cessation of arms for six months, and promised upon their fulfilling the aforesaid condition, to make with them a permanent peace.

A little below Fort Pitt the hostages all made their escape. Shortly after this the Indians stole horses, and killed some people on the frontiers. The king's proclamation was then circulating and set up in various public places, prohibiting any person from trading with the Indians, until further orders.

Notwithstanding all this, about the first of March, 1765, a number of waggons loaded with Indian goods, and warlike stores, were sent from Philadelphia to Henry Pollens's, Conococheague, and from thence seventy pack-horses were loaded with these goods, in order to carry them to Fort Pitt. This alarmed the country, and Mr. William Duffield raised about fifty armed men, and met the pack-horses at the place where Mercersburg now stands. Mr. Duffield desired the employers to store up their goods, and not proceed until further orders. They made light of this, and went over the North Mountain, where they lodged in a small valley called the Great

Cove. Mr. Duffield and his party followed after, and came to their lodging, and again urged them to store up their goods:—He reasoned with them on the impropriety of their proceedings, and the great danger the frontier inhabitants would be exposed to, if the Indians should now get a supply:—He said as it was well known that they had scarcely any amunition, and were almost naked, to supply them now, would be a kind of murder, and would be illegally trading at the expence of the blood and treasure of the frontiers. Notwithstanding his powerful reasoning, these traders made game of what he said, and would only answer him by ludicrous burlesque.

When I beheld this, and found that Mr. Duffield would not compel them to store up their goods, I collected ten of my old warriors, that I had formerly disciplined in the Indian way, went off privately, after night, and encamped in the woods. The next day, as usual, we blacked and painted, and waylaid them near Sidelong Hill. I scattered my men about forty rod along the side of the road, and ordered every two to take a tree, and about eight or ten rod between each couple, with orders to keep a reserve fire, one not to fire until his comrade had loaded his gun—by this means we kept up a constant, slow fire, upon them from front to rear:—We then heard nothing of these traders' merriment or burlesque. When they saw their pack-horses falling close by them, they called out, *pray, gentlemen, what would you have us to do?* The reply was, *collect all your loads to the front, and unload them in one place; take your private property, and immediately retire.* When they were gone, we burnt what they left, which consisted of blankets, shirts, vermilion, lead, beads, wampum, tomahawks, scalping knives, &c.

The traders went back to Fort Loudon, and applied to the commanding officer there, and got a party of Highland soldiers, and went with them in quest of the robbers, as they called us, and without applying to a magistrate, or obtaining any civil authority, but barely upon suspicion, they took a number of creditable persons prisoners, (who were chiefly not any way concerned in this action,) and confined them in the guard-house in Fort Loudon. I then raised three hundred riflemen, marched to Fort Loudon, and encamped on a hill in sight of the fort. We were not long there, until we had more than double as many of the British troops prisoners in our camp, as they had of our people in the guard-house. Captain Grant, a Highland officer, who commanded Fort Loudon, then sent a flag of truce to our camp, where we settled a cartel, and gave them above two for one, which enabled us to redeem all our men from the guard-house, without further difficulty.

After this, Captain Grant kept a number of rifle guns, which the Highlanders had taken from the country people, and refused to give them up. As he was riding out one day, we took him prisoner, and detained him until he delivered up the arms; we also destroyed a large quantity of gunpowder that the traders had stored up, lest it might be conveyed privately to the Indians. The king's troops, and our party, had now got entirely out of the channel of the civil law, and many unjustifiable things were done by both parties. This convinced me more than ever I had been before, of the absolute necessity of the civil law, in order to govern mankind

About this time, the following song was composed by Mr. George Campbell, (an Irish gentleman, who had

been educated in Dublin,) and was frequently sung to the tune of the Black joke:

Ye patriot souls, who love to sing,
What serves your country and your king,
In wealth, peace and royal estate;
Attention give, whilst I rehearse
A modern fact, in jingling verse,
How party interest strove what it cou'd
To profit itself by public blood,
But justly met its merited fate.

Let all those Indian traders claim,
Their just reward, inglorious fame,
For vile, base and treacherous ends.
To Pollins, in the spring, they sent
Much warlike stores, with an intent
To carry them to our barbarous foes,
Expecting that no-body dare oppose
A present to their Indian friends.

Astonish'd at the wild design,
Frontier inhabitants combin'd,
With brave souls, to stop their career;
Although some men apostatiz'd,
Who first the grand attempt advis'd,
The bold frontiers they bravely stood,
To act for their king and their country's good,
In joint league, and strangers to fear.

On March the fifth, in sixty-five,
The Indian presents did arrive,
In long pomp and cavalcade,
Near Sidelong Hill, where in disguise,
Some patriots did their train surprize,
And quick as lightning tumbled their loads,
And kindled them bonfires in the woods,
And mostly burnt their whole brigade.

At Loudon, when they heard the news,
They scarcely knew which way to choose,
For blind rage and discontent;
At length some soldiers they sent out,
With guides for to conduct the route,
And seized some men that were trav'ling there,
And hurried them into Loudon where
They laid them fast with one consent.

But men of resolution thought,
Too much to see their neighbors caught,
For no crime but false surmise;
Forthwith they join'd a warlike band,
And march'd to Loudon out of hand,
And kept the jailors pris'ners there,
Until our friends enlarged were,
Without fraud or any disguise.

Let mankind censure or commend,
This rash performance in the end,
Then both sides will find their account.
'Tis true no law can justify,
To burn our neighbor's property,
But when this property is design'd,
To serve the enemies of mankind,
It's high treason in the amount.

After this we kept up a guard of men on the frontiers, for several months, to prevent supplies being sent to the Indians, until it was proclaimed that Sir William Johnson had made peace with them, and then we let the traders pass unmolested.

In the year 1766, I heard that Sir William Johnson, the king's agent for settling affairs with the Indians, had purchased from them all the land west of the Appalachian Mountains, that lay between the Ohio and the Cherokee River; and as I knew by conversing with the Indians in their own tongue, that there was a

large body of rich land there, I concluded I would take a tour westward, and explore that country.

I set out about the last of June, 1766, and went, in the first place, to Holstein River, and from thence I travelled westward in company with Joshua Horton, Uriah Stone, William Baker, and James Smith, who came from near Carlisle. There was only four white men of us, and a mulatto slave about eighteen years of age, that Mr. Horton had with him. We explored the country south of Kentucky, and there was no more sign of white men there then, than there is now west of the head waters of the Missouri. We also explored Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, from Stone's* River down to the Ohio.

When we came to the mouth of Tennessee, my fellow travellers concluded that they would proceed on to the Illinois, and see some more of the land to the west:—this I would not agree to. As I had already been longer from home than what I expected, I thought my wife would be distressed, and think I was killed by the Indians; therefore I concluded that I would return home. I sent my horse with my fellow travellers to the Illinois, as it was difficult to take a horse through the mountains. My comrades gave me the greatest part of the amunition they then had, which amounted only to half a pound of powder, and lead equivalent. Mr. Horton also lent me his mulatto boy, and I then set off through the wilderness, for Carolina.

*Stone's river is a south branch of Cumberland, and empties into it above Nashville. We first gave it this name in our journal in May, 1767, after one of my fellow travellers, Mr. Uriah Stone, and I am told that it retains the same name unto this day.

About eight days after I left my company at the mouth of Tennessee, on my journey eastward, I got a cane stab in my foot which occasioned my leg to swell, and I suffered much pain. I was now in a doleful situation—far from any of the human species, excepting black Jamie, or the savages, and I knew not when I might meet with them—my case appeared desperate, and I thought something must be done. All the surgical instruments I had, was a knife, a mockason awl, and a pair of bullet moulds—with these I determined to draw the snag from my foot, if possible. I stuck the awl in the skin, and with the knife I cut the flesh away from around the cane, and then I commanded the mulatto fellow to catch it with the bullet moulds, and pull it out, which he did. When I saw it, it seemed a shocking thing to be in any person's foot; it will therefore be supposed that I was very glad to have it out. The black fellow attended upon me, and obeyed my directions faithfully. I ordered him to search for Indian medicine, and told him to get me a quantity of bark from the root of a lynn tree, which I made him beat on a stone, with a tomahawk, and boil it in a kettle, and with the ooze I bathed my foot and leg:—what remained when I had finished bathing, I boiled to a jelly, and made poultices thereof. As I had no rags, I made use of the green moss that grows upon logs, and wrapped it round with elm bark: by this means, (simple as it may seem,) the swelling and inflammation in a great measure abated. As stormy weather appeared, I ordered Jamie to make us a shelter, which he did by erecting forks and poles, and covering them over with cane tops, like a fodder-house. It was but about one hundred yards from a large buffaloe road. As we were almost out of pro-

vision, I commanded Jamie to take my gun, and I went along as well as I could, conccaled myself near the road, and killed a buffaloe. When this was done, we jirked* the lean, and fryed the tallow out of the fat meat, which we kept to stew with our jirk as we neeced it.

While I lay at this place, all the books I had to read, was a Psalm Book, and Watts upon Prayer. Whilst in this situation, I composed the following verses, which I then frequently sung.

Six weeks I've in this desart been,
With one mulatto lad,
Excepting this poor stupid slave,
No company I had.

In solitude I here remain,
A cripple very sore,
No friend or neighbor to be found,
My case for to deplore.

I'm far from home, far from the wife,
Which in my bosom lay,
Far from the children dear, which used
Around me for to play.

This doleful circumstance cannot
My happiness prevent,
While peace of conscience I enjoy,
Great comfort and content.

I continued in this place until I could walk slowly, without crutches. As I now lay near a great buffaloe

*Jirk, is a name well known by the hunters, and frontier inhabitants, for meat cut in small pieces and laid on a scaffold, over a slow fire, whereby it is roasted till it is thoroughly dry.

road, I was afraid the Indians might be passing that way, and discover my fire-place, therefore I moved off some distance, where I remained until I killed an elk. As my foot was yet sore, I concluded that I would stay here until it was healed, lest by travelling too soon, it might again be inflamed.

In a few weeks after, I proceeded on, and in October, I arrived in Carolina. I had now been eleven months in the wilderness, and during this time, I neither saw bread, money, women, or spirituous liquors; and three months of which I saw none of the human species, except Jamie.

When I came into the settlement, my clothes were almost worn out, and the boy had nothing on him that ever was spun. He had buck-skin leggins, mockasons, and breech-clout—a bear-skin dressed with the hair on, which he belted about him, and a racoon-skin cap. I had not travelled far, after I came in before I was strictly examined by the inhabitants. I told them the truth, and where I came from, &c. but my story appeared so strange to them, that they did not believe me. They said that they had never heard of any one coming through the mountains from the mouth of Tennessee, and if any one would undertake such a journey, surely no man would lend him his slave. They said that they thought that all I had told them were lies, and on suspicion they took me into custody, and set a guard over me.

While I was confined here, I met with a reputable old acquaintance, who voluntarily became my voucher, and also told me of a number of my acquaintances that now lived near this place, who had moved from Pennsylvania. On this being made public, I was liberated.

I went to a magistrate, and obtained a pass, and one of my old acquaintances made me a present of a shirt. I then cast away my old rags, and all the clothes I now had was an old beaver hat, buck-skin leggins, mockasons, and a new shirt; also an old blanket, which I commonly carried on my back in good weather. Being thus equipped, I marched on with my white shirt loose, and Jamie with his bear-skin about him:—myself appearing white, and Jamie very black, alarmed the dogs wherever we came, so that they barked violently. The people frequently came out, and asked me where we came from, &c. I told them the truth, but they for the most part suspected my story, and I generally had to show them my pass. In this way I came on to Fort Chissel, where I left Jamie at Mr. Horton's negro-quarter, according to promise. I went from thence to Mr. George Adams's, on Reed Creek, where I had lodged, and where I had left my clothes as I was going out from home. When I dressed myself in good clothes, and mounted on horse-back, no man ever asked me for a pass; therefore I concluded that a horse thief, or even a robber, might pass without interruption, provided he was only well dressed, whereas the shabby villian would be immediately detected.

I returned home to Conococheague, in the fall 1767. When I arrived, I found that my wife and friends had despaired of ever seeing me again, as they had heard that I was killed by the Indians, and my horse brought into one of the Cherokee towns.

In the year 1769, the Indians again made incursions on the frontiers; yet the traders continued carrying goods and warlike stores to them. The frontiers took the alarm, and a number of persons collected, destroyed

and plundered a quantity of their powder, lead, &c. in Bedford county. Shortly after this, some of these persons, with others, were apprehended and laid in irons in the guard-house in Fort Bedford, on suspicion of being the perpetrators of this crime.

Though I did not altogether approve of the conduct of this new club of black-boys, yet I concluded that they should not lie in irons in the guard-house, or remain in confinement, by arbitrary or military power. I resolved, therefore, if possible, to release them, if they even should be tried by the civil law afterwards. I collected eighteen of my old black-boys, that I had seen tried in the Indian war, &c. I did not desire a large party, lest they should be too much alarmed at Bedford, and accordingly prepare for us. We marched along the public road in daylight, and made no secret of our design:—We told those whom we met, that we were going to take Fort Bedford, which appeared to them a very unlikely story. Before this I made it known to one William Thompson a man whom I could trust, and who lived there: him I employed as a spy, and sent him along on horse-back, before, with orders to meet me at a certain place near Bedford, one hour before day. The next day a little before sun-set, we encamped near the crossings of Juniata, about fourteen miles from Bedford, and erected tents, as though we intended staying all night, and not a man in my company knew to the contrary, save myself. Knowing that they would hear this in Bedford, and wishing it to be the case, I thought to surprize them by stealing a march.

As the moon rose about eleven o'clock, I ordered my boys to march, and we went on at the rate of five miles an hour, until we met Thompson at the place appointed.

He told us that the commanding officer had frequently heard of us by travellers, and had ordered thirty men upon guard. He said they knew our number, and only made game of the notion of eighteen men coming to rescue the prisoners, but they did not expect us until towards the middle of the day. I asked him if the gate was open? He said it was then shut, but he expected they would open it as usual, at day-light, as they apprehended no danger. I then moved my men privately up under the banks of Juniata, where we lay concealed about one hundred yards from the fort gate. I had ordered the men to keep a profound silence, until we got into it. I then sent off Thompson again, to spy. At day-light he returned, and told us that the gate was open, and three centinels were standing on the wall—that the guards were taking a morning dram, and the arms standing together in one place. I then concluded to rush into the fort, and told Thompson to run before me to the arms. We ran with all our might, and as it was a misty morning, the centinels scarcely saw us, until we were within the gate, and took possession of the arms. Just as we were entering, two of them discharged their guns, though I do not believe they aimed at us. We then raised a shout, which surprized the town, though some of them were well pleased with the news. We compelled a black-smith to take the irons off the prisoners, and then we left the place. This, I believe, was the first British fort in America, that was taken by what they called American rebels.

Some time after this, I took a journey westward, in order to survey some located land I had on and near the Youhogany. As I passed near Bedford, while I was walking and leading my horse, I was overtaken by some men on horseback, like travellers. One of them asked

my name, and on telling it, they immediately pulled out their pistols, and presented them at me, calling upon me to deliver myself, or I was a dead man. I stepped back, presented my rifle, and told them to stand off. One of them snapped a pistol at me, and another was preparing to shoot, when I fired my piece:—one of them also fired near the same time, and one of my fellow travellers fell. The assailants then rushed up, and as my gun was empty, they took and tied me. I charged them with killing my fellow traveller, and told them he was a man that I had accidently met with on the road, that had nothing to do with the public quarrel. They asserted that I had killed him. I told them that my gun blowed, or made a slow fire—that I had her from my face before she went off, or I would not have missed my mark; and from the position my piece was in when it went off, it was not likely that my gun killed this man, yet I acknowledged I was not certain that it was not so. They then carried me to Bedford, laid me in irons in the guard-house, summoned a jury of the opposite party, and held an inquest. The jury brought me in guilty of wilful murder. As they were afraid to keep me long in Bedford, for fear of a rescue, they sent me privately through the wilderness to Carlisle, where I was laid in heavy irons.

Shortly after I came here, we heard that a number of my old black-boys were coming to tear down the jail. I told the sheriff that I would not be rescued, as I knew that the indictment was wrong; therefore I wished to stand my trial. As I had found the black-boys to be always under good command, I expected I could prevail on them to return, and therefore wished to write to them—to this the sheriff readily agreed. I wrote a letter to them, with irons on my hands, which was imme-

diately sent; but as they had heard that I was in irons, they would come on. When we heard they were near the town, I told the sheriff I would speak to them out of the window, and if the irons were off, I made no doubt but I could prevail on them to desist. The sheriff ordered them to be taken off, and just as they were taken off my hands, the black-boys came running up to the jail. I went to the window and called to them, and they gave attention. I told them, as my indictment was for wilful murder, to admit of being rescued, would appear dishonorable. I thanked them for their kind intentions, and told them the greatest favor they could confer upon me, would be to grant me this one request *to withdraw from the jail and return in peace;* to this they complied, and withdrew. While I was speaking, the irons were taken off my feet, and never again put on.

Before this party arrived at Conococheague, they met about three hundred more, on the way, coming to their assistance, and were resolved to take me out; they then turned, and all came together, to Carlisle. The reason they gave for coming again, was, because they thought that the government was so enraged at me, that I would not get a fair trial; but my friends and myself together, again prevailed on them to return in peace.

At this time the public papers were partly filled with these occurrences. The following is an extract from the Pennsylvania Gazette, No. 2132, Nov. 2d, 1769.

"*Conococheague, October* 16*th*, 1769.

"Messrs. HALL & SELLERS,

"Please to give the following narrative a place in your Gazette, and you will much oblige

"Your humble servant,

"WILLIAM SMITH."

"Whereas, in this Gazette of September 28th, 1769, there appeared an extract of a letter from Bedford, September 12th, 1769, relative to James Smith, as being apprehended on suspicion of being a black-boy, then killing his companion, &c. I look upon myself as bound by all the obligations of truth, justice to character and to the world, to set the matter in a true light; by which, I hope the impartial world will be enabled to obtain a more just opinion of the present scheme of acting in this end of the country, as also to form a true idea of the truth, candor, and ingenuity of the author of the said extract, in stating that matter in so partial a light. The state of the case, (which can be made appear by undeniable evidence,) was this: "James Smith, (who is styled the principal ring-leader of the black-boys, by the said author,) together with his younger brother and brother-in-law, were going out in order to survey and improve their land on the waters of Youghoghany, and as the time of their return was long, they took with them their arms, and horses loaded with the necessaries of life; and as one of Smith's brothers-in-law was an artist in surveying, he had also with him the instruments for that business. Travelling on the way, within about nine miles of Bedford, they overtook and joined company with one Johnson and Moorhead, who likewise had horses loaded, part of which loading was liquor, and part seed wheat, their intentions being to make improvements on their lands. When they arrived at the parting of the road on this side Bedford, the company separated, one part going through the town, in order to get a horse shod, were apprehended, and put under confinement, but for what crime they knew not, and treated in a manner utterly inconsistent with the laws of their

country, and the liberties of Englishmen:—Whilst the other part, viz. James Smith, Johnson and Moorhead, taking along the other road, were met by John Holmes, Esq. to whom James Smith spoke in a friendly manner, but received no answer. Mr. Holmes hasted, and gave an alarm in Bedford, from whence a party of men were sent in pursuit of them; but Smith and his companions not having the least thought of any such measures being taken, (why should they?) travelled slowly on. After they had gained the place where the roads joined, they delayed until the other part of their company should come up. At this time a number of men came riding, like men travelling; they asked Smith his name, which he told them—on which they immediately assaulted him as highway-men, and with presented pistols, commanded him to surrender, or he was a dead man; upon which Smith stepped back, asked them if they were highway-men, charging them at the same time to stand off, when immediately, Robert George, (one of the assailants,) snapped a pistol at Smith's head, and that before Smith offered to shoot, (which said George himself acknowledged upon oath;) whereupon Smith presented his gun at another of the assailants, who was preparing to shoot him with his pistol. The said assailant having a hold of Johnson by the arm, two shots were fired, one by Smith's gun, the other from a pistol, so quick as just to be distinguishable, and Johnson fell. After which, Smith was taken and carried into Bedford, where John Holmes, Esq., the informer, held an inquest on the corpse, one of the assailants being as an evidence, (nor was there any other troubled about the matter,) Smith was brought in guilty of wilful murder, and so committed to prison. But a jealousy arising in the breasts

of many, that the inquest, either through inadvertency, ignorance or some other default, was not so fair as it ought to be: William Deny, coroner of the county, upon requisition made, thought proper to re-examine the matter, and summoning a jury of unexceptionable men, out of three townships—men whose candor, probity, and honesty is unquestionable with all who are acquainted with them, and having raised the corpse, held an inquest in a solemn manner, during three days. In the course of their scrutiny they found Johnson's shirt blacked about the bullet-hole, by the powder of the charge by which he was killed, whereupon they examined into the distance Smith stood from Johnson when he shot, and one of the assailants being admitted to oath, swore to the respective spots of ground they both stood on at that time, which the jury measured, and found to be twenty-three feet, nearly; then, trying the experiment of shooting at the same shirt, both with and against the wind, and at the same distance, found no effects, not the least stain from the powder, on the shirt:—And let any person that pleases, make the experiment, and I will venture to affirm he shall find that powder will not stain at half the distance above mentioned, if shot out of a rifle gun, which Smith's was. Upon the whole, the jury, after the most accurate examination and mature deliberation, brought in their verdict that some one of the assailants themselves must necessarily have been the perpetrators of the murder.

"I have now represented the matter in its true and genuine colors, and which I will abide by. I only beg liberty to make a few remarks and reflections on the above mentioned extract. The author says, "James Smith, with two others in company, passed round the

town, without touching," by which it is plain he would insinuate, and make the public believe that Smith, and that part of the company, had taken some bye road, which is utterly false, for it was the king's high-way, and the straightest, that through Bedford being something to the one side; nor would the other part of the company have gone through the town, but for the reason already given. Again, the author says, that "four men were sent in pursuit of Smith and his companions, who overtook them about five miles from Bedford, and commanded them to surrender, on which Smith presented his gun at one of the men, who was struggling with his companion, fired it at him, and shot his companion through the back." Here I would just remark again, the unfair and partial account given of this matter by the author; not a word mentioned of George's snapping his pistol before Smith offered to shoot, or of another of the assailants actually firing his pistol, though he confessed himself afterwards, he had done so; not the least mention of the company's baggage, which, to men in the least open to a fair enquiry, would have been sufficient proof of the innocence of their intentions. Must not an effusive blush overspread the face of the partial representer of facts, when he finds the veil he had thrown over truth thus pulled aside, and she exposed to naked view? Suppose it should be granted that Smith shot the man, (which is not, and I presume never can be proven to be the case,) I would only ask, was he not on his own defence? Was he not publicly assaulted? Was he not charged, at the peril of his life, to surrender, without knowing for what? No warrant being shown him, or any declaration made of their authority. And seeing these things are so, would any

judicious man, any person in the least acquainted with the laws of the land, or morality, judge him guilty of wilful murder? But I humbly presume, every one who has an opportunity of seeing this, will by this time be convinced, that the proceedings against Smith were truly unlawful and tyranical, perhaps unparalleled by any instance in a civilized nation; for to endeavor to kill a man in the apprehending of him, in order to bring him to trial for a fact, and that too on a supposed one, is undoubtedly beyond all bounds of law or government.

"If the author of the extract thinks I have treated him unfair, or that I have advanced any thing he can controvert, let him come forward as a fair antagonist, and make his defence, and I will, if called upon, vindicate all that I have advanced against him or his abettors.

"WILLIAM SMITH."

I remained in prison four months, and during this time I often thought of those that were confined in the time of the persecution, who declared their prison was converted into a palace. I now learned what this meant, as I never since, or before, experienced four months of equal happiness.

When the supreme court sat, I was severely prosecuted. At the commencement of my trial, the judges, in a very unjust and arbitrary manner, rejected several of my evidences; yet, as Robert George (one of those who was in the fray when I was taken) swore in court that he snapped a pistol at me before I shot, and a concurrence of corroborating circumstances, amounted to strong presumptive evidence, that it could not possibly be my gun

that killed Johnson, the jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict, NOT GUILTY. One of the judges then declared that not one of this jury should ever hold any office above a constable. Notwithstanding this proud, ill-natured declaration, some of these jurymen afterwards filled honorable places, and I myself was elected the next year, and sat on the board* in Bedford county, and afterwards I served in the board three years in Westmoreland county.

In the year 1774, another Indian war commenced, though at this time the white people were the aggressors. The prospect of this terrified the frontier inhabitants, insomuch that the greater part on the Ohio waters, either fled over the mountains eastward, or collected into forts. As the state of Pennsylvania apprehended great danger, they at this time appointed me captain over what was then called the Pennsylvania line. As they knew I could raise men that would answer their purpose, they seemed to lay aside their former inveteracy.

In the year 1776, I was appointed a major in the Pennsylvania association. When American independence was declared, I was elected a member of the convention in Westmoreland county, state of Pennsylvania, and of the assembly as long as I proposed to serve.

While I attended the assembly in Philadelphia, in the year 1777, I saw in the street, some of my old boys, on their way to the Jerseys, against the British, and they desired me to go with them—I petitioned the house for leave of absence, in order to head a scouting party, which was granted me. We marched into the Jerseys, and

* A board of commissioners was annually elected in Pennsylvania, to regulate taxes, and lay the county levy.

went before General Washington's army, way-laid the road at Rocky Hill, attacked about two hundred of the British, and with thirty-six men drove them out of the woods into a large open field. After this, we attacked a party that was guarding the officers baggage, and took the waggon and twenty-two Hessians; and also re-took some of our continental soldiers which they had with them. In a few days we killed and took more of the British, than was of our party. At this time I took the camp fever, and was carried in a stage waggon to Burlington, where I lay until I recovered. When I took sick, my companion, Major James M'Common, took command of the party, and had greater success than I had. If every officer and his party that lifted arms against the English, had fought with the same success that Major M'Common did, we would have made short work of the British war.

When I returned to Philadelphia, I applied to the assembly for leave to raise a battalion of riflemen, which they appeared very willing to grant, but said they could not do it, as the power of raising men and commissioning officers, were at that time committed to General Washington; therefore they advised me to apply to his excellency. The following is a true copy of a letter of recommendation which I received at this time, from the council of safety:

"IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY,

"*Philadelphia, February 10th*, 1777.

"SIR,

"Application has been made to us by James Smith, Esq., of Westmoreland, a gentleman well acquainted with the Indian customs, and their manners of carrying

on war, for leave to raise a battalion of marks-men, expert in the use of rifles, and such as are acquainted with the Indian method of fighting, to be dressed entirely in their fashion, for the purpose of annoying and harrassing the enemy in their marches and encampments. We think two or three hundred men in that way, might be very useful. Should your excellency be of the same opinion, and direct such a corps to be formed, we will take proper measures for raising the men on the frontiers of this State, and follow such other directions as your excellency shall give in this matter.

"*To his excellency General Washington.*"

"The foregoing is a copy of a letter to his excellency Gen. Washington, from the council of safety.

"JACOB S. HOWELL, *Secretary.*"

After this I received another letter of recommendation, which is as follows:

"We, whose names are under written, do certify that James Smith, (now of the county of Westmoreland,) was taken prisoner by the Indians, in an expedition before General Braddock's defeat, in the year 1755, and remained with them until the year 1760; and also that he served as ensign, in the year 1763, under the pay of the province of Pennsylvania, and as lieutenant, in the year 1764, and as captain, in the year 1774; and as a military officer, he has sustained a good character:—And we do recommend him as a person well acquainted with the Indian's method of fighting, and, in our humble opinion, exceedingly fit for the command of a ranging or scouting party, which, we are also humbly of opinion, he could, (if legally authorized,) soon raise. Given un-

der our hands at Philadelphia, this 13th day of March, 1777.

Thomas Paxton, capt.
David Robb, esq.
William M'Comb,
James M'Clane, esq.
Jonathan Hoge, esq.
Robert Elliot,
Robert Peebles, lieut. col.
William Lyon, esq.
William Duffield, esq.
John Piper, col.
William Pepper, lieut. col.
John Proctor, col.
William Parker, capt.
Joseph Armstrong, col.
Samuel Patton, capt."

With these, and some other letters of recommendation, which I have not now in my possession, I went to his excellency, who lay at Morristown. Though General Washington did not fall in with the scheme of white men turning Indians, yet he proposed giving me a major's place in a battalion of rifle-men already raised. I thanked the general for this proposal; but as I entertained no high opinion of the colonel that I was to serve under, and with him I had no prospect of getting my old boys again, I thought I would be of more use in the cause we were then struggling to support, to remain with them as a militia officer, therefore I did not accept this offer.

In the year 1778, I received a colonel's commission, and after my return to Westmoreland, the Indians made an attack upon our frontiers. I then raised men and pursued them, and the second day we overtook and defeated them. We likewise took four scalps, and recovered the horses and plunder which they were carrying off. At the time of this attack, Captain John Hinkston pursued an Indian, both their guns being empty, and after the fray was over, he was missing:—While we were enquiring about him, he came walking up, seemingly unconcerned, with a bloody scalp in his hand—he had pur-

sued the Indian about a quarter of a mile, and tomahawked him.

Not long after this, I was called upon to command four hundred riflemen, on an expedition against the Indian town on French Creek. It was sometime in November, before I received orders from General M'Intosh, to march, and then we were poorly equipped, and scarce of provisions. We marched in three columns, forty rod from each other. There were also flankers on the outside of each column, that marched a-breast in the rear, in scattered order—and even in the columns, the men were one rod apart—and in the front, the volunteers marched a-breast, in the same manner of the flankers, scouring the woods. In case of an attack, the officers were immediately to order the men to face out and take trees—in this position the Indians could not avail themselves by surrounding us, or have an opportunity of shooting a man from either side of the tree. If attacked, the centre column was to reinforce whatever part appeared to require it most. When we encamped, our encampment formed a hollow square, including about thirty or forty acres—on the outside of the square, there were centinels placed, whose business it was to watch for the enemy, and see that neither horses nor bullocks went out:—And when encamped, if any attacks were made by an enemy, each officer was immediately to order the men to face out and take trees, as before mentioned; and in this form they could not take the advantage by surrounding us, as they commonly had done when they fought the whites.

The following is a copy of general orders, given at this time, which I have found among my journals:

"AT CAMP—OPPOSITE FORT PITT,
"*November 29th*, 1778.

"GENERAL ORDERS:

"*A copy thereof is to be given to each captain and subaltern, and to be read to each company.*

"You are to march in three columns, with flankers on the front and rear, and to keep a profound silence, and not to fire a gun, except at the enemy, without particular orders for that purpose; and in case of an attack, let it be so ordered that every other man only, is to shoot at once, excepting on extraordinary occasions. The one half of the men to keep a reserve fire, until their comrades load; and let every one be particularly careful not to fire at any time without a view of the enemy, and that not at too great a distance. I earnestly urge the above caution, as I have known very remarkable and grievous errors of this kind. You are to encamp on the hollow square, except the volunteers, who, according to their own request, are to encamp on the front of the square. A sufficient number of centinels are to be kept round the square, at proper distance. Every man is to be under arms at the break of day, and to parade opposite to their fire-places, facing out, and when the officers examine their arms, and find them in good order, and give necessary directions, they are to be dismissed, with orders to have their arms near them, and be always in readiness.

"Given by
"JAMES SMITH, *Colonel.*"

In this manner, we proceeded on, to French Creek, where we found the Indian town evacuated. I then went on further than my orders called for, in quest of

Indians: but our provisions being nearly exhausted, we were obliged to return. On our way back, we met with considerable difficulties on account of high waters and scarcity of provision; yet we never lost one horse, excepting some that gave out.

After peace was made with the Indians, I met with some of them in Pittsburg, and inquired of them in their own tongue, concerning this expedition—not letting them know I was there. They told me that they watched the movements of this army ever after they had left Fort-Pitt, and as they passed through the glades or barrens they had a full view of them from the adjacent hills, and computed their number to be about one thousand. They said they also examined their camps, both before and after they were gone, and found, they could not make an advantageous attack, and therefore moved off from their town and hunting ground before we arrived.

In the year 1788, I settled in Bourbon county, Kentucky, seven miles above Paris; and in the same year was elected a member of the convention, that sat at Danville, to confer about a separation from the State of Virginia,—and from that year until the year 1799, I represented Bourbon county, either in convention or as a member of the general assembly, except two years that I was left a few votes behind.

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS.

The Indians are a slovenly people in their dress. They seldom ever wash their shirts, and in regard to cookery they are exceedingly filthy. When they kill a buffaloe they will sometimes lash the paunch of it round a sapling, and cast it into the kettle, boil it, and sup the broth: though they commonly shake it about in cold water, then boil and eat it.—Notwithstanding all this, they are very polite in their own way, and they retain among them, the essentials of good manners; though they have few compliments, yet they are complaisant to one another, and when accompanied with good humour and discretion, they entertain strangers in the best manner their circumstances will admit. They use but few titles of honor. In the military line, the titles of great men are only captains or leaders of parties—In the civil line, the titles are only councillors, chiefs, or the old wise men. These titles are never made use of in addressing any of their great men. The language commonly made use of in addressing them is, Grandfather, Father, or Uncle. They have no such thing in use among them as Sir, Mr. Madam or Mistress—The common mode of address, is, my Friend, Brother, Cousin, or Mother, Sister, &c. They pay great respect to age; or to the aged Fathers and Mothers among them of every rank. No one can arrive at any place of honor, among them, but by merit. Either some exploit in war, must be performed before any one can be advanced in the military line, or become eminent for wisdom before they can obtain a seat in council. It would appear to the Indians a most ridiculous thing to see a man lead off a

company of warriors, as an officer, who had himself never been in a battle in his life; even in case of merit, they are slow in advancing any one, until they arrive at or near middle age.

They invite every one that comes to their house, or camp to eat, while they have any thing to give; and it is accounted bad manners to refuse eating, when invited. They are very tenacious of their old mode of dressing and painting, and do not change their fashions as we do. They are very fond of tobacco, and the men almost all smoke it mixed with sumach leaves or red willow bark, pulverized; though they seldom use it any other way. They make use of the pipe also as a token of love and friendship.

In courtship they also differ from us. It is a common thing among them, for a young woman, if in love, to make suit to a young man; though the first address may be by the man; yet the other is the most common. The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush. The men commonly appear to be possessed of much more modesty than the women; yet I have been acquainted with some young squaws that appeared really modest: genuine it must be, as they were under very little restraint in the channel of education or custom.

When the Indians meet one another, instead of saying how do you do, they commonly salute in the following manner—you are my friend—the reply is, truly friend, I am your friend—or, cousin, you yet exist—the reply is, certainly I do.—They have their children under tolerable command: seldom ever whip them, and their common mode of chastising is, by ducking them in cold water; therefore their children are more obedient in the

winter season, than they are in the summer, though they are then not so often ducked. They are a peaceable people, and scarcely ever wrangle or scold, when sober; but they are very much addicted to drinking, and men and women will become basely intoxicated, if they can, by any means, procure or obtain spirituous liquor; and then they are commonly either extremely merry and kind, or very turbulent, ill-humoured and disorderly.

ON THEIR TRADITIONS AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

As the family that I was adopted into was intermarried with the Wiandots and Ottawas, three tongues were commonly spoke, viz. Caughnewaga, or what the French call Iroque, also the Wiandot and Ottawa; by this means I had an opportunity of learning these three tongues; and I found that these nations varied in their traditions and opinions concerning religion;—and even numbers of the same nations differed widely in their religious sentiments. Their traditions are vague, whimsical, romantic, and many of them scarce worth relating: and not any of them reach back to the creation of the world. The Wiandots comes the nearest to this. They tell of a squaw that was found when an infant, in the water in a canoe made of bull-rushes: this squaw became a great prophetess and did many wonderful things; she turned water into dry land, and at length made this continent, which was, at that time, only a very small island, and but a few Indians in it. Though they were then but few they had not sufficient room to hunt; therefore this squaw went to the water side, and prayed that this little island might be enlarged. The great being then

heard her prayer, and sent great numbers of Water Tortoises and Muskrats, which brought with them mud and other materials, for enlarging this island, and by this means, they say, it was encreased to the size that it now remains; therefore they say, that the white people ought not to encroach upon them, or take their land from them, because their great grand mother made it.—They say, that about this time the angels or heavenly inhabitants, as they call them, frequently visited them and talked with their forefathers; and gave directions how to pray, and how to appease the great being when he was offended. They told them they were to offer sacrifice, burn tobacco, buffaloe and deer bones; but they were not to burn bears or racoons bones in sacrifice.

The Ottawas say, that there are two great beings that rule and govern the universe, who are at war with each other; the one they call *Maneto*, and the other *Matchemaneto*. They say that Maneto is all kindness and love, and that Matchemaneto is an evil spirit that delights in doing mischief; and some of then think, that they are equal in power, and therefore worship the evil spirit out of a principle of fear. Others doubt which of the two may be the most powerful, and therefore endeavour to keep in favour with both, by giving each of them some kind of worship. Others say that Maneto is the first great cause and therefore must be all-powerful and supreme, and ought to be adored and worshipped; whereas Matchemaneto ought to be rejected and dispised.

Those of the Ottawas that worship the evil spirit, pretend to be great conjurors. I think if there is any such thing now in the world as witchcraft, it is among these people. I have been told wonderful stories concerning

their proceedings; but never was eye witness to any thing that appeared evidently supernatural.

Some of the Wiandots and Caughnewagas profess to be Roman Catholics; but even these retain many of the notions of their ancestors. Those of them who reject the Roman Catholic religion, hold that there is one great first cause, whom they call *Owaneeyo*, that rules and governs the universe, and takes care of all his creatures, rational and irrational, and gives them their food in due season, and hears the prayers of all those that call upon him; therefore it is but just and reasonable to pray, and offer sacrifice to this great being, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight;—but they differ widely in what is pleasing or displeasing to this great being. Some hold that following nature or their own propensities is the way to happiness, and cannot be displeasing to the deity, because he delights in the happiness of his creatures, and does nothing in vain, but gave these dispositions with a design to lead to happiness, and therefore they ought to be followed. Others reject this opinion altogether, and say that following their own propensities in this manner, is neither the means of happiness nor the way to please the deity.

Tecaughretanego was of opinion that following nature in a limited sense was reasonable and right. He said that most of the irrational animals by following their natural propensities, were led to the greatest pitch of happiness that their natures and the world they lived in would admit of. He said that mankind and the rattle snakes had evil dispositions, that led them to injure themselves and others. He gave instances of this. He said he had a puppy that he did not intend to raise, and in order to try an experiment, he tyed this puppy

on a pole and held it to a rattlesnake, which bit it several times; that he observed the snake shortly after rolling about apparently in great misery, so that it appeared to have poisoned itself as well as the puppy. The other instance he gave was concerning himself. He said that when he was a young man, he was very fond of the women, and at length got the venereal disease, so that by following this propensity, he was led to injure himself and others. He said our happiness depends on our using our reason, in order to suppress these evil dispositions; but when our propensities neither lead us to injure ourselves nor others, we might with safety endulge them, or even pursue them as the means of happiness.

The Indians generally, are of opinion that there are great numbers of inferior Deities, which they call Carrey-agaroona, which signifies the Heavenly Inhabitants. These beings they suppose are employed as assistants, in managing the affairs of the universe, and in inspecting the actions of men; and that even the irrational animals are engaged in viewing their actions, and bearing intelligence to the Gods. The eagle, for this purpose, with her keen eye, is soaring about in the day, and the owl, with her nightly eye, perched on the trees around their camp in the night; therefore, when they observe the eagle or the owl near, they immediately offer sacrifice, or burn tobacco, that they may have a good report to carry to the Gods. They say that there are also great numbers of evil spirits, which they call *Onasahroona*, which signifies the Inhabitants of the Lower Region. These they say are employed in disturbing the world, and the good spirits are always going after them, and setting things to right, so that they are constantly work-

ing in opposition to each other. Some talk of a future state, but not with any certainty; at best their notions are vague and unsettled. Others deny a future state altogether, and say that after death they neither think or live.

As the Caughnewagas and the six nations speak nearly the same language, their theology is also nearly alike. When I met with the Shawanees or Delawares, as I could not speak their tongue, I spoke Ottawa to them, and as it bore some resemblance to their language, we understood each other in some common affairs; but as I could only converse with them very imperfectly, I cannot from my own knowledge, with any certainty, give any account of their theological opinions.

ON THEIR POLICE, OR CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

I have often heard of Indian kings, but never saw any.—How any term used by the Indians in their own tongue, for the chief man of a nation, could be rendered King, I know not. The chief of a nation is neither a supreme ruler, monarch or potentate—He can neither make war or peace, leagues or treaties—He cannot impress soldiers, or dispose of magazines—He cannot adjourn, prorogue or dissolve a general assembly, nor can he refuse his assent to their conclusions, or in any manner controul them—With them there is no such thing as hereditary succession, title of nobility or royal blood, even talked of—The chief of a nation, even with the consent of his assembly, or council, cannot raise one shilling of tax off the citizens, but only receive what they please to give as free and voluntary donations—The chief of a nation has to hunt for his living, as any other

citizen—How can they, with any propriety, be called kings? I apprehend that the white people were formerly so fond of the name of kings, and so ignorant of their power, that they concluded the chief man of a nation must be a king.

As they are illiterate, they consequently have no written code of laws. What they execute as laws, are either old customs, or the immediate result of new councils. Some of their ancient laws or customs are very pernicious, and disturb the public weal. Their vague law of marriage is a glaring instance of this, as the man and his wife are under no legal obligation to live together, if they are both willing to part. They have little form, or ceremony among them, in matrimony, but do like the Israelites of old—the man goes in unto the woman, and she becomes his wife. The years of puberty, and the age of consent, is about fourteen for the women, and eighteen for the men. Before I was taken by the Indians, I had often heard that in the ceremony of marriage, the man gave the woman a deer's leg, and she gave him a red ear of corn, signifying that she was to keep him in bread, and he was to keep her in meat. I inquired of them concerning the truth of this, and they said they knew nothing of it, further than that they had heard it was the ancient custom among some nations. Their frequent changing of partners prevents propagation, creates disturbances, and often occasions murder and bloodshed; though this is commonly committed under the pretence of being drunk. Their impunity to crimes committed when intoxicated with spirituous liquors, or their admitting one crime as an excuse for another, is a very unjust law or custom.

The extremes they run into in dividing the necessaries of life, are hurtful in the public weal; though their dividing meat when hunting, may answer a valuable purpose, as one family may have success one day, and the other the next; but their carrying this custom to the town, or to agriculture, is striking at the root of industry; as industrious persons ought to be rewarded, and the lazy suffer for their indolence.

They have scarcely any penal laws: the principal punishment is degrading: even murder is not punished by any formal law, only the friends of the murdered are at liberty to slay the murderer, if some atonement is not made. Their not annexing penalties to their laws, is perhaps not as great a crime, or as unjust and cruel, as the bloody penal laws of England, which we have so long shamefully practised, and which are in force in this state, until our penitentiary house is finished, which is now building, and then they are to be repealed.

Let us also take a view of the advantages attending Indian police:—They are not oppressed or perplexed with expensive litigation—They are not injured by legal robbery—They have no splendid villains that make themselves grand and great upon other peoples labor—They have neither church or state erected as money-making machines.

ON THEIR DISCIPLINE AND METHOD OF WAR.

I have often heard the British officers call the Indians the undisciplined savages, which is a capital mistake—as they have all the essentials of discipline. They are under good command, and punctual in obeying orders:

they can act in concert, and when their officers lay a plan and give orders, they will chearfully unite in putting all their directions into immediate execution; and by each man observing the motion or movement of his right hand companion, they can communicate the motion from right to left, and march a-breast in concert, and in scattered order, though the line may be more than a mile long, and continue, if occasion requires, for a considerable distance, without disorder or confusion. They can perform various necessary manœuvres, either slowly, or as fast as they can run: they can form a circle, or semi-circle: the circle they make use of, in order to surround their enemy, and the semi-circle, if the enemy has a river on one side of them. They can also form a large hollow square, face out and take trees: this they do, if their enemies are about surrounding them, to prevent being shot from either side of the tree. When they go into battle, they are not loaded or encumbered with many clothes, as they commonly fight naked, save only breech-clout, leggins and mockasons. There is no such thing as corporeal punishment used, in order to bring them under such good discipline: degrading is the only chastisement, and they are so unanimous in this, that it effectually answers the purpose. Their officers plan, order and conduct matters until they are brought into action, and then each man is to fight as though he was to gain the battle himself. General orders are commonly given in time of battle, either to advance or retreat, and is done by a shout or yell, which is well understood, and then they retreat or advance in concert. They are generally well equipped, and exceeding expert and active in the use of arms. Could it be supposed that undisciplined troops could defeat Generals Brad-

dock, Grant, &c.? It may be said by some that the French were also engaged in this war: true, they were; yet I know it was the Indians that laid the plan, and with small assistance put it into execution. The Indians had no aid from the French, or any other power, when they besieged Fort Pitt, in the year 1763, and cut off the communication for a considerable time, between that post and Fort Loudon, and would have defeated Gen. Bouquet's army, (who were on the way to raise the siege,) had it not been for the assistance of the Virginia volunteers. They had no British troops with them when they defeated Colonel Crawford, near the Sandusky, in the time of the American war with Great Britain; or when they defeated Colonel Loughrie, on the Ohio, near the Miami, on his way to meet General Clarke: this was also in the time of the British war. It was the Indians alone that defeated Colonel Todd, in Kentucky, near the Blue licks, in the year 1782; and Colonel Harmar, betwixt the Ohio and Lake Erie, in the year 1790, and General St. Clair, in the year 1791; and it is said that there were more of our men killed at this defeat, than there were in any one battle during our contest with Great Britain. They had no aid when they fought even the Virginia rifle-men almost a whole day, at the Great Kanhawa, in the year 1774; and when they found they could not prevail against the Virginians, they made a most artful retreat. Notwithstanding they had the Ohio to cross, some continued firing, whilst others were crossing the river; in this manner they proceeded until they all got over, before the Virginians knew that they had retreated; and in this retreat, they carried off all their wounded. In most of the foregoing defeats, they fought with an inferior number, though in this, I believe it was not the case.

Nothing can be more unjustly represented, than the different accounts we have had of their number from time to time, both by their own computations and that of the British. While I was among them, I saw the account of the number that they in those parts gave to the French, and kept it by me. When they, in their own council-house, were taking an account of their number, with a piece of bark newly stripped, and a small stick, which answered the end of a slate and a pencil, I took an account of the different nations and tribes, which I added together, and found there were not half the number, which they had given the French; and though they were then their allies, and lived among them, it was not easy finding out the deception, as they were a wandering set, and some of them almost always in the woods hunting. I asked one of the chiefs what was their reason for making such different returns? He said it was for political reasons, in order to obtain greater presents from the French, by telling them they could not divide such and such quantities of goods among so many.

In the year of General Bouquet's last campaign, 1764, I saw the official return made by the British officers, of the number of Indians that were in arms against us that year, which amounted to thirty thousand. As I was then a lieutenant in the British service, I told them I was of opinion that there were not above one thousand in arms against us, as they were divided by Broadstreet's army being then at Lake Erie. The British officers hooted at me, and said they could not make England sensible of the difficulties they labored under in fighting them, as England expect that their troops could fight the undisciplined savages in America, five to one,

as they did the East Indians, and therefore my report would not answer their purpose, as they could not give an honorable account of the war, but by augmenting their number. I am of opinion that from Braddock's war, until the present time, there never were more than three thousand Indians at any time, in arms against us, west of Fort Pitt, and frequently not half that number. According to the Indians' own accounts, during the whole of Braddock's war, or from 1755, till 1758, they killed or took fifty of our people, for one that they lost. In the war that commenced in the year 1763, they killed comparatively few of our people, and lost more of theirs, as the frontiers (especially the Virginians) had learned something of their method of war: yet, they in this war, according to their own accounts, (which I believe to be true,) killed or took ten of our people, for one they lost.

Let us now take a view of the blood and treasure that was spent in opposing, comparatively, a few Indian warriors, with only some assistance from the French, the first four years of the war. Additional to the amazing destruction and slaughter that the frontiers sustained, from James river to Susquehanna, and about thirty miles broad; the following campaigns were also carried on against the Indians:—General Braddock's, in the year 1755; Colonel Armstrong's against the Cattanyan town, on the Allegheny, 1757; General Forbes's, in 1758; General Stanwick's, in 1759; General Monkton's, in 1760; Colonel Bouquet's in 1761—and 1763, when he fought the battle of Brushy Run, and lost above one hundred men; but, by the assistance of Virginia volunteers, drove the Indians: Colonel Armstrong's, up the west branch of Susquehanna, in 1763; General Broad-

street's, up Lake Erie, in 1764; General Bouquet's, against the Indians at Muskingum, in 1764; Lord Dunmore's, in 1774; General M'Intosh's, in 1778: Colonel Crawford's, shortly after his; General Clarke's, in 1778–1780; Colonel Bowman's, in 1779; General Clarke's, in 1782—against the Wabash, in 1786; General Logan's, against the Shawanees, in 1786; General Wilkinson's, in ——; Colonel Harmar's, in 1790; and General St. Clair's, in 1791; which, in all, are twenty-two campaigns, besides smaller expeditions—such as the French Creek expedition, Colonels Edwards's, Loughrie's, &c. All these were exclusive of the number of men that were internally employed as scouting parties, and in erecting forts, guarding stations, &c. When we take the foregoing occurrences into consideration, may we not reasonably conclude, that they are the best disciplined troops in the known world? Is it not the best discipline that has the greatest tendency to annoy the enemy and save their own men? I apprehend that the Indian discipline is as well calculated to answer the purpose in the woods of America, as the British discipline in Flanders: and British discipline in the woods, is the way to have men slaughtered, with scarcely any chance of defending themselves.

Let us take a view of the benefits we have received, by what little we have learned of their art of war, which cost us dear, and the loss we have sustained for want of it, and then see if it will not be well worth our while to retain what we have, and also to endeavor to improve in this necessary branch of business. Though we have made considerable proficiency in this line, and in some respects out-do them, viz. as marksmen, and in cutting our rifles, and keeping them in good order; yet, I apprehend, we are far behind in their manœuvres, or in

being able to surprize, or to prevent a surprize. May we not conclude, that the progress we had made in their art of war, contributed considerably towards our success, in various respects, when contending with Great Britain for liberty? Had the British king attempted to enslave us before Braddock's war, in all probability he might readily have done it, because, except the New Englanders, who had formerly been engaged in war with the Indians, we were unacquainted with any kind of war: but after fighting such a subtile and barbarous enemy as the Indians, we were not terrified at the approach of British red-coats.—Was not Burgoyne's defeat accomplished, in some measure, by the Indian mode of fighting? and did not General Morgan's rifle-men, and many others, fight with greater success, in consequence of what they had learned of their art of war? Kentucky would not have been settled at the time it was, had the Virginians been altogether ignorant of this method of war?

In Braddock's war, the frontiers were laid waste for above three hundred miles long, and generally about thirty broad, excepting some that were living in forts, and many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, killed or made captives, and horses, and all kinds of property carried off: but, in the next Indian war, though we had the same Indians to cope with, the frontiers almost all stood their ground, because they were by this time, in some measure, acquainted with their manœuvres; and the want of this in the first war, was the cause of the loss of many hundred of our citizens, and much treasure.

Though large volumes have been wrote on morality, yet it may be all summed up in saying, do as you would wish to be done by: so the Indians sum up the art of war in the following manner:

The business of the private warriors is to be under command, or punctually to obey orders—to learn to march a-breast in scattered order, so as to be in readiness to surround the enemy, or to prevent being surrounded—to be good marksmen, and active in the use of arms—to practice running—to learn to endure hunger or hardships with patience and fortitude—to tell the truth at all times to their officers, but more especially when sent out to spy the enemy.

Concerning Officers.—They say that it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried—that all officers should be advanced only according to merit—that no one man should have the absolute command of an army—that a council of officers are to determine when, and how an attack is to be made—that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy—to ambush and surprize them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprized themselves—it is the duty of officers to prepare and deliver speeches to the men, in order to animate and encourage them; and on the march, to prevent the men, at any time, from getting into a huddle, because if the enemy should surround them in this position, they would be exposed to the enemy's fire. It is likewise their business at all times to endeavor to annoy their enemy, and save their own men, and therefore ought never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men; and if at any time they should be mistaken in this, and are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat, and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy, without the danger of losing so

many men. Their conduct proves that they act upon these principles; therefore it is, that from Braddock's war to the present time, they have seldom ever made an unsuccessful attack. The battle at the mouth of the Great Kanhawa is the greatest instance of this; and even then, though the Indians killed about three for one they lost, yet they retreated. The loss of the Virginians in this action was seventy killed, and the same number wounded—The Indians lost twenty killed on the field, and eight, who died afterwards, of their wounds. This was the greatest loss of men that I ever knew the Indians to sustain in any one battle. They will commonly retreat if their men are falling fast—they will not stand cutting like the Highlanders or other British troops: but this proceeds from a compliance with their rules of war, rather than cowardice. If they are surrounded they will fight while there is a man of them alive, rather than surrender. When Colonel John Armstrong surrounded the Kittaning town, on the Allegheny river, Captain Jacobs, a Delaware chief, with some warriors, took possession of a house, defended themselves for some time, and killed a number of our men. As Jacobs could speak English, our people called on him to surrender. He said that he and his men were warriors, and they would all fight while life remained. He was again told that they should be well used if they would only surrender; and if not, the house should be burnt down over their heads—Jacobs replied he could eat fire; and when the house was in a flame, he, and they that were with him, came out in a fighting position, and were all killed. As they are a sharp, active kind of people, and war is their principal study, in this they have arrived at considerable perfection. We may learn

of the Indians what is useful and laudable, and at the same time lay aside their barbarous proceeding. It is much to be lamented, that some of our frontier rifle-men are too prone to imitate them in their inhumanity. During the British war, a considerable number of men from below Fort Pitt, crossed the Ohio, and marched into a town of friendly Indians, chiefly Delawares, who professed the Moravian religion. As the Indians apprehended no danger, they neither lifted arms nor fled. After these rifle-men were some time in the town, and the Indians altogether in their power, in cool blood, they massacred the whole town, without distinction of age or sex. This was an act of barbarity beyond any thing I ever knew to be committed by the savages themselves.

Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? It is because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens? No! We are not above borrowing language from them, such as homony, pone, tomahawk, &c. which is of little or no use to us. I apprehend that the reasons why we have not improved more in this respect are as follows: no important acquisition is to be obtained but by attention and diligence; and as it is easier to learn to move and act in concert, in close order, in the open plain, than to act in concert in scattered order in the woods, so it is easier to learn our discipline than the Indian manœuvres. They train up their boys in the art of war from the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; whereas, the principal chance our people had of learning, was by observing their manœuvres when in action against us. I have been long astonished that no one has written upon this

important subject, as their art of war would not only be of use to us in case of another rupture with them; but were only part of our men taught this art, accompanied with our continental discipline, I think no European power, after trial, would venture to shew its head in the American woods.

If what I have wrote should meet the approbation of my countrymen, perhaps I may publish more upon this subject, in a future edition.

A

NARRATIVE

OF THE

CAPTIVITY OF

JOHN M'CULLOUGH, ESQ.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The following is an Abridgment of what the Narrator has suffered and seen, during upwards of Eight Years Captivity with the Aborigenes of America. His design in this Essay is, to Illustrate Facts as they occurred, carefully avoiding to exaggerate any thing that has come under his Observation, neither is it his design to give a Geographical Account of the Country he passed through, that having been done already by abler pens.

His endeavour throughout the whole is to make it Intelligible to the meanest capacity; wherever he has deemed it necessary to retain Indian Words—he has divided them into Syllables and Accented the Syllable on which the stress of the word lies, in order to give the Reader an idea of the pronunciation.

I WAS born in Newcastle county, in the state of Delaware. When I was five years old, my father moved his family from thence to the back parts of then Cumberland (now Franklin) county, to a place well known by the name of Conococheague settlement, where he made a purchase of a tract of land at sheriff's sale, about a year before what has been generally termed Braddock's war.

Shortly after the commencement of the war, he moved his family into York county, where we remained until the spring of 1756, when we ventured home; we had not been long at home until we were alarmed again, we then fled down to Antieatum settlement, where we remained until the beginning of harvest, then ventured home to secure our crops; we stopped about three miles from home, where we got a small cabin to live in until my father went home and secured the grain. On the 26th day of July, 1756, my parents and my oldest sister went home to pull flax, accompanied by one John Allen, a neighbour, who had business at Fort Loudon, and promised to come that way in the evening to accompany them back. Allen had proceeded but about two miles toward Loudon until he heard the Indians had killed a man that morning, about a mile and a half from where my parents were at work; he then, instead of going back to accompany them home agreeable to his promise, took a circuitous route of about six or seven miles, for fear of the Indians. When he came home, my brother and I were playing on the great road, a short distance from the house; he told us to go immediately to the house, or the Indians would catch us, adding, at the same time, that he supposed they had killed our father and mother by that time.

We were small, I was about eight years old, my brother was but five; we went to the house, the people were all in a bustle, making ready to go to a fort about a mile off. I recollect of hearing them say, that somebody should go and give my parents notice; none would venture to go; my brother and me concluded that we would go ourselves, accordingly we laid off our trowsers and went off in our shirts unnoticed by any person,

leaving a little sister about two years old sleeping in bed; when we got in sight of the house we began to halloo and sing, rejoicing that we had got home; when we came within about fifty or sixty yards of the house, all of a sudden the Indians came rushing out of a thicket upon us; they were six in number, to wit, five Indians and one Frenchman; they divided into two parties; three rushed across the path before, and three behind us. This part of the scene appears to me yet, more like a dream than any thing real: my brother screamed aloud the instant we saw them; for my part, it appeared to me, that the one party were Indians & the other white people: they stopped before us, I was making my way betwixt two of them, when one of the hind party pulled me back by my shirt; they instantly ran up a little hill to where they had left their baggage—there they tied a pair of moccasons on my feet; my brother at that instant broke off from them, running towards the house, screaming as he went; they brought him back, and started off as fast as I was able to run along with them, one of them carrying my brother on his back. We ran along side of the field where my parents were at work, they were only intercepted from our view by a small ridge in the field, that lay parallel to the course we were running—when we had got about seventy or eighty perches from the field, we sat down in a thicket of bushes, where we heard our father calling us; two of the Indians ran off towards the house—but happily missed him, as he had returned back to the field, supposing that we had gone back again. The other four started off with us as fast as I was able to travel along with them, jumping across every road we came to, one catching me by each arm, and slinging me over the road to prevent our tracks from being discovered.

We travelled all that day, observing still when we came to an eminence, one of them would climb up a tree, and point out the course they should take, in order, I suppose, to avoid being discovered. It came on rain towards evening, we travelled on till a good while after night—at last we took up our lodging under a large tree, they spread down a blanket for us to lie on, and laid another over us, an Indian laid down on each side of us on the edge of our cover, the rest laid down at our head and feet. At break of day we started again; about sunrise we heard a number of axes at a short distance from us, we also discovered where logs had been dragged on the ground the day before; they immediately took the alarm and made off as quick as possible. Towards evening we stopped on the side of a mountain; two of the Indians and the Frenchman, went down into the valley, leaving one to take care of us: they were not long gone till we heard them shooting, in a short time they came back, carrying a parcel of hogs on their backs, and a fowl they had killed; also a parcel of green apples in their bosoms; they gave us some of the apples, which was the first nourishment we got from the time we were taken. We then went down the mountain into an obscure place, where they kindled a fire and singed the hair of the hogs and roasted them, the fowl they roasted for us; we had not been long there till we heard the war halloo up the run from where we had our fire, the two Indians came to us, whom I mentioned had ran towards the house when they heard my father calling us; they had a scalp with them, by the color of the hair I concluded it had been my father's, but I was mistaken, it was the scalp of the man they killed the morning before they took us; the scalp they made two of, and dried

them at the fire. After roasting the meat and drying the scalps, we took to the mountain again, when we had got about half way up, we stopped and sat down on an old log—after a few minutes rest they rose up one after another and went to the sides of rocks and old logs and began to scrape away the leaves, where they drew out blankets, bells, a small kettle, and several other articles which they had hidden when they were coming down. We got over the mountain that evening, about sunset we crossed a large road in sight of a waste house, we went about a quarter of a mile farther and encamped by the side of a large run; one of them went about two or three hundred yards from the camp and shot a deer and brought it to the camp on his back. I had been meditating my escape from the time we crossed the road. Shortly after dark we laid down, I was placed next to the fire, my brother next, & an Indian laid down on the edge of the blanket behind us; I awoke some time in the night, and roused my brother, whispering to him to rise, and we would go off, he told me that he could not go, I told him that I would go myself, he replied that he did not care. I got up as softly as I could, but had not got more than three or four yards from the fire till the Indian who lay at our backs raised his head and said, "*Where you go?*" I told him I was going to p—s, he said, '*make haste, come sleep.*" I went and laid down again.

Next morning four of the Indians and the Frenchman went off on a scout, leaving one to take care of us. About the middle of the day, they came running the way we came the evening before—they hallooed as soon as they came in sight; by the time they got to the camp, the one who took care of us had all their things thrown on their

blankets; the one who took care of us, took me on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about a quarter of a mile, then threw me down, broke a twig and switched me along until we got on the mountain again; about an hour after, we began to gather whortle-berries, as they were very plenty on the mountains; lucky indeed for us, for I verily believe we should have starved with hunger, had it not been for the berries, for we could not eat the meat without bread or salt. We got off the mountain that evening, and encamped in a thicket; it rained that night and the next morning; they had made a shade of some of their spare blankets; we were long in starting the next morning. Whilst we were sitting about the fire, we heard the report of two guns at a little distance directly the way we came the evening before; they started up in an instant, and picked up their blankets and other articles: the one who carried me before took me on his back and ran as fast as he could, for about half a mile, then threw me down and whipt me along as they had done the day before. It must be observed that they always carried my brother time about; for my part it was the only two rides I got from the day I was taken, till we got to Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg)—I must pass over many occurrences that happened on our way to Pittsburgh, excepting one or two. The morning before we came to *Kee'sk-kshee-man-nit'-toos*, which signifies Cut Spirit, an old town at the junction of *La-el'-han'-neck*, or Middle Creek, and *Quin-nim'-mough-koong*, or *Can-na-maugh*, or Otter Creek, as the word signifies. The morning before we got there, they pulled all the hair out of our heads, except a small spot on the crown, which they left. We got to the town about the middle of the day, where we got some squashes to eat; the next morning

we set out for Fort Duquesne—the morning after that we came to several Indian camps—they gave us some bread, which was the first we tasted from the time we were taken. About a mile or two before we came to the fort, we met an old Indian, whose dress made him appear very terrifying to us; he had a brown coat on him, no shirt, his breast bare, a breech-clout, a pair of leggins and moccasons—his face and breast painted rudely with vermillion and verdigrease—a large bunch of artificial hair, dyed of a crimson color, fixed on the top or crown of his head, a large triangle piece of silver hanging below his nose, that covered almost the whole of his upper lip; his ears (which had been cut according to their peculiar custom) were stretched out with fine brass wire, made in the form (but much larger) of what is commonly fixed in suspenders, so that, perhaps, he appeared something like what you might apprehend to be a likeness of the devil. As he approached toward us, the rest said something to him,—he took hold of me by the arm, and lashed me about from side to side, at last he threw me from him as far as he was able, then took hold of my brother, and served him the same way. Shortly after that, they stopped and painted us, tying or fixing a large bunch of hawk's feathers on the top of each of our heads, then raised the war halloo, viz. one halloo for each scalp, and one for each prisoner, still repeating at certain intervals; we met several Indians who came running out to meet us—we were taken to the middle of their encampment into one of their chief's huts; after they had given a narrative of their adventure, the old chief drew out a small bag from behind his bed and took out a large belt of wampum and fixed it round my neck; we then started down to the fort, a great num

ber of Indians of both sexes were paraded on each side of the path to see us as we went along; some of them were shoving in little fellows to strike us, and others advising me to strike them, but we seemed to be both afraid of each other; we were taken into a French house, where a number of Indians were sitting on the floor; one of the chiefs took my brother by the hand and handed him to a Frenchman who was standing at a room door, which was the last sight I had of him: after that he took me by the hand, and made a speech for about half an hour, then handed me to an Indian who was sitting on the hearth smoaking his pipe; he took me between his legs, (he could talk very good English,) and asked me several questions, telling me that I was his brother, that the people had killed a brother of his about a year before, and that these good men (meaning the warriors who took us) had gone and brought me to replace his deceased brother; he also told me that he had been raised amongst the white people, and that he had been taught to read when he was young, but that he had almost forgot it. I believe he was telling me the truth, for he knew all the letters and figures. He then took me by the hand and led me to the *Al-leé'-ge-eon-ning* or Alleghany river, which signifies an impression made by the foot of a human being,—for said they, the land is so rich about it that a person cannot travel through the lands adjoining it without leaving the mark of their feet. We got in a canoe and went across the river, where a great number of Indians were encamped. He led me through their encampment; towards evening we came back. Shortly after our return, two young fellows took me by the hand and led me to the river, we got into a canoe and paddled about thirty or forty yards from the

shore, when they laid down their paddles and laid hold of me by the wrists, and plunged me over head and ears under the water, holding me down till I was almost smothered, then drew me up to get breath. This they repeated several times. I had no other thought, but that they were going to drown me. I was at every interval pleading with them not to drown me; at last one of them said, "*me no killim, me washim.*" I plead with them to let me into shallow water, and I would wash myself, accordingly they did—I then began to rub myself; they signified to me to dive; I dipped my face in the water and raised it up as quick as I could; one of them stepped out of the canoe and laid hold of me on the back of my neck, and held me down to the bottom, till I was almost smothered, before he let me go. I then waded out; they put a new ruffled shirt on me, telling me that I was then an Indian, and that they would send me away to the rest of their friends. Accordingly I was sent off the next day with a female friend, to an uncle of my adopted brother's, who lived at a town called *She-nang'-go*, on Beaver creek. Nothing remarkable happened during our journey, excepting several falls that I got off a young horse I was set on to ride. On the third or fourth night we arrived in *She-nang'-go*, about an hour after dark: after the female friend whom I was sent with had informed the family who I was, they set up a lamentable cry, for some time—when their lamentation was over, they came to me one after another and shook me by the hand, in token that they considered me to stand in the same relationship to them as the one in whose stead I was placed. The next morning I was presented to my uncle, with whom I lived about a year. He was blind of one eye—a very good natured man.

In the beginning of winter he used to raise me up by day light every morning, and make me sit down in the creek up to my chin in the cold water, in order to make me hardy as he said, whilst he would sit on the bank smoaking his pipe, until he thought I had been long enough in the water, he would then bid me to dive. After I came out of the water he would order me not to go near the fire until I would be dry. I was kept at that till the water was frozen over, he would then break the ice for me and send me in as before. Some time in the winter, perhaps not long before Christmas, I took very sick; I lay all winter at the fire side, and an old Squaw attended me, (what little attendance I got;) she used to go out in the snow and hunt up herbs by the old tops; the roots of which she would boil and make a kind of drink for me. She would never suffer me to taste cold water, nor any kind of flesh, or any thing that was sweet or salt. The only nourishment that I was suffered to take, was homony, or dumplings, made of coarse Indian meal boiled in water. As I said before, I lay all winter at the fire side, I had nothing but a small blanket to cover me, part of which I drew under me for my bed, my legs drew up so that I was obliged to crawl when I had occasion to go out of doors. I remained in that situation till corn planting time, when I began to get better. They anointed my knees and hams with bears oil, and made me keep my legs stretched out as tight as I could bear them, by which means I got the use of my joints in about a month's time.

Shortly after I got able to run about, a dreadful accident happened in my hands, in the following manner. The most of the Indians of the town were either at their corn-fields or out a fishing—my uncle had been unwell

for some time—he was below the town at the creek side, where he had an Indian doctor sweating him, and conjuring out his disorder. He had a large pistol, which he had hung up by the guard at the head of his bed, there was two brothers, relations of ours, the oldest was perhaps about my own age, the other about two years younger. The oldest boy took down the pistol and cocked it, threatening for diversion to shoot his brother: the little fellow ran off from us—I assisted him to let down the cock of the pistol which he held in his left hand with the muzzle towards his body, and his right hand against the cock: I would then (after cautioning him to turn the muzzle past his body,) draw the trigger, and he would let down the cock slowly. I advised him several times to lay by the pistol, which he would do; but as soon as his brother would come back to us, he would get it again. At last his brother got afraid and would not come near us any more. He then threatened to shoot me; I fled out of the house from him. The town lay in a semi-circular form, round a bend of the creek: there happened to be a woman at the upper end of the town, (as we lived at the lower end) that had observed me when I fled out of the house from him—he immediately called me back to assist him to let down the cock; I refused to go, unless he would turn the butt of the pistol to me, which he did, I went in, in haste (and forgot to caution him to hold the muzzle to one side) and drew the trigger; the consequence was, the pistol went off and shot him in the stomach, the pistol flew out of our hands; he laid his hands across his breast and ran out of the house, screaming aloud as he ran; I ran out of the house and looked after him, he went towards their own door, (about forty or fifty yards off,) he quit

screaming before he fell;—it was late in the evening; his mother and grandmother were coming from their cornfield at that instant; his grandmother just cast her eye towards him, as she came past him, and came to me where I was standing; before they got near me, I told her that *Watook*, (for that was his name,) had shot himself; she turned away from me without saying any thing. In a short time all the Indians in the town collected about me, examining me, and getting me to show them what way he took to shoot himself; I told them that he took the pistol in his left hand and held the muzzle to his stomach, whilst he pushed the trigger from him with his thumb: I held to the one story. At last the woman (whom I mentioned had seen me when I fled out of the house from him) came and told them that she was standing out of doors looking at me across the bend of the creek, at the time she heard the report of the pistol, and that I was standing a considerable distance from the house at the time—at which they all dispersed.

There was something very singular in this affair, as the same woman and her husband, about a year after the above accident, was the means of saving my life when I was apparently drowned, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

It happened to be the first funeral that I had seen amongst them, and not being acquainted with their customs, I was put to a terrible fright; shortly after dark they began to fire off their guns, which they always do when any one dies. As all the family had gone to the wake, I was left by myself in the house; when the firing began I concluded that they were about to take my life; I therefore crept under a bed that was set upon forks drove into the ground, a considerable height off the floor,

where I lay as close to the wall as I could get, till about break of day, when I was aroused by the report of their guns again. I did not go near the corpse—however I heard them say, that he bled none, as the colfing and the blaze of the powder had followed the ball into his body. There were several young squaws who had seen us running about with the pistol; they frequently charged me with being the cause of the boy's death, which I always denied, but *Queek-queek-co-mooch'-que*, a little white girl, (a prisoner,) who lived with the family that the deceased belonged to—was like to be the worst evidence against me, she told them that she saw me have the pistol in my hands several times—but the woman's evidence overruled the whole of them; however their minds were not entirely divested of the thoughts that I had taken his life, as they often cast it up to me afterwards, that I had shot *Watook;* especially when I would happen to get into a quarrel with any of the little fellows, they would tell me that I had killed one of them already, and that I wanted to kill another; however I declare the thing was merely accidental.

When I reflect on the above accident, and the circumstances attending it, my mind flows with gratitude to that Almighty Being whose wise providence directs the affairs of the world; I do not say that a lie is justifiable in the sight of God, yet I am led to believe that the woman was guided by providence in telling a manifest falsehood, which, perhaps, was the means of prolonging my days; as I am led to believe, had the true circumstances of the case been known to them, I never should have seen the light of another day; nor should I have expected that my body would have been laid under the ground, but that I would rather have been thrown into

the creek, to be devoured by fish, or left above ground to be devoured by vermin, as I knew to be the case with two men, which I shall mention before I close this narrative.

Sometime in the summer following, we went to a treat with the French at Presqu'ile—on our way there, we went by an Indian town at or near where Meadville now stands: just as we got to the town, we observed a number of Batteaux coming down French Creek; the French came to the shore where they were; one of them offered to purchase me from the Indians; he offered for me an old spade, wanting the handle, (which, perhaps, was the lowest value that ever was set upon me,) they laughed scornfully at him for his folly: however, they decamped immediately, for fear the French might come and steal me away by night. When we got to Presqu'ile, I was given up to my Indian mother whom I had never seen before. After the treaty was over, my old uncle returned to Shenanggo, and left me with my old mother and two brothers something older than myself; we had a step-father also, who hunted for us. We moved from Presqu'ile near to fort *Le Beauf*, where my mother had raised a small patch of corn; we lived there till the fall, occasionally going to the fort to draw rations, as the French constantly supplied the Indians with provisions whilst they lay about the fort. The French always observed to fire off a swivel, as a salute when the Indians came to the fort with prisoners or scalps.

Towards fall my old brother, (I call him old because he was the oldest of the family; he was not more than twenty two or three) came to us, I had not seen him from the time I was given to him at fort Duquesne (or Pittsburg) till then; he came to take us to Shenanggo

to live amongst the rest of our friends. We had but one horse to carry our provisions, our apparel we carried on our backs like the tarapine, so that we had to travel on foot. We were a long time on the way, as they frequently stopped three or four days at a place to hunt. We arrived at Shenanggo in the beginning of winter. Not long after our arrival, I took a severe turn of the pleurisy, and lay very ill for about twenty days; my old mother and an old aunt paid great attention to me; observing, with regard to my drink and diet, as my former attendant had done before.

The next summer I had like to lose my life; all the Indians of the town, excepting one man and a woman, were out at their corn fields, leaving the young ones to take care of their houses. About ten o'clock of the day, four of the little fellows and me went into the creek to bathe ourselves, the creek is perhaps about sixty or seventy yards wide; there is a ridge of rocks that reaches across the stream, where I had often observed the Indians wading across; the water being deep at each side: I ventured to wade over, and made out very well, until I got about a rod off the shore on the opposite side, when the water began to get too deep for me, I turned about, proud of my performance.—When I had got about half way back I missed my course, and all at once stepped over the edge of the rocks, and went down over head and ears; I made a few springs as high as I could above the water, at last I swallowed so much water, and not having yet learned to swim, I was obliged to give over. When the little fellows who came to bathe along with me, saw that I had given myself up, they raised the scream.—The woman whom I mentioned before, came running to the bank to see what was the matter; they

told her that *Isting-go-weh'-hing* (for that was the name they gave me) was drowned. She immediately ran to the house and awaked her husband, who came as quick as possible (as they told me afterwards) to my relief; as I kept afloat all the time, he waded up to his chin before he could get hold of me by the leg, he then trailed me through the water until he got to the rocks that I had stepped over, he then laid me over his shoulder and brought me out to the bank, where he threw me down, supposing that I was dead. It happened that my head was down hill; the water gushed out of my mouth and nose; (he had previously sent off one of the little boys to inform my friends of the accident.) After some time I began to show some signs of life. He then took me by the middle, clasping his hands across my belly, and shook me; the water still running plentifully out of my mouth and nose. By the time my friends arrived, I began to breathe more freely. They carried me up the bank to a *week-a-waum*, or house, and laid me down on a deer skin, where I lay till about the middle of the afternoon; at last I awoke out of sleep, and was surprised to see a great number of Indians of both sexes standing around me. I raised my head, my old brother advanced toward me, and said, "*au-moygh-t-ha-heeh-a-moigh*," that is, rise, go and bathe yourself. I then recollected what I had been doing. He told me that if he would see me in the creek again he would drown me out right; however, the very next day I was paddling in the water again. Some time whilst we resided at *Shenang-go*, (perhaps in the latter end of Nov.,) about thirty warriors returned through *Shenang-go*, from a tour; they were of the Mingo nation; they had a number of scalps with them, and a prisoner, a man of about

25 years of age; one of the party had got wounded in the body; the prisoner had a large bundle of blankets tied up and slung on his back, with a *happees'*, for the wounded Indian to sit on. I make no doubt, but that he had carried him the whole way from where he had received the wound, which, I presume, could not be less than two hundred miles;—they tarried about two hours in town, then started off again—the prisoner had to take the wounded Indian on his back again and march off: I understood they had to go a considerable distance beyond Presqu'ile, which I presume could not be less than three hundred and fifty, or four hundred miles, that the poor unfortunate prisoner had to carry the wounded Indian on his back, before they would get to their destination:—however he had one advantage of what other prisoners had to undergo, that was, he was exempted from a severe beating, at every town they went through, before they got to their destination, which every grown person has to suffer, as I shall relate hereafter. I understood by them, that it was a general custom among all their nations, that if any one happened to get wounded, that the rest would do their utmost to take a prisoner, or prisoners, to carry their wounded.

We lived about two years and a half in Shenango. We then moved to where they were settling a new town, called *Kseek-he'-oong*, that is, a place of salt, a place now well known by the name of salt licks, on the west branch of Beaver, where we lived about one year: we moved there about the time that General Forbes took fort Duquesne from the French. My brother had been about three years married; they had a young son whom they thought a great deal of; my sister-in-law was very cross

to me, when my brother was absent; he had heard of it, and asked me when we were by ourselves, if his wife did not strike me sometimes, when he was absent, I told him she did, he bid me to let him know if ever she would strike me again; not long after, my brother being absent, she went to the corn field to work, and left her son in my care; as soon as she left us, I begun to divert myself with a foot ball; the little fellow was running after me crying aloud, and his mother heard him. While I was engaged at my diversion, she came behind me unnoticed, and knocked me down with the handle of a billhook. I took the first opportunity to inform my brother how she had treated me; he advised her not to treat me so any more, telling her what the consequence would be if she did. She was highly affronted at him, and went off and left us. About three days after, she came back, attended by a female cousin of hers, to carry off her moveables; whilst she was gathering up her goods, my brother stepped out, and began to try the strength of some small branches that had been recently chopped off a green tree; at seeing that, she fled out of the house and ran as fast as she was able,—he pursued her, and whipped her severely; she ran back to the house for protection, and squatted down behind his mother, who had occasionally come to see us; it put the thoughts of leaving us out of her head: neither did she ever strike me afterwards.

Sometime while we resided at *Kseek-he'-oong*, or salt licks, *Mus-sooh'-whese*, or Ben Dickson, invented a kind of punishment to inflict on boys who would do mischief, such as quarelling, plundering watermelon, or cucumber patches, &c. in the following manner:—there is a kind of fish that abounds in western waters, called a gar, that

has a very long bill, and long sharp teeth; he took the bill of one of those fish, and wrapped a thin rag round it, projecting the teeth through the rag. He took any one who would do any kind of mischief, and after wetting their thighs and legs, he would score them from the hip down to the heel, three or four times on each thigh and leg, and sometimes, if they were found guilty, a second or third time—he would score them from the top of the shoulder down to the wrists, and from the top of the shoulder, on the back, to the contrary hip, crossways. It happened once, that a nephew of his, a very mischievous boy, threw the entrails of a turtle in my face then ran off as quick as he could from me round the house—I picked up a stone and pursued him, and threw it after him; it happened to light on the top of his head and knocked him down, and cut his head badly, or, it is probable, he would have concealed it, as he well knew what the consequence would be; for his back, arms, thighs and legs were almost constantly raw by the frequent punishments he got for his mischief.

However, *Mus-sooh'-whese* happened to be out fishing at the time; he was informed when he came home of what had taken place; I was apprehensive of what would be my doom, and was advised by my friends to hide myself; accordingly I got into a small addition to the house, where a number of bails of deer skin and fur were piled up; I had not been long there until I heard him enquiring for me; they told him I had gone down to the creek, and was not returned yet: he therefore ordered one of my brothers, (who had been with him a fishing the day before,) to stand up until he would score him; as my brother was partly man grown, he refused; a struggle ensued—however, my brother was

obliged to give up. The reason he gave for punishing others who were not present at the time the mischief was done, was, that if they should be present at the time that any one was promoting mischief, he should do his best endeavor to prevent it, or inform against those who had done it—as the informer was always exempted from the punishment aforesaid. I then heard him say, that, if I was to stay away a year he would score me; he then went to the creek on the hunt of me; after he was gone, they told me that I might as well come out as conceal myself; accordingly I did. In a short time he came back, grinning and shewing his teeth as if he had got a prize; he ordered me to stand up at the side of a post; I obeyed his orders—he then took and wet my thighs and legs, to prevent the skin from tearing: he took the gar's bill, and gave me four scores, or scrapes, with it, from the point of the hip down to the heel—the mark of which I will carry to my grave.

My oldest brother was from home at the time the above punishment was inflicted on us; he came home that same night; I scarcely ever saw him more out of humour, than when he found the way we had been treated. He said, (whether he was in earnest or not, I cannot tell,) that if he had been at home, he would have applyed his *tim-ma-heek'-can*, to *Mus-sooh'-whese's* head, rather than suffer such an ignominious punishment, as he conceived it, to be inflicted on any of his family. However, he told *Mus-sooh'-whese*, never to do the like again without his consent.

I was very near being innocently punished, about a year afterwards, notwithstanding I had more than a dozen witnesses to prove that I was not, the course of

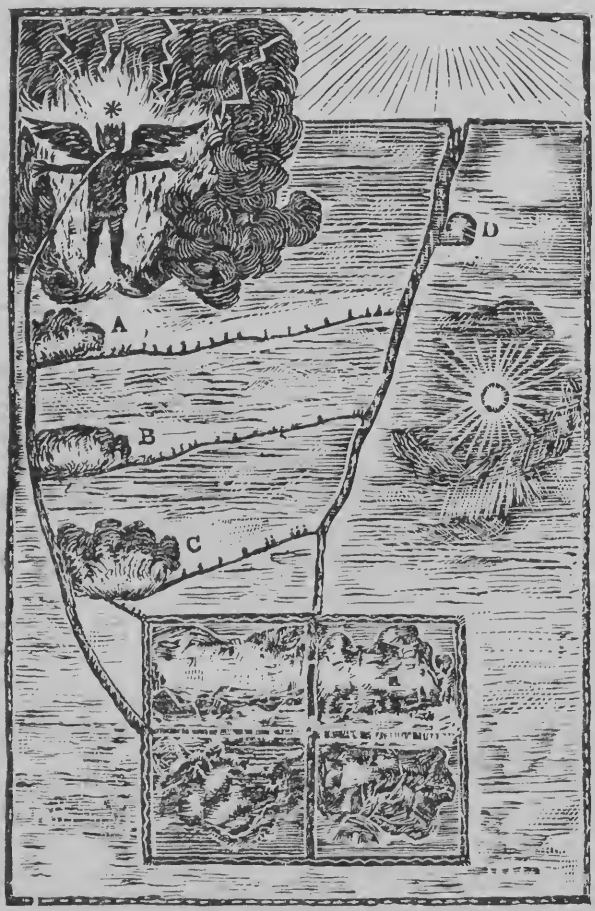
that day, where the mischief was done; which was only the plundering of a watermelon patch.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he'-oong*, one Andrew Wilkins, a trader, came to the town, and was taken ill while there—he sent me to the other end of the town with some beads, to purchase a fowl for him, to work off a physic with; when I came back, he was sitting alone in the house: as he could talk the Indian tongue tolerably well, he began to question we about where I was taken from? I told him from Conococheague—he asked my name; I told him. As soon as he returned to Shippensburg, (which was his place of residence,) he informed my father that he had seen me, which was the first account they received of me, from the time I was taken.—The next spring, we moved to a town about fifteen miles off, called *Mo-hon'-ing*, which signifies a lick. Some time in the summer following, my father came to *Mo-hon'-ing*, and found me out. I was shy in speaking to him, even by an interpreter, as I had at that time forgot my mother tongue. My Indian brother not being at home, my father returned to Pittsburg and left me.

My brother was gone to *Tus-ca-la-ways*, about forty or fifty miles off, to see and hear a prophet that had just made his appearance amongst them; he was of the Delaware nation; I never saw nor heard him. It was said, by those who went to see him, that he had certain hieroglyphics marked on a piece of parchment, denoting the probation that human beings were subjected to whilst they were living on earth, and also, denoting something of a future state. They informed me, that he was almost constantly crying whilst he was exhorting them. I saw a copy of his hieroglyphics, as numbers

of them had got them copyed and undertook to preach, or instruct others. The first, (or principal doctrine,) they taught them, was to purify themselves from sin, which they taught they could do by the use of emetics, and abstainence from carnal knowledge of the different sexes; to quit the use of fire arms, and to live entirely in the original state that they were in before the white people found out their country, nay, they taught that fire was not pure that was made by steel and flint, but that they should make it by rubbing two sticks together, which I have frequently assisted to do, in the following manner: take a piece of red cedar, have it well seasoned, get a rod of bortree well seasoned, gouge out a small bit with the point of a knife, cut off the cedar about an eighth of an inch from the edge, set the end of the bortree in it, having first stuck a knife in the side of the cedar, to keep the dust that will rub out by the friction; then take it between the hands, and rub it, pressing hard on the cedar and rubbing as quick as possible; in about half a minute the fire will kindle. It was said, that their prophet taught them, or made them believe, that he had his instructions immediately from *Keesh-she'-la-mil'-lang-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being, and that by following his instructions, they would, in a few years, be able to drive the white people out of their country.

I knew a company of them, who had secluded themselves for the purpose of purifying from sin, as they thought they could do; I believe they made no use of fire-arms. They had been out more than two years before I left them; whether they conformed rigidly to the rules laid down to them by their prophet, I am not able to say with any degree of certainty,—but one thing I



*Mah-tan′-tooh, or the Devil, standing in a flame of fire, with open arms to receive the wicked.

know, that several women resorted to their encampments; it was said, that they made use of no other weapons than their bows and arrows: they also taught, in shaking hands, to give the left hand in token of friendship, as it denoted that they gave the heart along with the hand, —but I believe that to have been an ancient custom among them, and I am rather of opinion, that the practice is a caution against enemies—that is, if any violence should be offered, they would have the right hand ready to seize their *tim-ma-heek'-can*, or tomahawk, or their *paughk-sheek'-can*, or knife, to defend themselves, if necessary. I might here insert many other principles, which they said, were taught them by their prophet; but I shall pass over them, and mark down a copy of their hieroglyphics, without explaining them, or at least but briefly.

They taught that all those on the right hand of the square surface, or the world, (represented in the plate opposite,) went immediately after death to heaven—and part of those on the uppermost square, to the left; those on the lowest square to the left, are those who are abandonedly wicked; they go immediately on the road that leads to hell.—The places marked A, B, C, are where the wicked have to undergo a certain degree of punishment, before they are admitted into heaven—and that each of those places are a flame of fire—the place on the right hand line, or road to heaven, marked D, denotes a pure spring of water, where those who have been punished at the aforesaid places, stop to quench their thirsts, after they had undergone a purgation by fire*.—It must be observed, that the places marked A,

* It would appear, by the above recital, as if they had some idea of the Popish tenet of purgatory.

B, C, differed, (as they taught) in degree of heat, still as the mark, or hieroglyphic decreases in size, it increases about one third more in heat—the first is not as hot as the second by one-third, nor the second as the third, in the same proportion.

The fall following, my father went out to fort Venenggo, or French Creek, along with Wilkins. Wilkins sent a special messenger to Mohoning, for my brother to take me to Venenggo, telling him that my father would purchase me from him; accordingly he took me off without letting me know his intention, or, it is probable, I would not have gone with him; when we got to Venenggo, we encamped about a mile from the garrison; my brother went to the garrison to bargain with my father for me, but told me nothing of it. The next morning my father and two others came to our camp, and told me that my brother wanted to see me at the fort; I went along with them; when we got there he told me that I must go home with my father, to see my mother and the rest of my friends; I wept bitterly, all to no purpose; my father was ready to start; they laid hold of me and set me on a horse, I threw myself off; they set me on again, and tied my legs under the horse's belly, and started away for Pittsburg; we encamped about ten or fifteen miles from Venenggo; before we lay down, my father took his garters and tied my arms behind my back; however, I had them loose before my father lay down; I took care to keep it concealed from them by keeping my arms back as if they were tied. About midnight, I arose from between my father and John Simeons, who was to accompany us to Pittsburg; I stepped out from the fire and sat down as if I had a real necessity for doing so; my father and Simeons arose and

mended up the fire; whilst they were laying the chunks together—I ran off as fast as I could. I had got near a hundred yards from the camp, when I heard them hunting a large dog, which they had along with them, after me; I thought the dog would certainly overtake me; I therefore climbed up a tall tree, as fast as I could; the dog stopped at the root of the tree, but as they continued to hunt him on, he ran off again—they came past the tree; after they passed by me, I climbed further up, until I got to some limbs, where I could rest myself; the dog came back to the tree again,—after a short time they came back and stood a considerable time at the root of the tree—then returned to the fire; I could see them distinctly from where I was; I remained on the tree about an hour; I then went down and steered through the woods till I found the road; I went about two or three miles along it, and the wolves were making a hideous noise all around me: I went off the road a short distance and climbed up a dogwood sapling, and fixed myself on the branches of it, where I remained till break of day; I then got on the road again; I ran along as fast as I was able, for about five miles, where I came to an Indian camp: they told me that I had better not keep the road, alledging that I would certainly be pursued; I took their advice and went off the road immediately, and steered through the woods till I got to where my friends were encamped; they advised me to take along the road that we came, when we came there, telling me that they were going to return home that day; I made no delay, but went on about ten miles, and there waited till they came up with me. Not long after I left them, my father came to the camp; they denied that they had seen me —supposing that I had gone on to Mohoning by myself,

telling him that if I had, that they would take me to Pittsburg that fall.

Soon after we got home to Mohoning, instead of taking me to Pittsburg, agreeable to their promise, they set out on their fall hunt, taking me along with them; we staid out till some time in the winter before we returned.

We lived about a mile out of Mohoning; there were some traders at *Kseek-he'-oong*, or salt licks, early in the spring. A nephew of my adopted brother's had stole a horse from one Tom Green, a trader; he pursued the thief to Mohoning; he was gone out a trapping when Green came after him. Green waited three days on the Indian's return with the horse. The third night, about midnight, there came an alarm, which was notified by hallooing *Qua-ah'*, still repeating four halloos at a time, at certain intervals. When we heard the alarm, my oldest brother went off to the town, to see what was the matter. In about two hours he returned; Green asked him what was the matter—he told him that it was some foolish young fellows that had done it, for diversion. Green did not seem to be satisfied with the answer. However, about sun-rise, *Mus-sough'-whese*, (an Indian, my adopted brother's nephew, known by the name of Ben Dickson, among the white people,) came to our house; he had a pistol and a large scalping knife, concealed under his blanket, belted round his body. He informed *Ket-tooh'-ha-lend*, (for that was my adopted brother's name,) that he came to kill Tom Green; but *Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* endeavored to persuade him off it. They walked out together, and Green followed them, endeavouring, as I suppose, to discover the cause of the alarm the night before: in a short time they returned to the house, and immediately went out again. Green

asked me to bring him his horse, as we heard the bell a short distance off; he then went after the Indians again, and I went for the horse; as I was returning, I observed them coming out of a house, about two hundred yards from ours; *Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* was foremost, Green in the middle; I took but slight notice of them, until I heard the report of a pistol; I cast my eyes towards them, and observed the smoke, and saw Green standing on the side of the path, with his hands across his breast; I thought it had been him that shot: he stood a few moments, then fell on his face across the path; I instantly got off the horse, and held him by the bridle,—*Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* sunk his pipe tomahawk into his skull; *Mus-sough'-whese* stabbed him under the arm-pit with his scalping knife. He had shot him between the shoulders with his pistol; the squaws gathered about him, and stripped him naked, trailed him down the bank, and plunged him into the creek; there was a fresh in the creek, at the time, which carried him off. *Mus-sough'-whese* then came to me, (where I was holding the horse, as I had not moved from the spot where I was when Green was shot,) with the bloody knife in his hand; he told me that he was coming to kill me next; he reached out his hand and took hold of the bridle, telling me that, that was his horse; I was glad to parley with him on the terms, and delivered the horse to him. All the Indians in the town immediately collected together, and started off to the salt licks, where the rest of the traders were, and murdered the whole of them, and divided their goods amongst them, and likewise their horses. My adopted brother took two horse loads of beaver skin, and set off with them to *Tus-ca-law'-ways*, where a number of traders resided, and sold the fur to them. There happened to be an old In-

dian, who was known amongst the traders by the name of Daniel; he cautioned the traders not to purchase the fur from him, assuring them that he had murdered some traders—to convince them, he showed them that the skins were marked with so many different marks, which convinced him in his opinion; however, either through fear or some other motive, they exchanged goods for the fur; the same evening, old Daniel offered his service to them, assuring them that he would endeavour to conduct them safe into Pittsburg, adding that if they would not take his advice, he was sure they would be all murdered by day light the next morning; they took his advice, and as they lived about a mile out of town, they had an opportunity of going away without being discovered; they started shortly after dark, as was conjectured by the Indians, leaving all their merchandise behind them; how many there were of them, I do not recollect of hearing; however, as I heard, they went on safe until they got to *Ksack-hoong*, an old Indian town at the confluence of the Beaver and Ohio, where they came to an Indian camp unawares; probably the Indians had discovered them before they reached the camp, as they were ready for them; as soon as they made their appearance, the Indians fired on them—the whole of them fell, excepting old Daniel, and one Calhoun, who made his escape into Pittsburg; old Daniel had a bullet shot into his saddle, close behind him, the mark of which I frequently saw, after he made his escape back to his friends.

Mohoning lay on the frontier, as they had evacuated all their towns to the north of it, when the war commenced. Shortly after the commencement of the war, they plundered a tanyard near to Pittsburg, and car-

ried away several horse loads of leather, they also committed several depredations along the Juniata; it happened to be at a time when the small-pox was in the settlement where they were murdering, the consequence was, a number of them got infected, and some died before they got home, others shortly after; those who took it after their return, were immediately moved out of the town, and put under the care of one who had had the disease before. In one of their excursions, they took some prisoners—amongst them was one of the name of Beaty, whom they beat unmercifully, when they took him to Mohoning; they set him to make bridles for them, (that is to fill old bits,) of the leather they took from Pittsburg; he appeared very cross; he would often run at the little fellows with his knife or awls, when they came to look at him where he was at work: however, they soon took him off to *Cay-a-haw'-ge*, a town not far distant from Lake Erie.

We remained in Mohoning till shortly after the memorable battle at Brushy Run: we then moved to *Cay-a-haw'-ge;* the day before we got there, they began to be alarmed at Beaty's behaviour; they held a council, and agreed to kill him, least he should take some of their lives. They led him about fifty or sixty perches out of the town, some walking before and some behind him; they then shot him with arrows! I went out the evening after we got there, along with some little fellows, to see him; he was a very disagreeable sight to behold; they had shot a great number of arrows into his body—then went off and left him exposed to the vermin!

The same year that Beaty was taken, *Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* was their *Moy-a-sooh'-whese*, or foreman, of a party consisting of nine Indians; they came to a house where

there were two men and a woman, who had killed a hog, and had a large pot of water on the fire, making ready to scald it—*Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* rushed into the house—the rest stopped at the outside; he seized the woman and shoved her out of the door, and told the rest to take care of her; one of them broke out of the house and made off, whilst the other catched hold of *Ket-tooh'-ha-lend* by the arms, & endeavoured to put him into the pot of boiling water, shoving him back to the corner of the house, where two guns were standing—he said he frequently called on the rest to come in to assist him, but none of them would venture in. The man was constantly looking about, either for assistance or fear of the rest of the Indians; at last he observed, the man had a long queue—he therefore, after he was almost exhausted, watched his opportunity, and suddenly putting his hand up behind the man's back, and catching hold of his queue, jerked his head back, by which means he got his other arm disengaged, and drew his *Tim-ma-heek'-can*, or tomahawk, and knocked him on the head. But to his great mortification, when he came out, he found the woman whom he had shoved out of the door, lying dead and scalped.

We stayed but a short time in *Cay-a-haw'-ge*, then moved across the country to the forks of *Moosh-king'-oong*, which signifies clear eyes, as the river abounds with a certain kind of fish that have very clear eyes; from thence we took up the west branch to its source, and from thence I know not where.

Nothing remarkable happened during our peregrinations, except what we suffered by hunger, it being in the winter; we sometimes had to make use of the stems of turkey quills for food, by running them under hot embers

till they would swell and get crisp. We have subsisted on gum bark, and sometimes on white plantain; but the greater part of our time on a certain kind of root that has something of the resemblance of a potatoe.

In the spring we returned to the west branch of *Mooshking'-oong*, and settled in a new town which we called *Kta-ho'-ling*, which signifies a place where roots has been dug up for food. We remained there during the summer.

Sometime in the summer, whilst we were living at *Kta-ho'-ling*, a great number of Indians collected at the forks of *Moos-king'-oong*, perhaps there were about three hundred or upwards; their intention was to come to the settlements and make a general massacre of the whole people, without any regard to age or sex; they were out about ten days when the most of them returned; having held a council, they concluded that it was not safe for them to leave their towns destitute of defence. However, several small parties went on, to different parts of the settlements: it happened that three of them, whom I was well acquainted with, came to the neighborhood of where I was taken from—they were young fellows, perhaps none of them more than twenty years of age,—they came to a school house, where they murdered and scalped the master and all the scholars, except one, who survived after he was scalped, a boy about ten years old, and a full cousin of mine. I saw the Indians when they returned home with the scalps; some of the old Indians were very much displeased at them for killing so many children, especially *Neep-paugh'-whese*, or night walker, an old chief, or half king,—he ascribed it to cowardice, which was the greatest affront he could offer them.

In the fall we were alarmed by a report that the white people were marching out against them, which, in a

short time, proved to be true; Col. Boquett, with an army, was then actually marching out against them. As the Delaware nation was always on the frontier, (which was the nation I was amongst,) they had the first notice of it, and immediately gave the alarm to the other nations adjoining them; a council was called: the result was, that they were scarce of ammunition, and were not able to fight him, that they were then destitute of clothing, and that, upon the whole, it was best to come on terms of peace with the white people. Accordingly they sent off special messengers to meet the army on their march, in order to let them know that they were disposed to come on terms of peace with them. The messengers met the army at Tuscalaways. They crept up to the camp after dark, and informed the guard that they were sent by their nation to sue for peace. The commander of the army sent for them to come into camp, they went and delivered their mission. The colonel took care to take hostages for their fidelity; the remainder were suffered to return: but he told them he would march his army on to *Moosh-king'-oong*, where he expected to meet their chiefs and warriors, to come on terms of peace with him, assuring them at the same time, that he would not treat with them, but upon condition, that they would deliver up all the prisoners they had in their possession. The messengers returned, and gave a narrative of their mission. The *Sha-a-noo'-wack*, or Shawanese, were not satisfied with the terms; however as the Delawares had left hostages with the commander of the army, the Shawanese acquieseed to come on terms of peace, jointly with the other tribes. Accordingly the army marched on to *Moosh-king'-oong*. The day they arrived there, an express was sent off to one of

their nearest towns, to inform them that they were ready to treat with them. We then lived about ten miles from *Moosh-king'-oong;* accordingly they took all the prisoners to the camp, myself amongst the rest, and delivered us up to the army. We were immediately put under a guard,—a few days after, we were sent under a strong guard to Pittsburg. On our way two of the prisoners made their escape, to wit: one Rhoda Boyd and Elizabeth Studibaker, and went back to the Indians. I never heard whether they were ever brought back or not; there were about two hundred of us—we were kept a few days in Pittsburg. There was one John Martin, from the big cove, came to Pittsburg after his family, who had been taken by the Indians the fall before I was taken: he got leave from the colonel to bring me down along with his family: I got home about the middle of December, 1764, being absent (as I heard my parents say) eight years, four months, and sixteen days. Previous to my return, my father had sold his plantation, where I was taken from, and bought another about four miles from the former, where I have resided ever since.

When I reflect on the various scenes of life, I came through, during my Captivity,—Methinks I see the hand of Providence, remarkably conspicuous, throughout the whole. First, what but the hand of Providence directed them to take us alive, when our scalps might have answered the same purpose? or that they should, when apparently in danger, risk their lives by the incumbrance of us, by carrying us on their backs? Secondly, that they should not have drowned me outright, when they washed me in the Alleghany river? Thirdly, that they took any care of me, when I was apparently on the point of death, by two severe fits of sickness? Fourthly,

that they should have taken any notice of me, when I was, to all appearance, drowned at Shenanggo? nay, I have often thought that the hand of Providence guided me in making my escape from my father, as, in all probability, I would have been at the school, where the master and scholars were murdered, as I had two cousins among the number, one of whom was scalped, and who, I believe, is yet alive;—or even when *Mussough'-whese* came to me, after he had murdered Green, with the bloody knife in his hand. I say, methinks I I see the hand of Providence remarkably displayed throughout the whole.

How often are we exposed to dangers, which we have neither had knowledge of, nor power to prevent? I could have related many dangers that I was exposed to, during my captivity, which I have thought proper to omit in the foregoing narrative; as I am conscious that there are numbers, who never has had the trial of what they were able to undergo, would be ready to charge me with falsehood, as I have often observed what other narrators have met with.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to conclude this narrative, with a few observations on the manners and customs of the ABORIGENES of our country.

INDIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

They count it very bad manners, for any one to speak while another is talking, or for any one to interrupt another in discourse. They will readily cast up to any one who would do so, that they were no better than *Sho-wan'-nough-kock*, or white people. Whilst one is de-

livering a discourse, or relating a story, they pay the greatest attention to him, occasionally repeating the word *ke-hel'-lah*, which signifies, I am paying attention to what you are saying.

I shall now enter on the detail, as near as I can recollect.

They have some confused notion of the immortality of the soul, but they differ widely even in that point of of their creed. Some are of opinion, that after the soul leaves the body, it enters into the body of some foetus of their own nation, where it will have to undergo all the vicissitudes of life, as they had done whilst they were in the former body, and that they will go from one body to another throughout the endless ages of eternity. Others are of the opinion, that as soon as their *Lin-nap-pe-oc'-can*, or soul, leaves the body, it takes its flight to *Keesh-shé'-la-mil-lang'-up*, or a being that *thought* us into being, as the word signifies, or to *Mah-tan'-tooh*, or bad spirit, that is, the devil, there to enjoy happiness or endure misery, according to the deeds done in the body. Others are of opinion, that their *Lin-nap-pe-oc'-can*, will have to wander about on the earth, for the same period of time that they had lived in the world, and undergo the same vicissitudes that they had done whilst they remained in the body; then after that, they will go to *Keesh-shé'-la-mil-lang'-up*, where they expect to remain in a happy state forever. I never understood by them, that they had any idea of the resurrection of the body after death.*

As to their religion, (if they may be said to have any,) they generally select their seed corn, when they are

*The above were the general points, or heads of their creed, before their prophet made his appearance amongst them.

pulling it. After they plant, they take part of what is left, and sometimes the whole, and pounds it into meal, then kneads it into a large cake, and bakes it under the ashes, having previously procured the head and neck of a doe, which they boil into Jelly—then invites one of the oldest Indians in the town to come and eat of it; permitting him, or her, to carry off the remainder with them. This, they say, is an offering to their maker, praying that he would give them a good increase of what they put in the ground. In like manner, when their corn is in the roasting-ear; before they eat any of it themselves, they hunt for a buck; if they happen to get a large one, they count it a good omen. They boil the whole in their kettles, and take as much of the green corn as they judge to be sufficient for their purpose, scraping it off the cob, and thickening the broth with it; then invites twelve of the oldest persons in the town, to wit: six men and six women. When they assemble at the place, each brings a small kettle and a spoon with them; they are told that the provision prepared, is an offering to *Keesh-she'-la-mil-lang'-up*. Having previously divided the meat into twelve shares, they give each an equal portion, and also divide the broth, or rather mush, in the same manner. After they have eaten till they are satisfied, they raise a loud halloo, thus, *h*——*o*, holding the sound as long as they are able to retain it with one breath, repeating it twelve times; stopping at certain intervals and thanking their Maker for sending them such good provisions. After the ceremony is over, they take the skin of the buck and give it to one of the twelve, whom they think is most in need of it; at the same time giving one of the other sex as much wampum as they value the skin to be worth; at which they

step out of doors and sit down, with their faces towards the rising of the sun, and perform the same ceremony, with the addition of sounding the word *h——o*, twice, with a low voice. After all is over, each retires home, carrying what they left from their meal, home with them.

They have also several other rites; such as making a burnt offering of the head and neck of a buck to the sun; which they will perform with great solemnity, in the following manner: When the hunting season commences, the first large buck they kill, they cut the neck off the body, close to the shoulders, carry it home with the horns on; they kindle a large fire, placing the wood east and west; lay the offering in the middle of the fire, with the face of it toward the east; then take a tarapine shell, with a parcel of small whites stones in it, and walk round the fire, rattling the shell, and singing very loud, until the whole is consumed. The rest of the family sitting round the fire the whole time without uttering one word; neither will they eat any of the flesh of the buck, till after the offering is entirely consumed. It would be endless to describe the offerings they make to their various deities: such as the Moon, burnt offerings to Angels, which they denominate *Sink-ho-leek'-cannack*, which signifies spirits above. They also make offerings to their deceased relatives; such as tobacco, bread, meat, watermelons, and sometime wampum and apparel. It would be unnecessary to be particular in describing the various offerings that they offer to their various deities. I shall therefore decline this subject, and enter on others, more interesting.

When a woman is in her pregnancy, she generally provides a hut, to which she resorts, when the time of her delivery approaches—as she does also at certain

other times—during which period, she has no communication with any other person, except those who carry provisions to her. Before she comes to her house again, she washes herself, and all her clothes, let the season be ever so severe. How they became so far acquainted with the Mosaic law, as treats of uncleanness, is a mystery to me! I shall therefore leave the subject to be developed by abler writers.

Of their Mode of Warfare.—When any one takes it into his head to go a tour at war, he informs some of his friends, or intimates, of his design, and if any of them approves of it, they tell him they will go along with him. As soon as he has three or four of a company made up, they go to their council-house, (as they have one in every town,) at night; having previously provided a drum for that purpose, they beat it, and sing war songs, and dance war dances—they are soon joined by others; as soon as they think they have a sufficient number, they proclaim the day they intend to march, and he that made the first proposition of going, is their *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*, or foreman, for that tour. When they are ready to march, their *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*, or captain, puts his luggage on his back, takes up his gun and tomahawk, and sometimes his *baugh-cas-king-gue-heek'-can*, or what we call death mallet, the rest following his example; he sings a war song, the rest, at the same time, pronouncing a kind of articulation, or noise, (which I am not able to spell, with all the assistance the English alphabet can give.) When he is done, they all at once set up a most hideous yell; he then marches foremost out of the house, the rest following one after another, in the form of what we call Indian file; when he is got clear of the town, he fires off his gun, and the rest follow his example; he then raises

a war song, or tune, (which actually has some music in it,) which he sings so loud, that he may be easily heard a mile or two off, at which he continues till he gets out of hearing—the rest raising hideous yells at certain intervals. It must be observed, that if any one draws back, (which is seldom the case,) he is reckoned to be a coward; so that they would rather abide the consequence of whatever might befall them, than to be charged with cowardice. When they return, they fix what scalps they get on the end of a long pole, which their *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*, or foreman, carries over his shoulder; the prisoners either go before or close after him; he raises the war halloo as soon as he thinks he is near enough the town to be heard: as soon as he is heard at the town, all the young men run out to meet them; the foremost takes hold of the pole that the scalps are fixed to, and runs to the council-house as fast as he is able; the prisoners are directed to follow him; some of those who come out to meet them, pursue the one that carries off the scalps, and the rest falls to beating the prisoners, (that is, if the prisoners are men,) if they are women, some of the men takes hold of them by the hand, and leads them along; as soon as the squaws observes them, they run to meet them, and follow the example of the men: the beating that the women gets, depends on those who lead them, that is, whether they run fast or slow. They generally quit beating them when they get to the council-house—the severe usage they get, depends on the number of towns they have to pass through, as they have to undergo a like treatment at every town. When they get to their destination, they adopt them into some family. Those whom they design to burn, they paint their faces black: they have a custom, (it cannot be said to be a law,) that is, if any one

will offer the value of thirty buck-skins for the victim, he must be given up to him, alledging they would have bad luck if they refused to accept it: the one who makes the purchase, keeps him as a slave, to hunt & raise corn for him. I knew an old Indian who made three of these purchases; he was a man that shewed great lenity to the white people; although he had been a great warrior, when he was young, whilst they were at war with other nations—such as the Catawbas, Cherokees, &c. I recollect he gave all those whom he had purchased up, at the time I was given up. The old Indian had his body covered over, from head to foot, with certain hieroglyphics—which they perform by inserting gunpowder, or charcoal, into the skin with the point of a turkey quill, sharpened in the form of a pen, or some other instrument they have for that purpose; which always denotes valor. The method they take to perform the operation, is by tying the person who has to undergo it, on a broad slab, stretching out his arms and legs at full length, fastening them to posts drove into the ground for that purpose. When one side is done they turn up the other; so great is their superstition, that they would rather suffer death, than flinch. It must be observed, it is but the fewest number that will undergo the operation—as it is generally done at the risk of life; indeed it was almost entirely out of custom before I left them.

I understood by them, that it was their general custom, after they had been in an engagement, for every one who had taken off a scalp, to bring it to their *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*, or foreman, and throw it down at his feet. There was one, who, after scalping the head, he, for diversion, scalped a man's privates, and brought it to his *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*. I have heard him relate the fact, (as

I believe it to be,) more than twenty times, which generally created a great laughter amongst them. I also heard others relate it as a fact, who were present at the time it was done.

Another narrative I frequently heard them relate, was, that they were out on a tour against the southern nations,—that some time in the after part of the day, they discovered a track, which they followed until dark:—they concluded to stop until morning;—but old *Pee-til*,* that is Peter, an uncle of mine, (a most barbarous inhuman old wretch,) told them that if they would follow him he would keep the track till day-light, they agreed to do so, and to their great surprise he shewed them the track the next morning, which they followed until about the middle of the day, when they came to an encampment of hunters, and killed a number of them.

I have often heard *Mus-sooh'-whese*, or Ben Dickeson, relate that he had been down murdering, but was not satisfied with what he had done, because one white man had out-run him, and made his escape, notwithstanding he had shot at him when he was jumping over a fence, not more than four or five steps from him. He therefore left the company, and went to another part of the settlement, where he sulked about for some time; at

* Old Peetil was a brother to An-man-zees, whom I mentioned I had lived with the first year I was amongst them. Notwithstanding they were brothers, I presume that their natural tempers were as opposite, as that between an angel of light, and the promoter of all mischief, or the devil.

Many cruelties I have heard others relate—which they said they had seen him do—besides one or two, that I had ocular demonstration of— how he treated two prisoners, (both females,) whom he had taken and kept as slaves; for he never would consent to have any of the white people adopted into his own family.

last, being at the side of a creek, one morning, he saw a deer in the water which he thought he would kill; whilst he was creeping up to the deer, he heard a rustling in the leaves close by him; on looking about, he saw a white man creeping towards the deer, whom he shot instantly on the spot, and pulled off his scalp. An old man, whom he supposed to be the father of the man he had killed, came running toward him, hallooing at him if he had killed the deer; as Dickeson could speak the English language perfectly well, he answered, Yes, by G—d, and if you don't believe me here is the skin; shaking his son's scalp at him. The old man made his escape from him.

OF MATRIMONY.

When a man takes the notion of marriage, (that is only those who are of some note amongst them,) he informs his mother, or some other female relative, of his intention of entering into the matrimonial state, requesting her to make a choice for him. She then mentions half a dozen or more whom she knows to be industrious, out of which he makes choice of two or three of the number—making a preference of one out of the whole; he then gives his mother, or other female relative, a shroud, or piece of broad-cloth about a yard and a half square; they are of different colours; some red, some black, and some blue, which the women double up and tie around their waist for a petticoat; a blanket or pair of leggins; and sometimes a shirt: if they are good hunters, and become pretty wealthy, they will sometimes send the whole as a present to the intended bride.

The present is offered to the woman whom he first made choice of, and so on, alternately; if the first refuses to accept of it, the one that takes it is informed what part of the house he lies in: some time in the night, after they all retire to bed, the modest bride slips away to him and creeps down behind him—where she lies till about an hour or two before day; then she rises and goes home, pounds a mortar full of corn, bakes it into cakes, puts them into a basket, carries them to the groom's house and sets them down at his bed head; then goes home again: he rises up by daylight, takes some of the cakes, and his gun,—if he has good luck, and kills a deer soon, it is reckoned a good omen; he takes it on his back, and carries it to the bride's house, throws it down at the door, and goes his way home, which completes the nuptials. The modest bride appears shy and bashful for a few days—and only goes to the groom at nights after the family retires to bed: still observing to bring the groom his provisions every morning, (that is if she has any to spare.) In a few days she becomes more familiar, and at last contents hereself to live along with him; they are generally jealous with their wives, and sometimes they will whip them severely if they judge them to be unfaithful to the marriage bed. It must be observed, that the women have to do all the domestic labour—such as raising corn, cutting firewood and carrying it home on their backs; and I have known the men when they had killed a deer five or six miles off, to carry the skin home on their backs, & send their wives for the carcase. The hard labour they are subjected to, is, perhaps, the reason they are not so prolific as civilized nations. They do not reckon polygamy to be a crime, by the men, although a woman is obliged to

content herself with one man at once. They are seldom guilty of incestuous marriages—I never knew but one instance of the kind whilst I was amongst them; and that was a man that took two sisters to wife at the same time. I have heard them say, that if a man was known to be guilty of incest with a near relation, even a first cousin, that he ought to be put to death.

OF THEIR FUNERALS.

When one dies, they dress the corpse with a shirt, a new blanket or shroud, a pair of new leggins and moccasons; tie belts and strings of wampum around their neck; paints their faces with vermillion, and then stretches them out. As soon as day-light disappears, two of the relatives of the deceased goes out of the house where the corpse lies, and fires off their guns, six rounds, as fast as they can load and fire. As soon as that is over, all the men in the town fires off their guns alternately. So that a stranger, not acquainted with their ways, would be led to believe that it was an engagement. As many as chuses to go, goes to the wake. The women occupies that side of the fire where the corpse is laid; the men the opposite side, where they pass their time at playing cards; the women are engaged at a certain kind of plays which I think needless to describe. At certain intervals the women quits their diversion, and sets up a lamentable noise or tune, still repeating the relationship that existed between them and the deceased, at which the men quits the cards, and sits with great solemnity for about the space of half an hour: then falls to their divertion again. About break

of day they fire off their guns, as they had done the preceding evening. They dig the grave about four or five feet deep, directly east and west; they make slabs which they place on the bottom, and at each side; they lay in the corpse, with head to the east, and put a broad slab over the top; then fills the grave nearly full of stones, heaping the earth which they dug out of it on the top, so that when it is finished, it has the resemblance of a potatoe hole; they set up a long pole at each end of the grave, they paint the one at the head, if the deceased has been a warrior, with certain hieroglyphics—denoting how often he had gone to war—how many he had killed —if he had been a *Moy-a-ooh'-whese*, or foreman, how many men he had lost, and how often he had been wounded. For a year after the interment, the female relatives will frequently go to the grave, and lament over the deceased; they will sometimes take a parcel of tobacco to the grave, inviting some person, near of the same age of the deceased, to go along with them to smoke the tobacco, believing that the deceased will get the benefit of it after it is consumed.

The only punishment they inflict for murder is, to retaliate on some of the most respectable relative of the murderer: they will keep it in memory to the third and fourth generation. I knew one who stabbed another under the arm with his knife, whose great grandfather, he said, had killed his great grandfather many years before; they kept it in memory from one generation to another, till they found a fit object to wreak their vengeance on. The fellow was told by the one who stabbed him, that he was going to revenge the death of his great grandfather on him; he gave him three stabs under the left arm: he got cured of his wounds; I saw him

several times afterwards. I heard those who were present at the time he was stabbed, say, that he sat as unconcerned as if nothing had ailed him, until some minutes after he received the wounds; he then tumbled over in a fainting fit. The knife was taken from the one who stabbed him—I saw it frequently afterwards, as it was my adopted brother that took it, and undertook the cure; it was a common pocket knife, about three inches long in the blade.

Litigation is entirely unknown among them; they allow that all men have an equal right to the soil, except what they improve—and that only during the time they occupy it. When a family builds a house and improves a piece of land, and afterwards removes to another town, (which they frequently do,) the first that comes, takes possession of his house and the improvement without any interruption. If the right owner returns within a year or two, they restore his house and field to him, without any contention. If any one steals a horse, or any other property—the owner takes it wherever he can find it. It must be observed, however, that they are seldom guilty of larceny amongst themselves, although they do not consider it to be a crime to steal from the white people.

They pretend greatly to necromancy. If a person loses any thing, those necromancers will readily undertake to tell him, or her, whether the property was stolen or lost; if stolen, who the thief is, and where it might be found. Those conjurers are also considered to be doctors; if they are applied to by the relatives of the sick—they will readily undertake the cure, still observing to conjure out the disease before they prescribe any medicine. The method they take is thus: they lay the patient on

his back, or side, on the floor; the doctor, or conjurer, sits down with great solemnity at his head, rattles a tarapine shell, and sings a conjuring song for about a quarter of an hour, then lays down his shell, claps his hands and makes a kind of articulation, or noise, that nearly resembles dogs that are going to fight, talking by the intervals as if he was conversing with familiar spirits; jirking from side to side, as if he was making some discovery, occasionally taking a sup of water, which he has set by his side, and blowing over his patient. After he has gone over his manœuvre—he pretends that he has discovered the disorder; as he pretends that he can see into the inside of the patient—he then gives directions what herbs to get, and how to make use of them. There was two of those conjuring doctors employed when I was sick, but I do not recollect that I got any benefit by them.

Whilst we were living at *Kseek-he-oong*, my brother took unwell, he complained of a severe pain on the back part of his neck, or rather between his shoulders—as they impute almost every disease, incident to their manner of living, to be the effect of witchcraft, my brother readily concluded, as well as others, that he was bewitched: he had no appetite, and appeared to pine away; he continued in that condition more than a month, when a trading Indian came to the town with liquor—as they are generally much addicted to intoxication, they soon got to drinking; the night after they had got to their drunken frolick; they continued to drink without relaxation whilst the liquor was kept in the town. A number of them of both sexes were collected at our house—we had two fires in the middle of the house, one at the side of the other; they were all sitting promiscu-

ously on deer and bear skins,spread on the floor for the purpose. There was a woman who had the apellation of being a witch; my brother was in such pain that he could not turn his head round without turning his body also; whilst they were sitting round the fire, the woman, who was perhaps about forty years of age, rose up instantly and clapped down on her knees behind his back, she clinched her hands, putting one on the part that was pained, the other on the top of that, then applyed her mouth to the uppermost hand; she sat in that position about half a minute, apparently sucking her fist; at last she threw herself back and struggled for a few moments, as if she was in a convulsion; after she rose up, she reached her hand across the fire to an Indian, who had the name of being a necromancer, he apparently took something out of her hand and held it close in his a considerable time, then rose up and stepped out a few minutes. A few days after they had got over their drunken frolick, he came back, after taking a smoke of *Qush-a-tih'-ok-kil-lick-ken-eek'-can*, that is, tobacco and a mixture, such as sumac leaves, red sally bark, &c. he drew up the edge of a deerskin behind where she sat, when the woman reached her hand across the fire to him, he scraped up the earth where he drew out a leaf that had been folded up; when he unfolded the leaf, he took out a small piece of muscle-shell, which he said was what the woman gave him, and that it had been fixed between my brother's shoulders by a *Man-nit'-tooh*, spirit or necromancer as the word signifies, which, he said, would undoubtedly have taken his life, had it not been taken off. If there was any deception in what I have related, there must have been several others deceived as well as myself; however, there was one thing I was not deceived in, that

was, my brother recovered from that instant, and continued in perfect health until I left him, which was at least four years afterwards.

When they returned from a tour at war, I have heard them relate the method they took to decoy the unwary; sometimes getting into wheat fields and bleating like a fawn, in order to decoy the people out to catch it, that they might take or kill them; sometimes fixing themselves near to a house, and about break of day, they would gobble like a turkey-cock, in order to decoy men out that they might kill them. Sometimes they have gone to houses, where they expected to meet with no defence, in order to get information of the situation of the country, and after getting victuals, and the necessary information they wanted, they would fall to and murder their informers.

I might have also related the many necessary precautions we have taken, when we were apprehensive of danger. But I have exceeded the limits I prescribed in writing this narrative; I shall therefore close it, subscribing myself your humble servant,

JOHN M'CULLOUGH.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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